Collier's

MAY 31, 1947

TEN CENTS

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Beginning

POLITICS IS MURDER

By EDWIN LANHAM

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THE CUSTOMER IS RIGHT AGAIN

By LESTER VELIE

May 31, 1947

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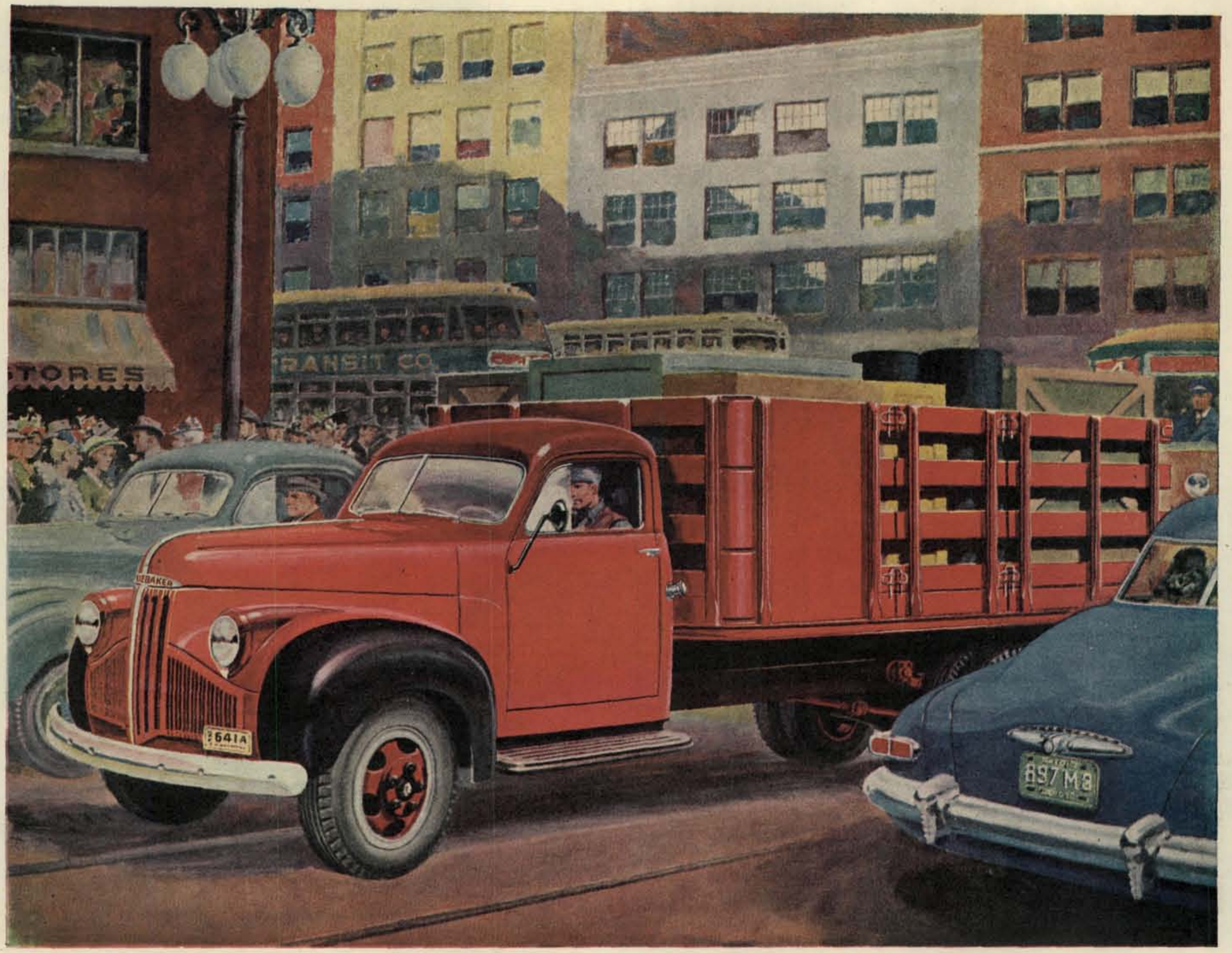

Put a husky new Studebaker truck on the job and watch your high hauling costs nose-dive

ONE critical business need right now is a new kind of money-saving in truck operation.

Postwar traffic congestion slows truck schedules. Virtually everything it takes to keep a truck in service costs more.

But men close to the subject say that much of today's mounting transport expense can be brought to a standstill and kept there.

They point to Studebaker's advanced truck engineering as a real help.

Foresight that pays off in savings

Tens of thousands of owners of gleaming new Studebaker trucks have Studebaker's pre-war foresight to thank for the exceptional operating economies they're enjoying.

They're getting the benefit now of a revolutionary Studebaker program of truck thrift research that was just about completed when war came.

That program revealed hitherto unknown ways to effect substantial savings on gasoline, oil, tires and repairs. But Studebaker couldn't put it into effect for nearly four years because over 200,000 heavy-duty military trucks and light-weight Weasels were needed more.

Top economy per load and per trip

Led by the rugged, powerful, heavy-duty-model Studebaker pictured above, today's thoroughly modern Studebaker trucks stay singularly free from the need for frequent and costly repairs. That's due to the exceptional quality of Studebaker craftsmanship.

Gas-saving assurances such as Studebaker's *automatic choke, automatic spark control* and adjustable octane selector add greatly to the *intrinsic thrift* designed into Studebaker's Econ-o-miser and Hy-Mileage truck engines.

Studebaker economy advantages are real and lasting. Get them in your next new truck. Drop in and see your nearby Studebaker dealer.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of trucks you can trust

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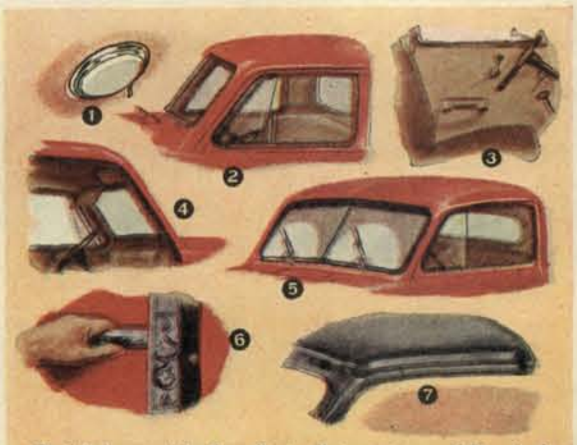
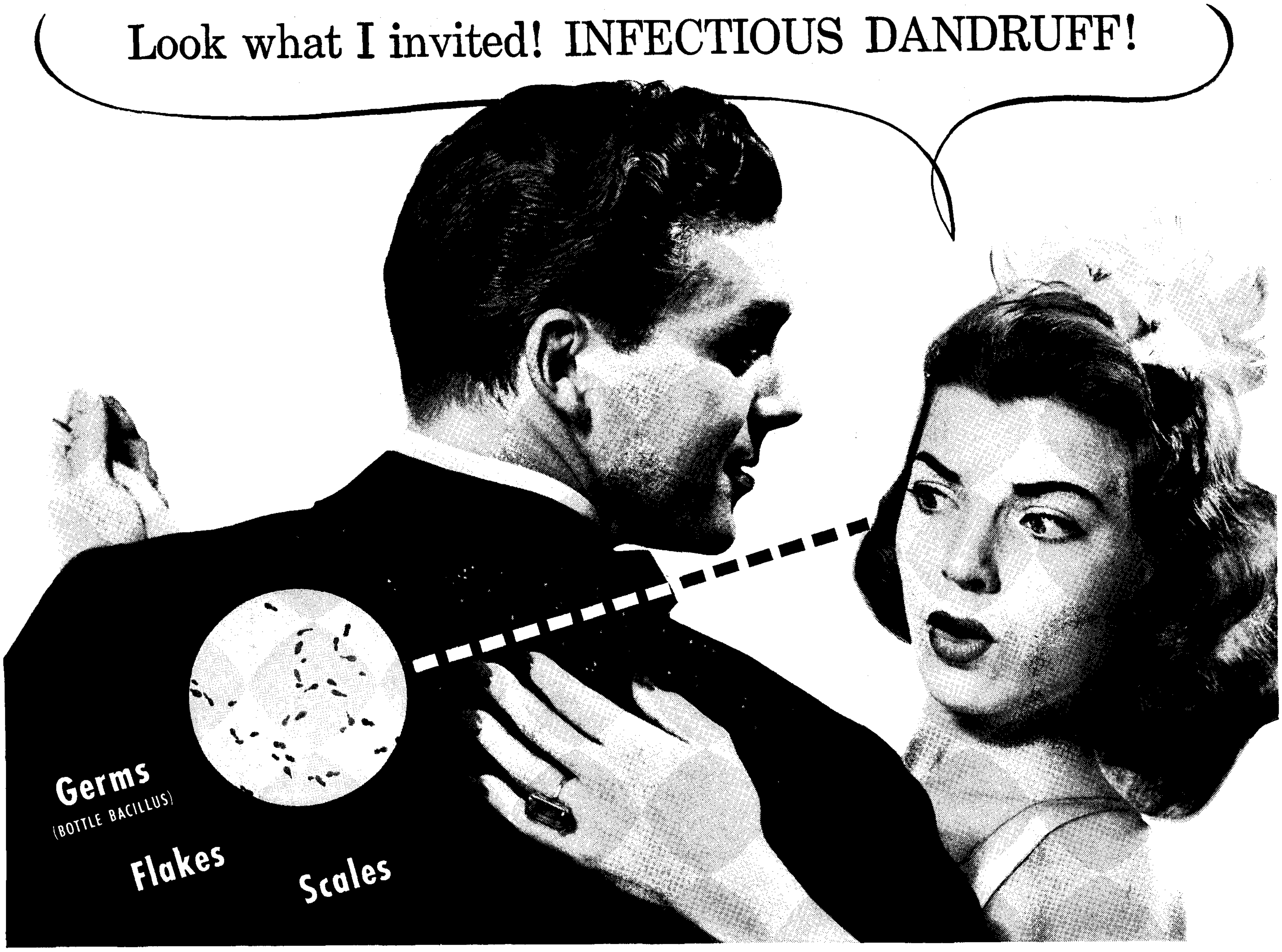


Studebaker provides these "extras" at no extra cost! Standard cab equipment in half-ton, one-ton and heavy-duty-model Studebaker trucks includes: ❶ dome light; ❷ adjustable window wings; ❸ two arm rests and adjustable seat; ❹ dual sun visors; ❺ dual windshield wipers; ❻ tight-gripping rotary door latches; and each roomy cab is protected by ❼ Studebaker's box-girder steel construction.


Look what I invited! INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!
Germs
(BOTTLE BACILLUS)
Flakes
Scales

You aren't welcome, Mister—Better start today with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE!

GOOD old Harry may not know it, but he won't be invited to *her* house again . . . not while he goes around looking like something out of a dermatologist's chamber of horrors.

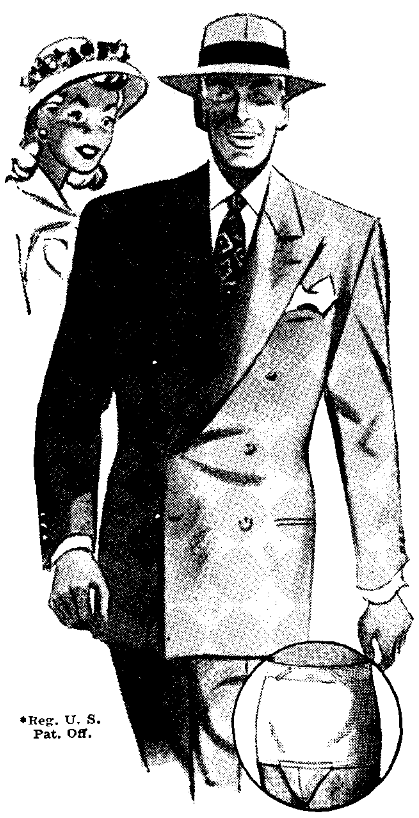
Don't take chances with infectious dandruff. At the first sign of flakes and scales get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as it *should* be treated . . . with *antiseptic* action. It kills germs associated with dandruff by the million, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," which many authorities regard as a causative agent in the infectious type of dandruff. It helps get rid of those flakes and scales . . . alleviates itching. Your scalp and hair feel swell.

In a series of tests 76% of dandruff patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatments. And remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

The TESTED TREATMENT

Passed BY?
Want the EYE?

Brace up with a
"Bracer*"
SUPPORTER BELT



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOU'LL LOOK BETTER—feel better with this comfortable 2-way stretch Bauer & Black elastic supporter belt. It gently tucks your tummy in, your shoulders go up and back, you feel right and look right. "Bracer" helps relieve fatigue, too.

SPECIAL FEATURES of "Bracer": newly-designed, all-elastic, seamless waistband snugs to you without rolling—special tubular elastic leg band won't crease, curl or roll—roomy fly-front elastic pouch is self-adjusting!

FOR ALL-DAY WEAR "Bracer" is comfortable, convenient. Ask for it soon...$3.50.

"BRACER* ROYAL" *has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action...$5.00.*

"Bracer"
SUPPORTER BELT

At department, men's wear, drug and surgical stores

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Division of The Kendall Company
2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

COLLIER'S
May 31, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

BLAST BLASTS

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Cloete and you should be congratulated for The Blast. About time a writer told a bunch of damn' fools in the States and other countries that World War III is going to be one war too many for humanity. The Blast should be filmed so that millions can see the handwriting on the wall.
A. M. MONTES, Havana, Cuba

. . . Of all the disconnected tripe set in type, The Blast is the worst!! It put me to sleep twice, once in each issue, and I was so disgusted I never finished the story.
CRANSTON THOMAS, Tampa, Fla.

. . . I'm a high-school girl and as such I'm *supposed* to be some wild sort of scatterbrain (at least that's what the majority of older people think), but I think The Blast is one of the most interesting stories I have ever read and should be required reading for *every* American.
DOROTHY E. EMANATIAN, Watervliet, N. Y.

. . . That atrocity called The Blast was a most infantile handling of an adolescent's misconception of an adult's nightmare!
LEE H. FREDERICK, South Bend, Ind.

. . . If I were an enemy country and wanted to disrupt a nation completely, I should strike through blind and unreasoning panic precipitated by just such stories as The Blast—if I could find a medium of wide circulation gullible enough to publish them. The Blast proposes no solution, offers no facts—it merely creates a blind fear. EVA F. RICE, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Author Stuart Cloete seems determined to give this country back to the Indians—even if he has to "blast."
How fantastic can the guy get????
NELLIE HUTTON, Jones, Mich.

POOR CHARLOT!

DEAR SIR: You edit my favorite weekly, but I must protest your article about Charles Chaplin (From Rags to Riches, April 12th).

Not becoming a citizen of the country which has made him wealthy seems the least of his faults.

I can overlook the philanderings of younger and lesser stars—they'll learn wisdom in time, but this Chaplin! As past president of the local Women's Club, a branch of federated women all over America, his picture is going to be boycotted if I have anything to do about it, and I

(Continued on page 74)

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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

"FUN AND FANCY FREE"

GOLDEN HARP GIRL listens, entranced, while Donald Duck and his playmates throw their all into exuberant rendition of the title song of WALT DISNEY's *Fun and Fancy Free.* Leading lights in this musical cartoon Technicolor feature are EDGAR BERGEN, DINAH SHORE.

"THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME"

ONE REASON office boss, ROBERT YOUNG, goes astray in RKO's *They Won't Believe Me* is sultry secretary, SUSAN HAYWARD, shown here ready for an evening rendezvous. Young subsequently lands in jail, goes on trial for his life. JANE GREER rises to stardom in this picture.

"THE LONG NIGHT"

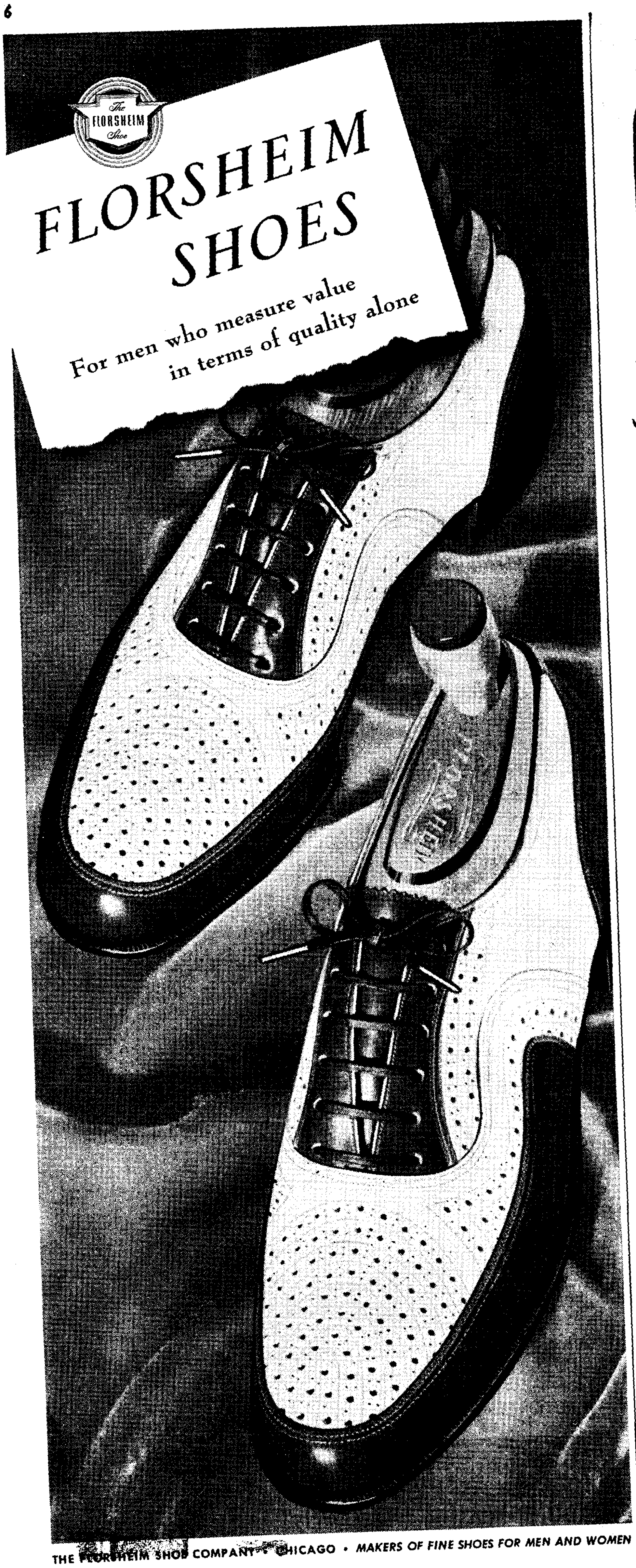
OIL AND WATER sprayed from an atomizer produce realistic beads of perspiration on HENRY FONDA's forehead, before he begins emotional closeup for *The Long Night,* Hakim-Litvak production. Cast includes BARBARA BEL GEDDES, VINCENT PRICE, ANN DVORAK.

"THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER"

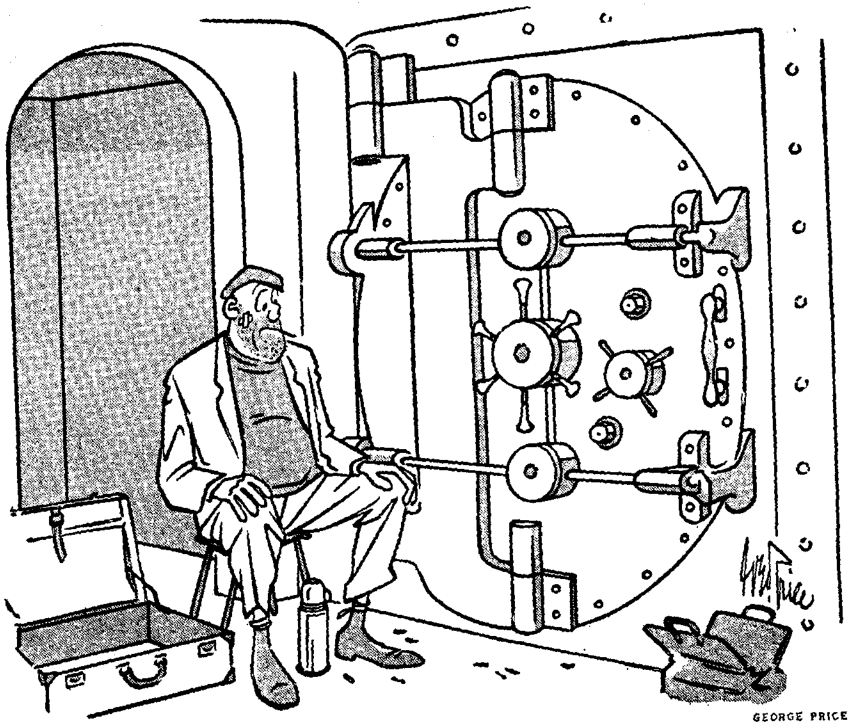
"SCRAM!" Startled CARY GRANT has but one word for uninvited guest SHIRLEY TEMPLE, when he finds the love-bitten bobby-soxer on his couch. Scene from RKO's *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer.* World premiere soon at New York's Radio City Music Hall. MYRNA LOY co-stars.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN


GEORGE PRICE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

For the first time in our history, several states now permit banks to close on Saturdays. Most of the institutions that adopt the year-round five-day week, however, will have to change the time locks on their vaults as the clocks in the present ones cannot be set to run for a three-day period which will be necessary when a holiday falls on a Friday or Monday.

Radio station PCJ in Hilversum, Holland, has the only directional antenna of its kind in the world. It consists of two 200-foot towers mounted on an undercarriage having four pairs of wheels on each end which enable it to revolve, under electric power, on a wide circular track and thus quickly be turned to the necessary position for beaming a short-wave program to a particular country.

Washington correspondents holding cards of admittance to the press galleries of Congress now comprise 736 representing 373 newspapers and news services, 130 representing 41 magazines and 128 representing 63 radio stations and networks.

The world's smallest memorial park is in Salem, Oregon, and is dedicated to the servicemen of that state. Situated in the right-hand lane of Summer Street, it consists of a single young sequoia tree which occupies and officially owns a plot of land 10 by 15 feet

Unlike the U.S. Medal of Honor, Britain's Victoria Cross, its highest military decoration, may be awarded more than once to the same person. During World War II, only one individual received this award twice—Captain Charles H. Upham of New Zealand for gallantry in Crete in 1941 and near El Alamein in 1942.

The largest parasite that infests man is the fish tapeworm whose larvae are acquired by eating infected fish raw or inadequately cooked. This worm frequently attains a length of 30 feet,

Probably the only secular people on this continent who live in isolated communities are the Hutterites. Beginning with one small colony settled by German immigrants in South Dakota in 1874, they now have 42 colonies with 4,500 members in the United States and Canada. Members pool their work for the benefit of all and live so simply that their communities have never had movies, radios, motorcars, newspapers, musical instruments, mirrors, calendars or clocks.

A number of countries surpass Russia in the proportion of their people that are members of the Communist party. For example, for every 10,000 inhabitants, there are 305 members in Russia compared with 318 in Cuba, 327 in France, 480 in Italy, 687 in Bulgaria and 692 in Czechoslovakia.

One of the rarest hybrid animals is the offspring of a lion and tiger, there being no more than six in captivity today. When its father is a tiger and its mother a lioness, it is called a tigon; and when its father is a lion and its mother a tigress, it is called a liger.

On American race tracks during 1946, photo-finish cameras recorded 355 dead heats, or cases in which the noses of two horses crossed the finish line at the same split second. Of these ties, 105 were for first place, 91 for second, 87 for third, 61 for fourth, six for fifth, one for sixth, two for eighth and two for ninth place.—*By Frank G. Edwards, Rochester, N. Y.*

Among the most expensive foods now sold in the U.S. is a certain brand of terrapin stew that, owing to the high cost of the turtles, wine and other ingredients, retails at $15 a quart.

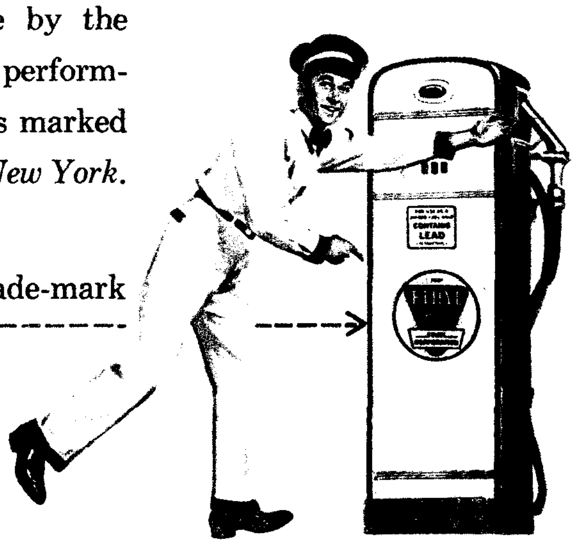
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

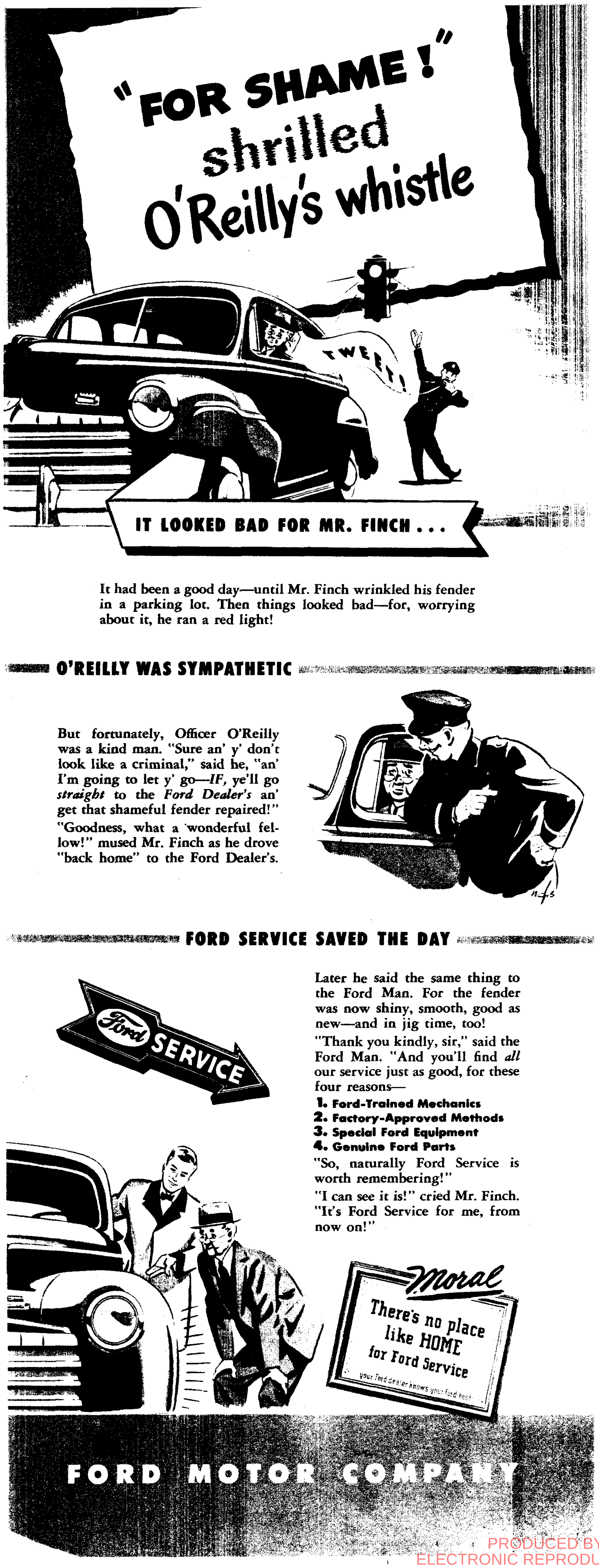
HIGH QUALITY
GASOLINE
ETHYL
ETHYL CORPORATION
HIGH QUALITY GASOLINE

if gasoline were sold in tubes...

you would probably find everything you want to know about quality and ingredients printed right on the tube. However, the usual gasoline "package" is a gasoline pump. So oil companies everywhere put "Ethyl" trademarks on their pumps to show you that their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This famous ingredient, which is made by the Ethyl Corporation, is added to gasoline to improve power and performance. To get more out of your car, buy *your* gasoline from pumps marked with the familiar yellow-and-black emblem. *Ethyl Corporation, New York.*

look for the **ETHYL** trade-mark


CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL


"FOR SHAME!" shrilled O'Reilly's whistle
TWEET!

IT LOOKED BAD FOR MR. FINCH . . .

It had been a good day—until Mr. Finch wrinkled his fender in a parking lot. Then things looked bad—for, worrying about it, he ran a red light!

O'REILLY WAS SYMPATHETIC

But fortunately, Officer O'Reilly was a kind man. "Sure an' y' don't look like a criminal," said he, "an' I'm going to let y' go—*IF*, ye'll go *straight* to the *Ford Dealer's* an' get that shameful fender repaired!" "Goodness, what a wonderful fellow!" mused Mr. Finch as he drove "back home" to the Ford Dealer's.

FORD SERVICE SAVED THE DAY

Ford SERVICE

Later he said the same thing to the Ford Man. For the fender was now shiny, smooth, good as new—and in jig time, too!

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the Ford Man. "And you'll find *all* our service just as good, for these four reasons—

1. **Ford-Trained Mechanics**
2. **Factory-Approved Methods**
3. **Special Ford Equipment**
4. **Genuine Ford Parts**

"So, naturally Ford Service is worth remembering!"

"I can see it is!" cried Mr. Finch. "It's Ford Service for me, from now on!"

Moral
There's no place like HOME for Ford Service
your Ford dealer knows your Ford best

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

JAMES SNYDER

Mr. Snyder on photographic-fishing expedition at Nassau

THE WEEK'S WORK

A FEW weeks ago Lester Velie got home to Great Neck, Long Island, from the Collier's office to find his wife had been honored by her first postwar visit from a vacuum salesman. Humbly that gentleman had given Mrs. Velie an old-fashioned demonstration by thoroughly vacuuming the living room and the downstairs study. This immediately reminded Mr. Velie of the recent days when to get a clean hotel room you had to vacuum it yourself.

Swapping experiences around the Collier's office revealed to Mr. Velie the war was truly over. Helen Palmer Butler, head of our editorial production, said she'd almost toppled over when a salesgirl to whom she had complained of a pulled thread in a robe, announced indignantly, "I'll send it right back to the manufacturers. The idea of putting out such shoddy material!"

Associate Editor Andy Fontaine actually had found a waiter trying to catch *his* eye at his favorite restaurant and revealed that not only has the word "Sir!" returned from war, but they surprisingly are talking English again in French restaurants. Mr. F. A. Jacobson of the art department reported a butcher who put only one thumb on the scale. Thus was The Customer Is Right Again, p. 17, born.

THE new serial: Back when he covered the New York City Hall beat for the New York Herald Tribune, Edwin Lanham says he came away from each day's work feeling that the day had been a little ennobled because of such beautiful surroundings. He decided that someday he'd work up a story laid there. That day has come.

The murder in Politics Is Murder, p. 12, therefore occurs in a remote basement room. "I certainly would not want to leave bloodstains on the Hall's lovely spiral staircase, or in the Board of Estimate room or Councilmanic Chamber, where damage enough has been done to the cork floor by cigarette butts—among them, my own. I defy my former colleagues to find any resemblance to any living characters in the story. They will try, however."

Mr. Lanham, who has had 22 stories and four serials in Collier's, should know about politics. When he was four he fell out of Sam Houston's bed in Austin when he slept in the governor's mansion while his grandfather was governor. "An experience that has added little to my stature," he advises.

Mr. Lanham's daughter Linda, also four, seems better balanced. When the glad Collier's tidings came about P.I.M., Linda ran around the house shouting, "Poppy sold his cereal!" "She was under the impression it was a package of Krunchy Kracklies!" mourns the proud daddy.

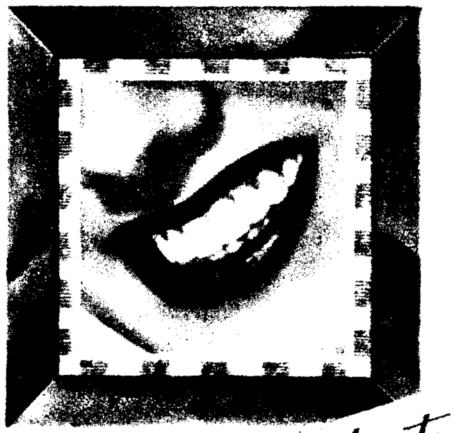
This week's cover: Memorial Day is from the sensitive color camera of James Snyder, his twelfth for this magazine. The eagle flies in front of Grant's Tomb in New York, and the luscious blonde—that's the one without wings—is Madeleine Mason, professional model.

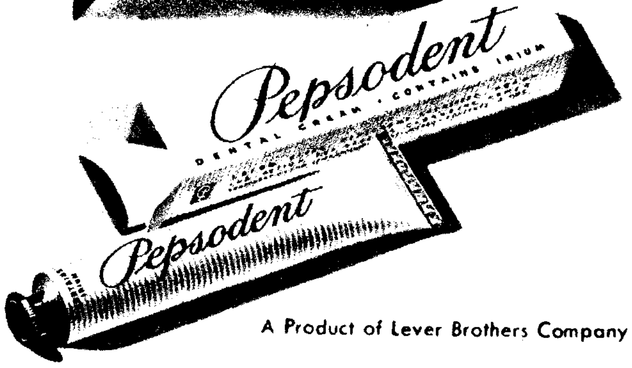
Mr. Snyder's story is all fishing. Though he has covered the world with his camera, he would rather fish than photograph. The snazzy Snyder studio overlooking Central Park in New York is crammed with fishing tackle, and a giant stuffed sailfish, which almost pulled in and *stuffed* Mr. Snyder, vies for attention with Mr. Snyder's very blondish, unstuffed secretary. Mr. Snyder's favorite fishing haunts are in the Caribbean.

Naturally, the comely Mrs. Snyder hates fishing, even if the three young Snyders don't. It becomes quite a problem for Mr. Snyder to slip away on a so-called assignment with all that tackle disguised.

Though he can make even *you* but not me look good in his cameras, Mr. Snyder's great forte is photographing the younger set, on whom he has a Pied Piper effect. He was the first commercial photographer to record the Dionnes and recently he took over 10,000 exposures to get a final 1,200 pictures which will illustrate a new series of visual health textbooks for Eastern schools. . . . TED SHANE

It's cleaner, brighter Taste means
cleaner, brighter teeth! New Pepsodent,
the only tooth paste containing Irium,
removes the film that makes your teeth look dull—
uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!




Pepsodent
DENTAL CREAM · CONTAINS IRIUM
Pepsodent

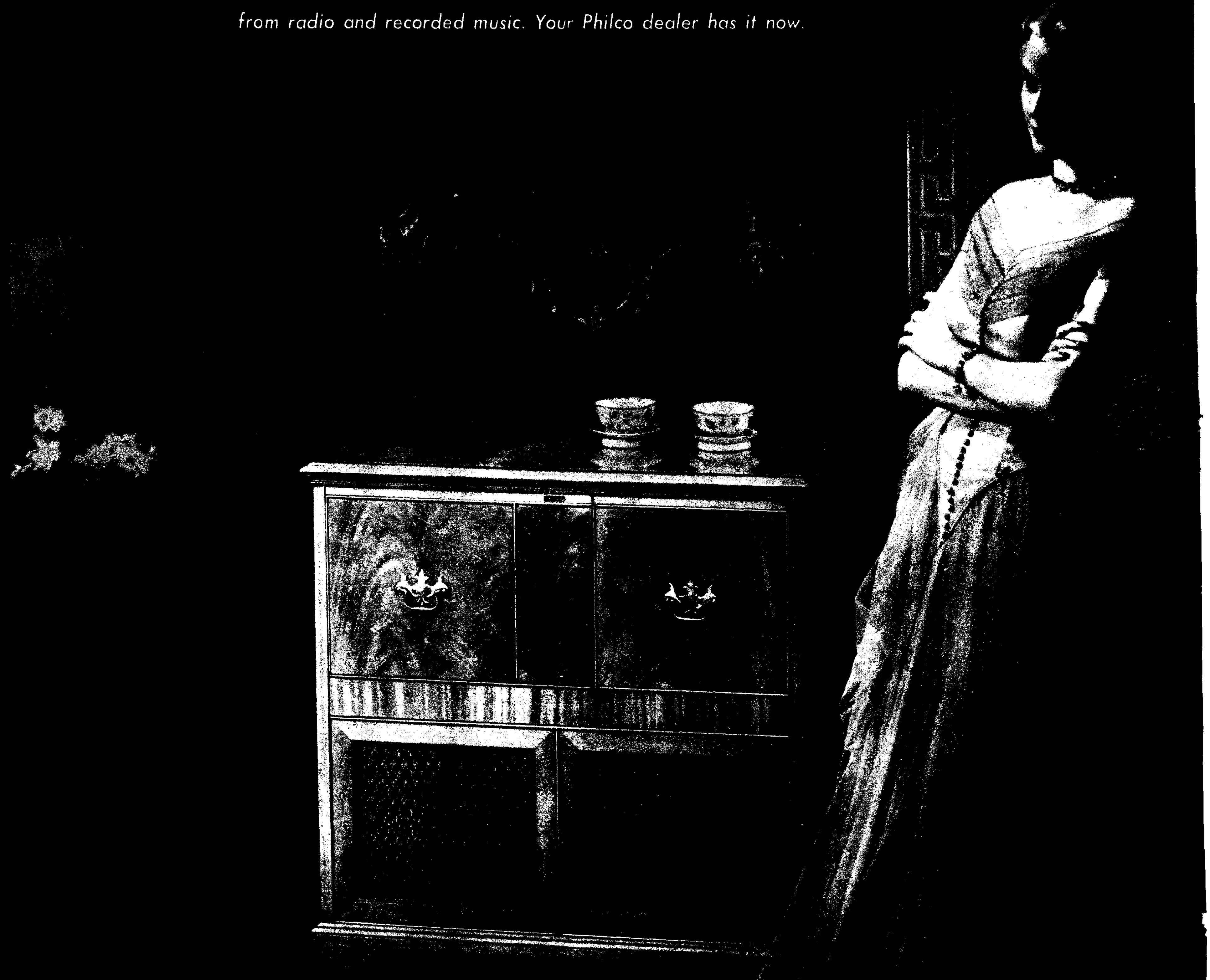
A Product of Lever Brothers Company

Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist twice a year

COAST
COAST

This Philco Chippendale Radio-Phonograph...

brings you the sensational Philco Advanced FM System, the amazing Philco Dynamic reproducer . . . startling electronic developments that bring thrilling new power and performance, the most glorious tone you have ever enjoyed from radio and recorded music. Your Philco dealer has it now.



PHILCO *Famous for Quality the World Over*

The war went on in Asa Kimball's heart long after the fighting had ceased

MY FATHER said he actually saw some of it; the rest he picked up from the town loafers and a little bit, years later, from his Aunt Martha. He always said there was only one time you could get Edensville to do anything in a hurry—that was when Asa Kimball came a tearing out of the wilderness.

Asa Kimball was my father's uncle, and he was a nightmare of a man. He went barefoot from April to November; he could tie a string of knots in a cord with his feet alone, and he could reach out and pinch you so hard with his big toe that it raised a blood blister. He was wealthy in farm- and timberland, but he dressed in rags; when he ate, he took a piece of meat in his teeth, then sliced off the bite with his bowie knife. Yet Asa had been well born and well raised.

It was several months before Lee's surrender that Asa walked home from the war. His wife, Martha, came out to greet him, hoping he wouldn't notice the paint, blistered and peeled on the porch columns, hoping he wouldn't look out just yet on the weed-choked fields or the orchards fallen to ruin. She said, "I'm real glad to see you home, Mr. Kimball. My prayers are answered."

Asa didn't seem to hear. He sat down heavily on the steps and ran his hand over his eyes. His gray uniform coat was greasy, pockets torn, buttons missing. He wore a pair of homespun pants and he was barefooted. A powder horn was shoved in one pocket, and he carried a cap-and-ball musket cradled in the crook of his left arm.

"Mayn't I fix you something in the way of refreshment, Mr. Kimball?" Martha's voice was as cool and clear as water in the springhouse.

Asa shook his head. "Don't talk to me."

"Very well, Mr. Kimball."

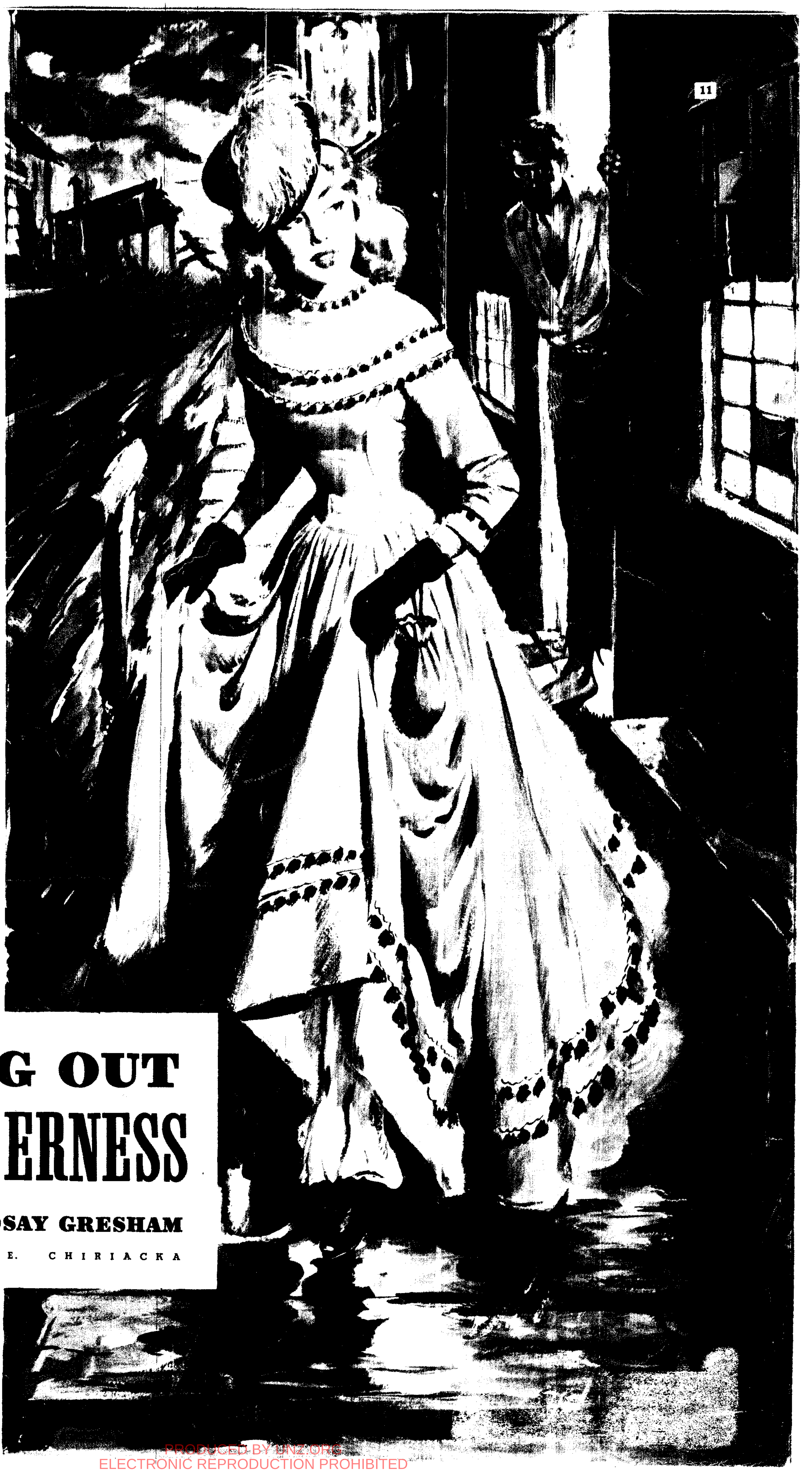
They had had six children. The oldest boy killed in the wilderness, one girl married and moved up to Baltimore, the others merely mounds of different lengths in the family plot, beneath willows. You could see their graves from the veranda where Martha sat rocking the summer

(Continued on page 58)

TEARING OUT THE WILDERNESS

BY WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY E. CHIRIACKA

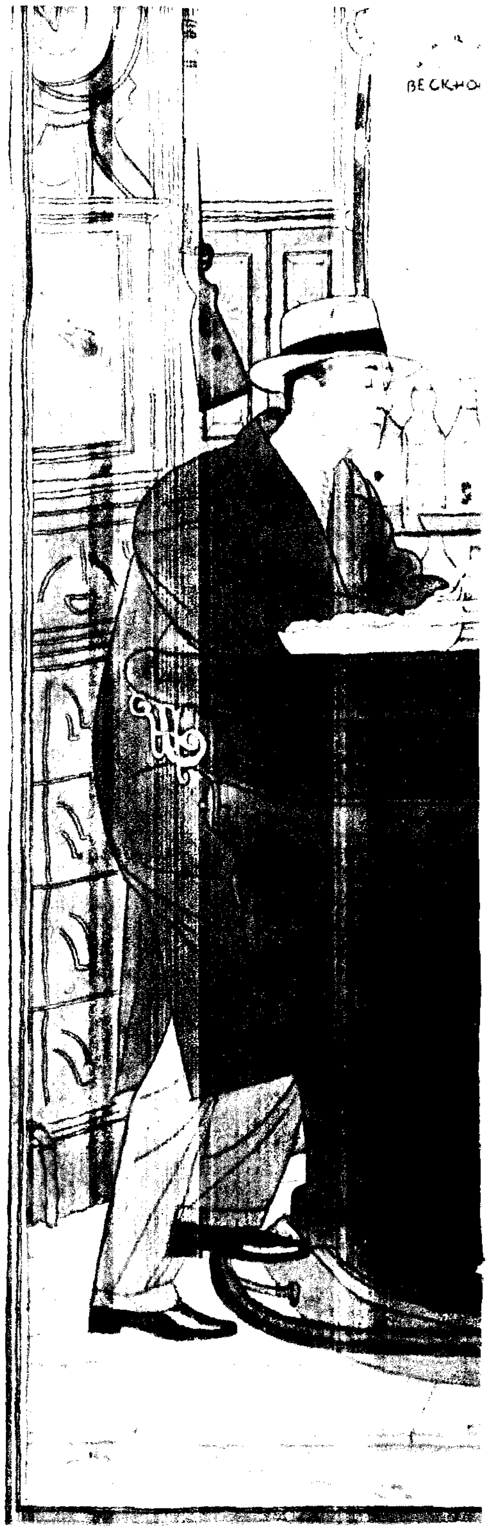


The girl caught a glimpse of Asa's hot eyes watching her, but she gave no sign that she had even seen him

POLITICS IS MURDER

BY EDWIN LANHAM

It was really George's incorrigible curiosity about an improbable cat that started him on the twisting path of the mystery—a path that led through violence and corruption. But the perilous journey was worth it. Because at the end of the difficult road was the beginning of happiness



IN THE spring, when warm sunlight slanted across City Hall Park, George Wright liked to sit by the window and watch the pigeons. Plump as aldermen, they hopped on the grass under the trees or gathered in a busy legislative body of their own on the smooth stone steps of City Hall, where they pursued their individual ends like legislators everywhere.

George sat with his feet on his desk in Room 9, the reporters' room at City Hall, where he covered the activities of the municipal administration for the Record-Star. He was a deliberate, thoughtful young man, just past thirty, with calm brown eyes and a certain inner dignity that allowed him to slouch in his chair without appearing slovenly. What was more important, this dignity let him deal with the most diverse types of men on entirely natural terms. His news sources had considerable confidence in George.

On the desk, three inches from George's heels, the City Hall cat was dozing in the sun, as if it also sensed that this was a dull day at the Hall. Neither George nor the cat paid particular attention when Ray Martin, the Courier man at City Hall, returned from lunch, hung up his hat and brought a scowl to his amiable pink face. "That damned cat!" he said. "What's he doing in here?"

The question was not addressed to George. Two reporters who were playing gin rummy at a desk in the corner glanced toward another man, old Tracy. He was, as usual, dozing, his long, brittle chin resting on his chest. In Room 9 the reporters called him "The Appetite" behind his back. Tracy was forever stepping out for a sandwich, and as soon as he came to work in the morning, he looked up the list of luncheons at which there would be press tables, selected one held near by at the Brokers Club or the Advocates Club, and presented himself with his press card just as service began. But invariably he slipped out the moment the chairman cleared his throat.

Tracy had probably been to the Advocates Club that day; he was dozing with well-fed satisfaction, as relaxed as the City Hall cat. The Appeal, the tabloid newspaper for which Tracy worked, printed no news from City Hall unless it concerned the five-cent fare; and Tracy was simply kept in pasturage, like an old politician of whom all has been forgotten except his name on the ballot on Election Day.

Ray Martin said, in a provocative aside, "Do I have to heave that cat out of here again?"

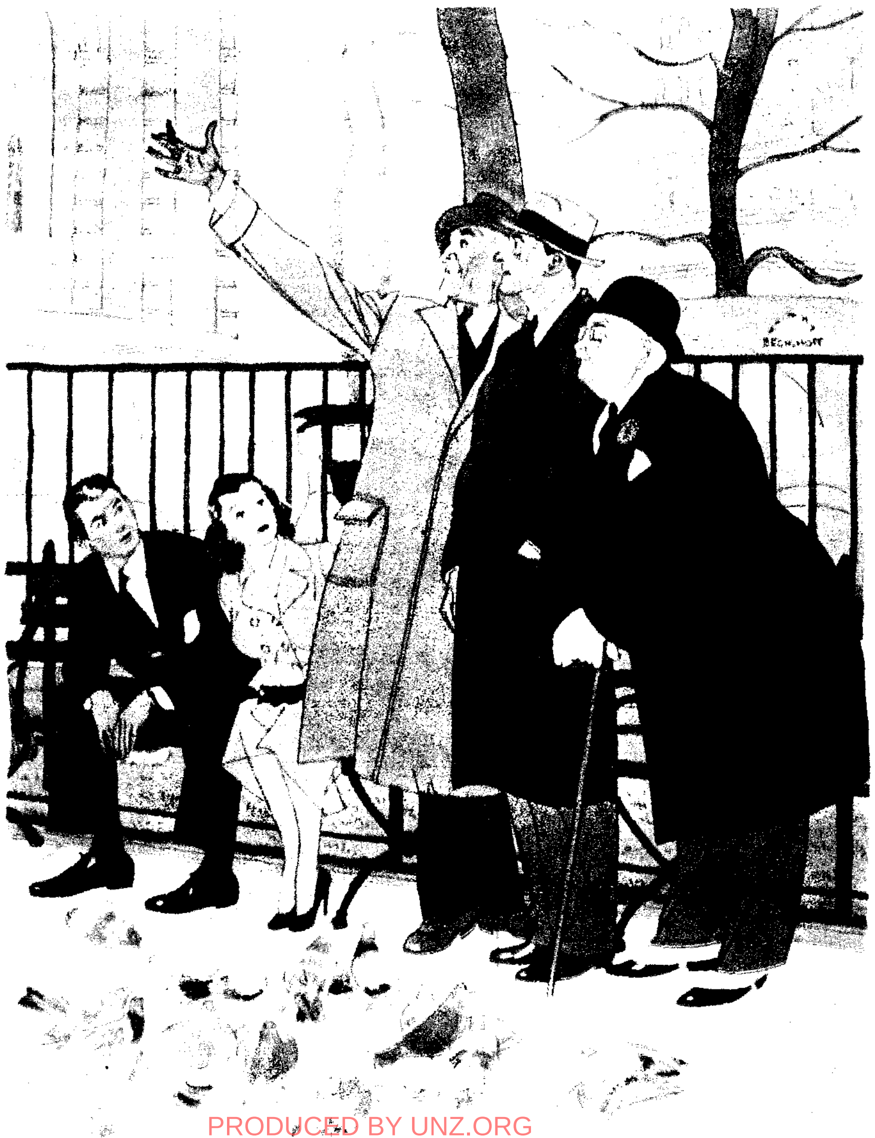
Tracy woke up. His cadaverous face looked blank for a moment as he blinked his big, sad eyes. Then he said wearily, "Leave that poor cat alone, Ray."

Ray Martin winked one sly blue eye at George and said, "He belongs in the basement. This is a press room. We got germs enough from ward heelers tracking through here without this filthy animal."

"Cut it out, Ray." There was angry color in Tracy's face now, but he controlled himself. "There were cats in here before your time and there'll be cats after you've gone." He shifted a little in his chair. "The cats have always had the run of City Hall, and you know it. Go look up the clips. There was one cat never missed a session of the City Council. Could you say the same?"

"They ought to have elected him," Ray said. "Nobody would have known the difference."

George noticed that Tracy's hands were trembling and that color still stained his sallow face. "Skip it, Ray," said George quietly. "What comes up at the City Council meeting today?"



"Welcome to the City Circus, Mr. Stover," Joe Myles chuckled. "You've got a big pair of shoes to fill"

"Nothing," Ray said. "The new councilman takes his seat and I suppose he'll make one of those speeches. That's him out in the park."

George turned his head. "Where?"

"Sitting out there on that bench. The skinny guy with the worried look." Ray whistled softly. "Say, he was alone when I saw him."

HE WAS not alone now; there was a girl with him. The bench was thirty yards away, but George needed no field glasses to see her coppery hair shining like a prospector's dream in the sunlight. It was spring, and the sunlight of spring invested the girl's figure with a seasonal aura that brought even Tracy to the window.

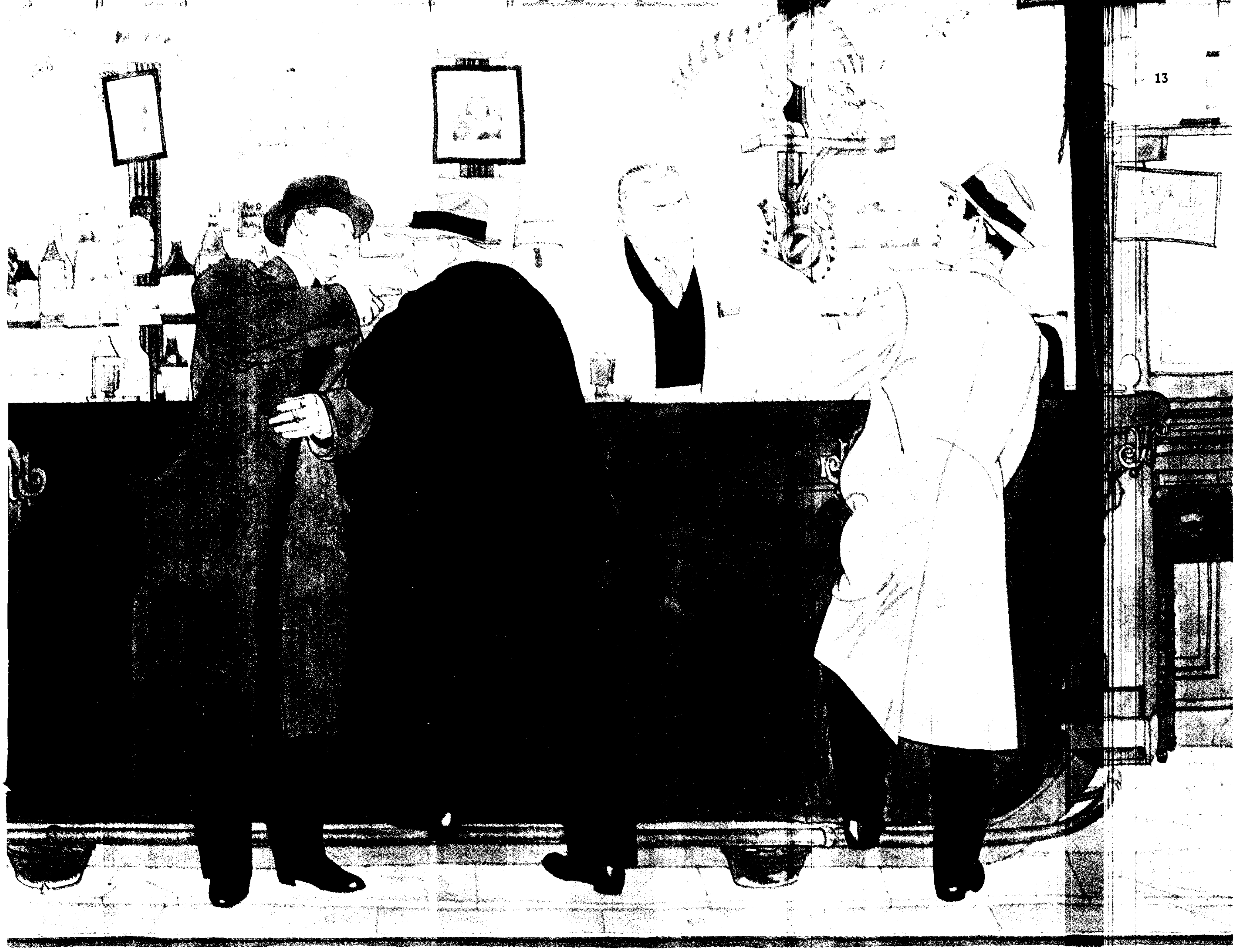
The two down on the bench were talking earnestly; the girl's hands moved as she spoke and the man listened with an uncomfortable air, his eyes sadly following a pigeon's flight as if yearning for escape.

"What's the guy's name again?" George asked.

"You looking at *him?*" Ray said.

"The name is Jeff Stover," Tracy said. "He's Dobbs Padgett's nephew. That's how he got in the Council."

"Sure," George said. "I remember." Dobbs Padgett he knew as a



George stared at the mounted cat. It was Sachem McKeever. "What'll it be?" George looked up and saw the big man who'd blustered into Room 9 that morning

political lawyer, a power in the People's party, and a man who knew which string to pull. When Peter Niebach, leader of the People's party, died, young Stover had been elected by the other two party members in the Council to fill out Niebach's term, in payment of political debts to Dobbs Padgett and the law firm of Padgett & Padgett. Apparently the firm had delivered so consistently that it enjoyed the peculiar advantage of numbering leaders of the majority party, as well as of the small People's party, among its clients.

Quietly, George rose and left Room 9. He crossed the rotunda to the entrance doors of City Hall, where Marcus, a policeman assigned to City Hall, was standing in the sunlight. Marcus had a round face and innocent blue eyes, and George had always suspected that he had taken the police uniform as a refuge from confidence men; in civvies he would have been an easy mark. Marcus grinned at George and said, "Notice the redhead out there?"

"It's spring, all right," George said. "Even for cops."

As he went down the steps and across the area of pavement, toward the park bench, George heard a whistle behind him, but he did not look back at the row of rowdy heads at the windows of Room 9, austerely framed by Louis XVI pilasters set between the arches. He approached the bench and said, "Mr. Stover?"

They both looked up at him. The girl's eyes had an impersonal, disconcerting steadiness, but George noticed that the lashes were long and curled, giving softness to a face that was rather angular in structure. Her mouth seemed wistful, even eager. It seemed to him that part of her face looked worried and the rest gentle as a dove.

George said, "I'm from Room 9, Mr. Stover."

THE councilman looked blank. "Room 9?"

"The press room," George said. "I'm from the Record-Star. You'll hear plenty about Room 9 before you're out of here, Mr. Stover. I thought I'd ask you a few questions about your plans."

"What plans?" the councilman asked.

"In the Council," George said. "You probably have some pet project or other, something you want to put across. What is it?"

"I have nothing in mind," Stover said shortly. He glanced at his watch. "Only today I'm supposed to make a speech."

"About what, Mr. Stover?"

The tall, thin councilman brooded a moment, then shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't the faintest idea what I'm going to say." He licked his dry lips. "I'm not much at public speaking."

"Jeff," the girl said, "isn't it about time for the meeting?"

"I said I'd meet Dobbs here." The councilman looked again at his watch. His movements were quick and nervous.

"Tell me," George said. "How did you happen to go into politics?"

"I'm just filling out a term. I'll just be there eight months. You can hardly say I'm in politics. Nobody ever heard of me. You might say I'm a City Councilman under false pretenses. I'm not a representative of the people. They didn't elect me."

"Nonsense, Jeff." The girl glanced quickly at George, then frowned anxiously at Stover. "This is your *chance* to represent the people."

"And Dobbs Padgett," Stover said, with a grimace.

George was puzzled. "Maybe I don't understand you," he said. "But what is your idea in serving in the City Council at all?"

"They picked me, didn't they?" Councilman Stover demanded. "What else could I do? Frankly, I'd rather be up at the chess matches at Utica today." A twisted, bitter smile appeared on his face. "Do you suppose Moloshevsky can beat the Russian?"

"Is politics just a hobby, Mr. Stover, like chess?" asked George.

"I wouldn't call chess a hobby, exactly," Jeff Stover answered. "But I've given lots of study to the game, as you probably know. I think if all the world played chess we could work out our problems a little better, Mr.—"

"George Wright, of the Record-Star."

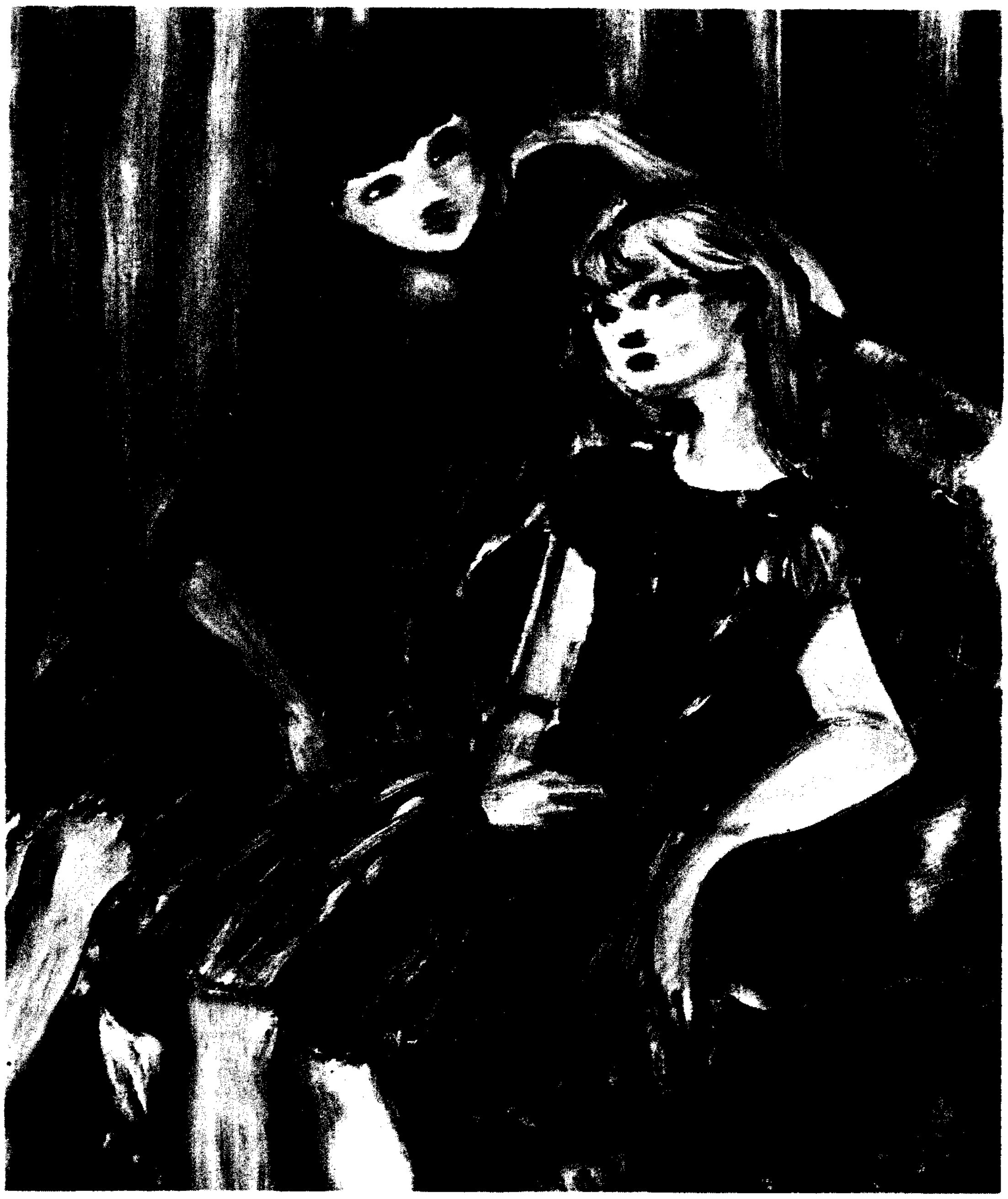
"How do you do," the councilman said. "This is my cousin, Miss Barbara Padgett."

The girl's smile was as slight as the nod of her head, a grudging formality.

George said, "Mr. Stover, the city would be better off if people took the City Council a little more seriously, and I expected something from you, with your background. Tell me, Mr. Stover, you look like a nice guy, but

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Sixteen-year-old Agnes Anne Bradley, Blytheville, Arkansas, titled her oil painting "Jean and Dorothy"

YOUNG MASTERS

BY CARL FRENCH

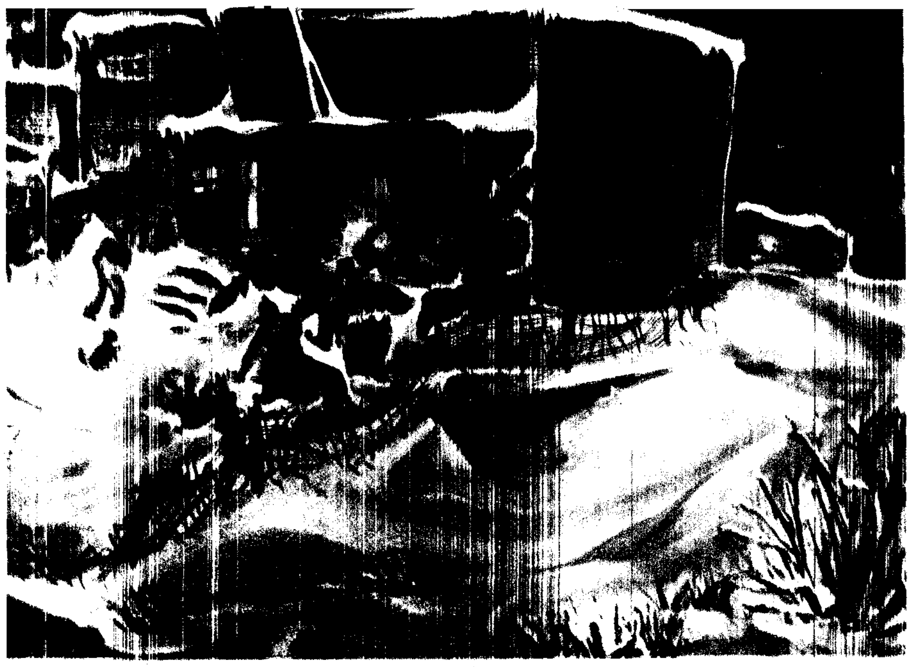
Proving once again that genius knows no age limits, Collier's presents another group of winners in its third annual selection of outstanding high school art

IT MAY be difficult to believe that not one of the pictures shown on these pages is the work of a professional artist. It may seem even more incredible that all of them were painted or drawn by youngsters in American high schools. But neither of these propositions is particularly surprising to the editors of Collier's, who, for the third successive year, have admired and rewarded the best work of creative youth throughout the country.

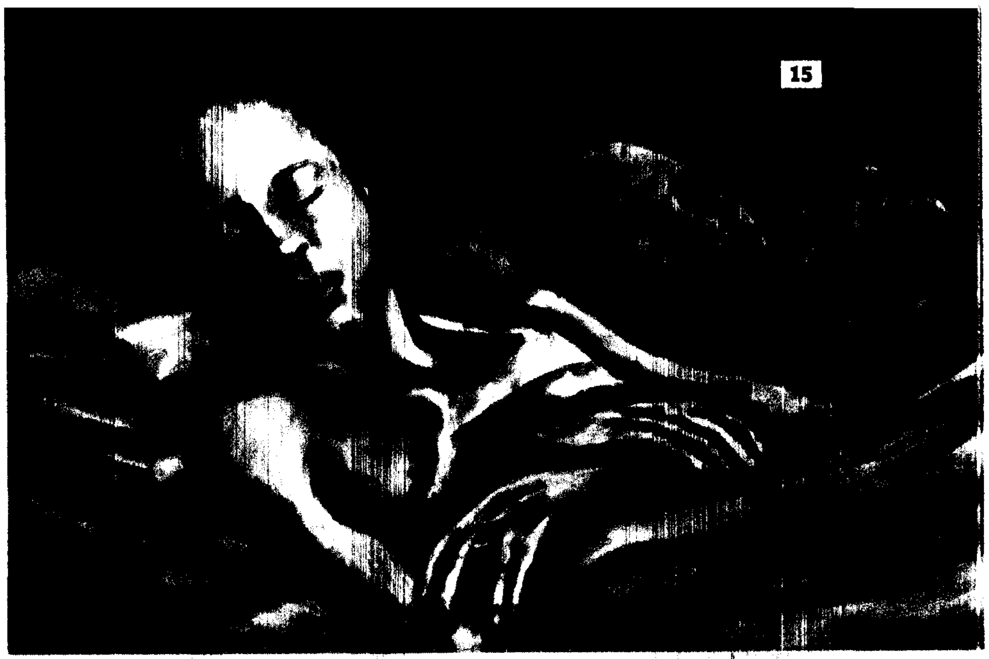
The thirteen pictures shown here were chosen by Collier's from a field of over 1,200 outstanding works on display at the Fine Arts Galleries of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. The Carnegie show is, in itself, a selection of top talent, for it is comprised of regional winners from 33 states. The total number of entries exceeded 100,000 pieces, making this the world's largest art competition.

The National High School Art Exhibition is sponsored by Scholastic Magazines, publishers of classroom magazines for junior and senior high-school students. Department stores in 43 different regional cities display the works of the young masters, award prizes and ship the best entries to Pittsburgh for the finals.

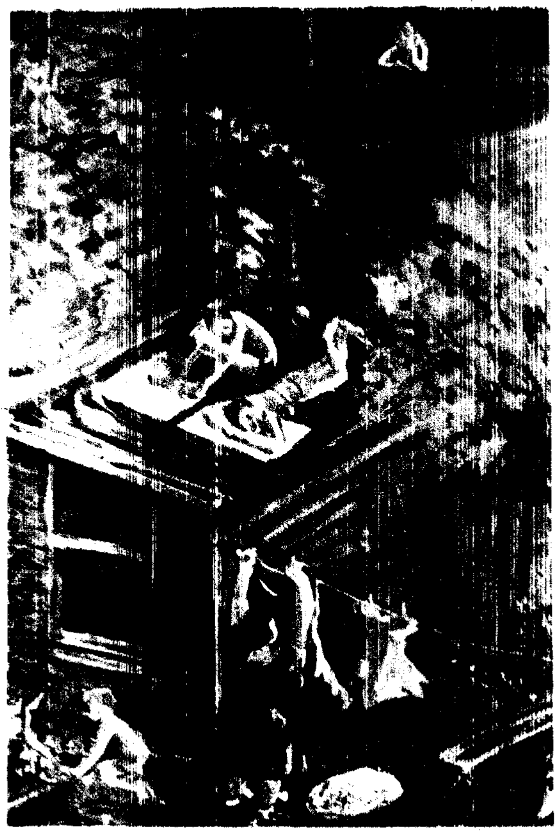
It is from this mass of finalists that Collier's makes an independent selection. To each young artist represented here goes $100 in cash and a certificate of



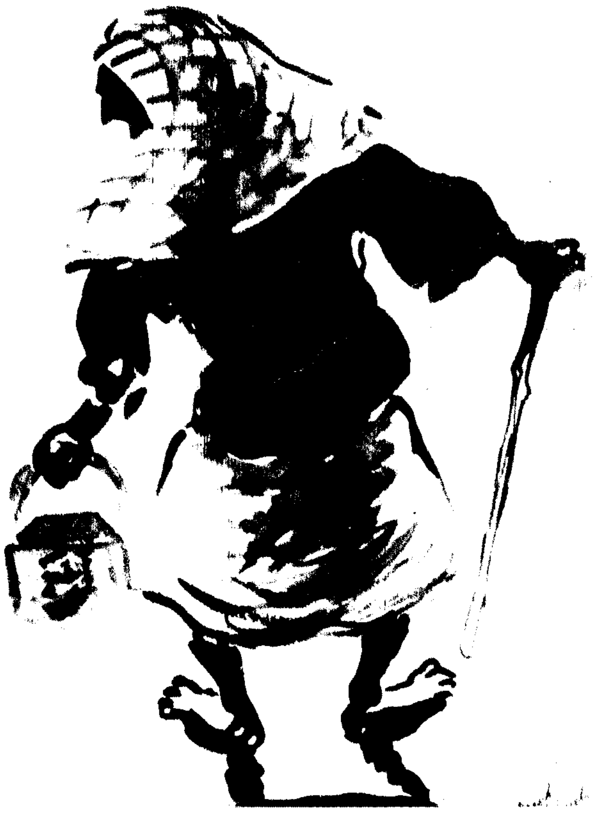
"Winter Scene" was done in tempera by a 17-year-old Brooklyn boy, Tom Courtos. It also won first prize at the Society of Illustrators' exhibition in January



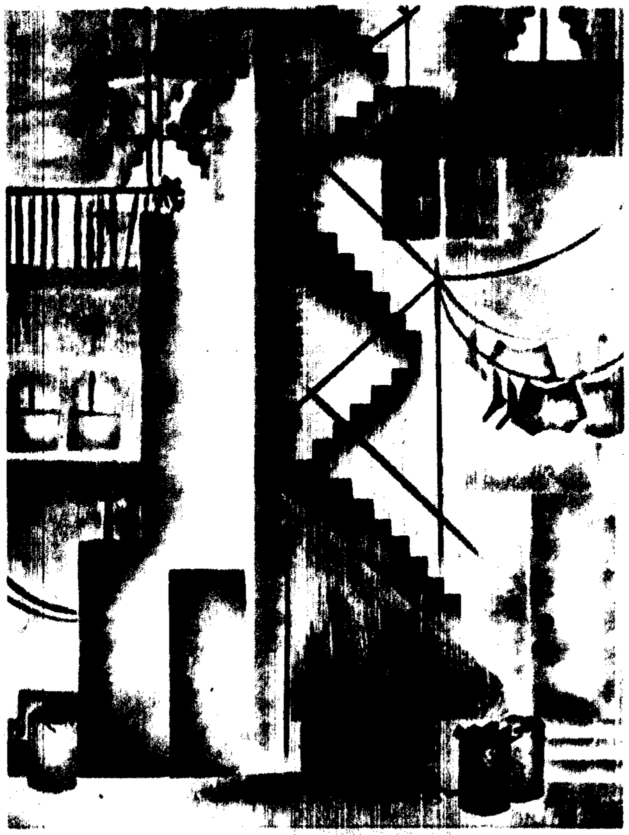
Jesse Tolin, 18, Detroit, won an honorable mention at the Carnegie show with his oil painting, "Sleepy." Like the others, it also won in regional competition



Water color and tempera: "Back Yard in Summer," by William Shaffer, 18, of Pittsburgh

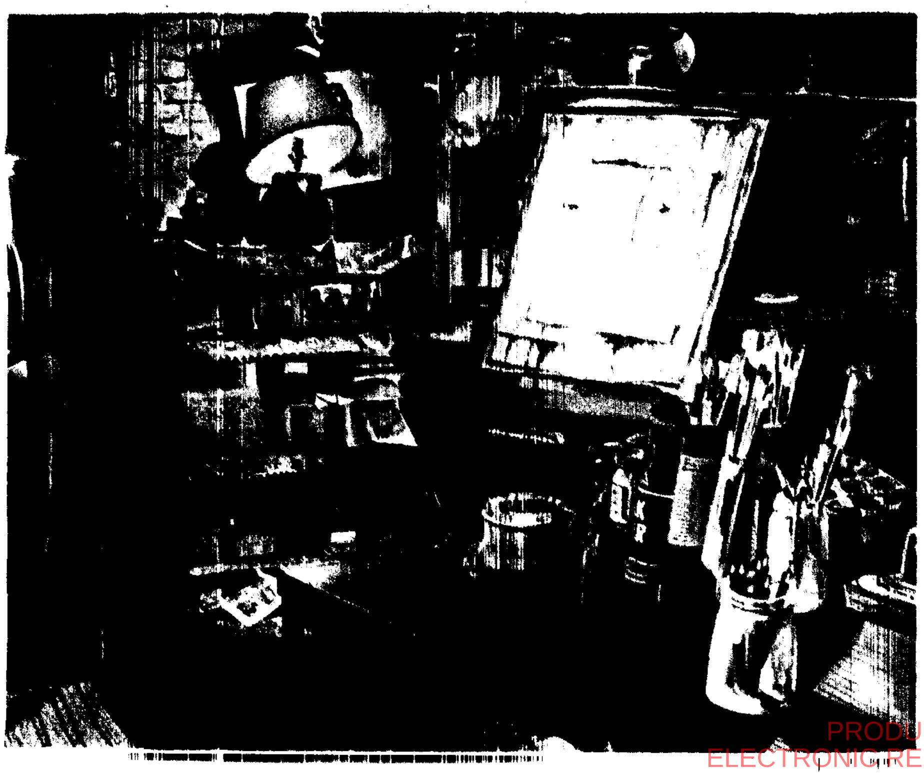


Another Pittsburgh boy, Frank Marcello, 17, chose water colors for this lively study, which he calls "Old Woman"

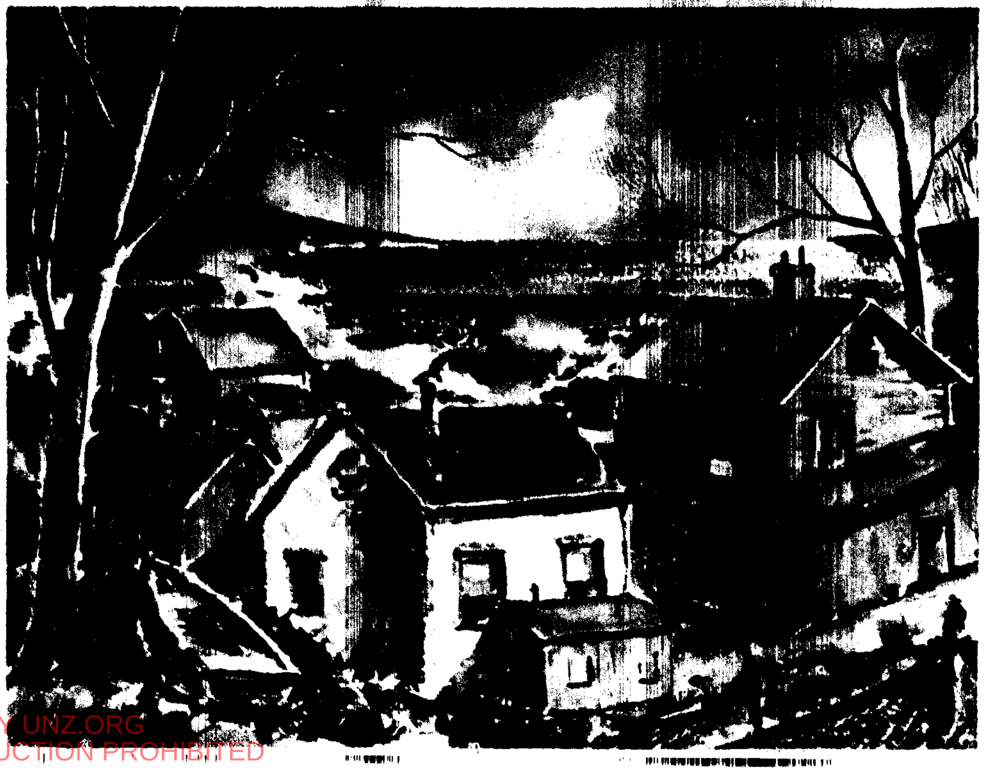


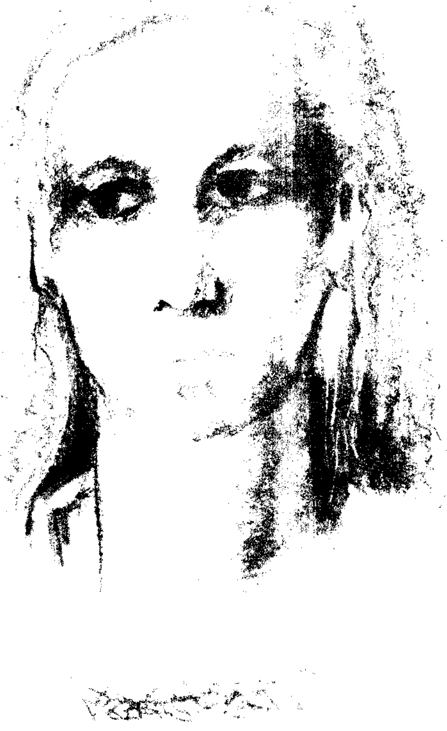
Eighteen-year-old Barbara Schiller, of Brookline, Mass., did "Back Stairs" in water color

A 16-year-old Chicago boy, Roger Sprigings, used water color and tempera for this carefully delineated scene, obviously painted from life. He calls it "Interior"

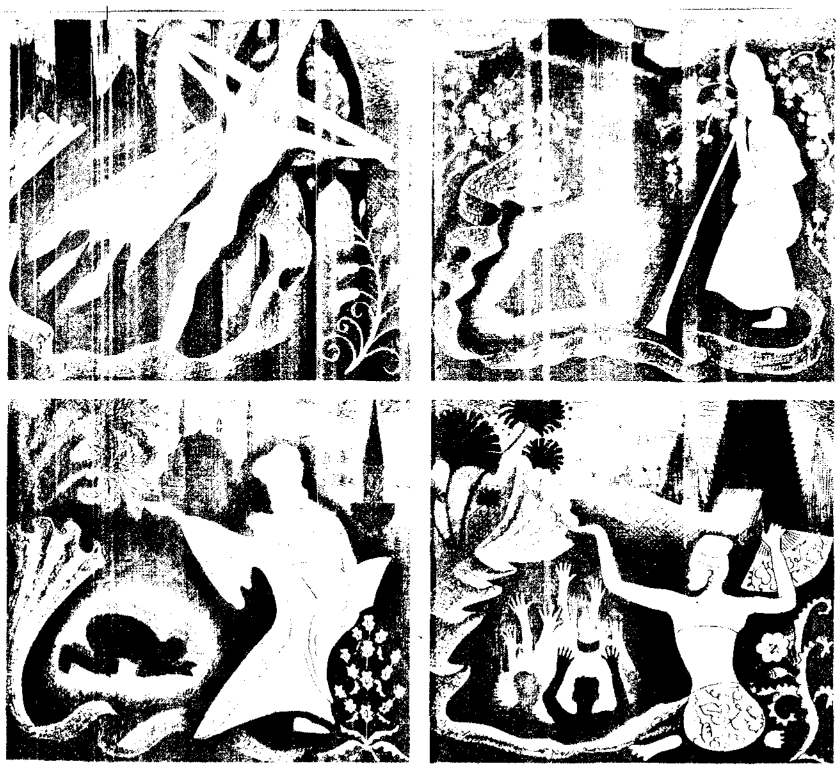


Sensitivity to color values is revealed in this painting. It is a water color by Edward Envall, a 17-year-old Newark, New Jersey, boy. The title is "Houses"

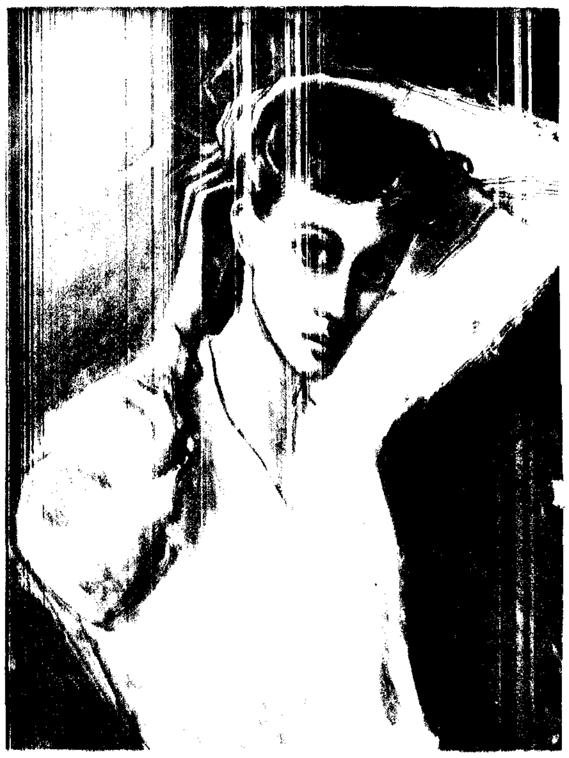




Pastels: "Woman's Head," by Robert Adler, 17, of the High School of Music and Art, New York City. Honorable mention at Carnegie show



Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Hinduism are depicted in this striking study of "Four Religions," done in black drawing ink by 18-year-old Vernon Phillips, of Detroit. Besides being chosen for one of the Collier's awards, this drawing won a first prize in the national competition



This quiet, almost monochromatic portrait applies a touch of color with mature judgment. It was painted in oils by 18-year-old Louise Seale, of Detroit. She calls it "Young Girl"

merit, regardless of whether he qualifies for one of the national prizes.

These examples of the vigor and independence of youth indicate that genius starts at the top. Yet all these artists are still students. In addition to natural talent, they have had the guidance and encouragement of high-school art teachers.

The four Detroit winners are not all from the same high school. Three attend Cass Technical High School, but in each case a different art teacher has sponsored the entry. The fourth Collier's winner, Jesse Tolin ("Sleepy," previous page), attends Sidney D. Miller High School. Detroit is the city having the greatest number of Collier's winners.

Pittsburgh is represented by two winners, each from a different school. Frank Marcello ("Old Woman," previous page), attends Peabody High, while William Shaffer ("Back Yard in Summer," previous page), goes to Schenley High School. New York, largest city in the nation, can lay claim to only two of the Collier's winners. Robert Adler ("Woman's Head," upper left, this page) is a student at New York's High School of Music and Art; while Tom Courtos ("Winter Scene," previous page) attends Abraham Lincoln High School in New York's lusty borough of Brooklyn.

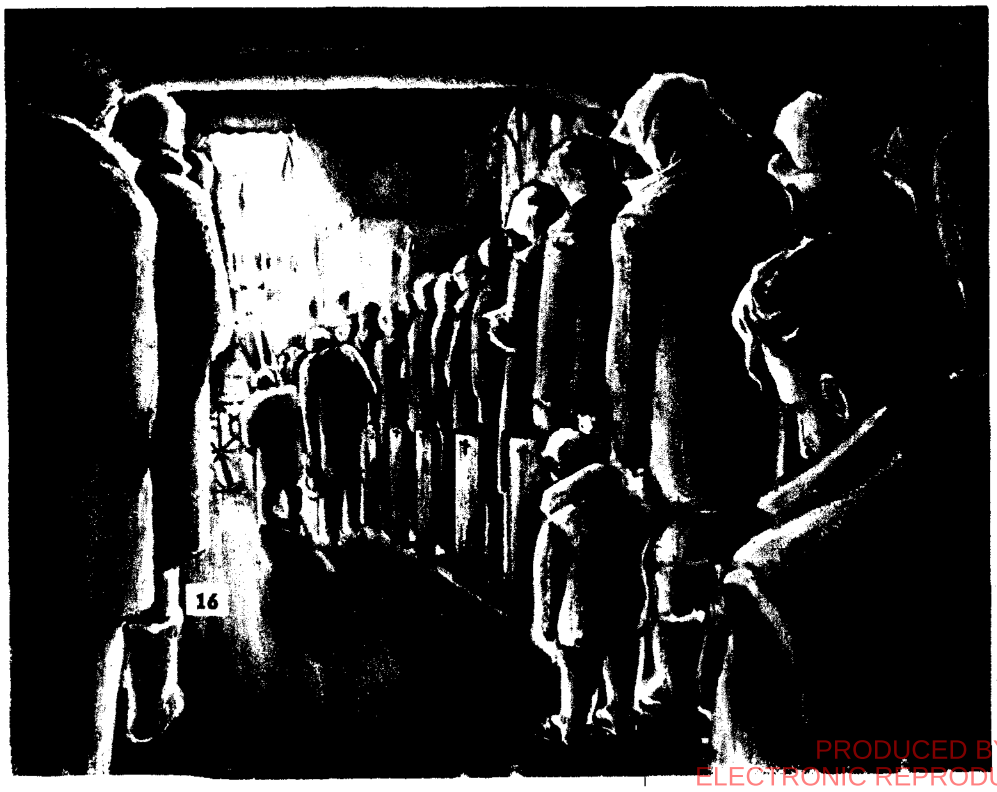
Chicago is represented by only one school: Carl Schurz High School. The same is true for Newark, New Jersey (Arts High School), and Erie, Pennsylvania (Technical High School).

None of the young artists cited by Collier's last year (June 8, 1946) did a repeat performance in 1947. But some high schools which produced winners last year are listed again. These include Detroit's Cass Tech, New York's High School of Music and Art and Brooklyn's Abraham Lincoln High School.

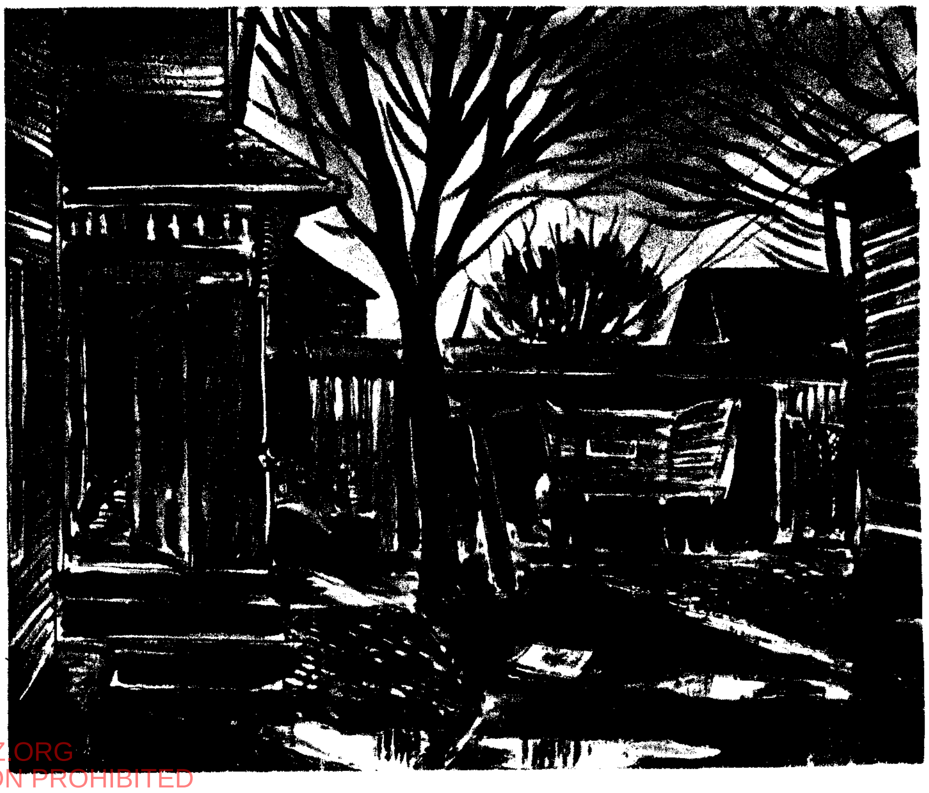
The Collier's selection was only one of many awards for which young exhibitors at Pittsburgh were eligible. Other prizes range all the way from small cash awards to scholarships at leading art schools. These are made available through Scholastic Awards, a project for the recognition of student achievement. Through the awards, the publishers of Scholastic Magazines are able to recognize and to encourage creative talent in many different fields —writing, music, industrial arts and others.

The 1,200-odd paintings and drawings, including all of those shown here, will remain on display at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute Galleries through June 1st. ★★★

In "Midnight Mass," Richard Zayac, 17, of Detroit, has captured in water colors the real feeling of his subject. Four winners of Collier's awards are Detroiters



Another 16-year-old, Casimir Maciolewicz, of Erie, Penn., chose water color for his medium and an ordinary-looking "Back Yard" for his subject matter



THE CUSTOMER IS RIGHT AGAIN

BY LESTER VELIE

SAM SPECTOR, a clothing merchant who prospers when others go broke, is doing well again. Sam buys the goods that go dead on retailers' and wholesalers' shelves to stock his outlet store. The boom years were lean pickings for Sam, because he couldn't buy distress merchandise. But when a big department store called in Sam this spring and sold him a thousand house dresses at half the cost price, Sam needed no Dow-Jones chart to tell him that the buying jamboree at sky-high prices was over, that the economic barometer was falling, and troubled business weather lay ahead.

On New York City's Swing Street, the 52d Street night-club section, the town's plush saloonkeepers knew it, too. "There's no business like no business," they keened as wartime spending dwindled. And in Broadway restaurants, mobbed but a few months before, crowds were thinning out so much that "waiters had to go out on the sidewalk to insult customers," as one Main Stem wit put it.

In the merchandise buying office of a coast-to-coast dry-goods chain, executives had their own evidence of the changing economic climate. When merchandise buyers hit the road to plead with manufacturers for goods during the war, the buying office had the shunned look of the man in the mouth-wash ads. But now—oh, happy day!—two big lobbies were jammed with jostling salesmen waiting their turn to see buyers. "Brother," the chain-store people congratulated one another, "the salesman's back, and he's got a cigar in his pocket!"

You are the hero of this little saga, and all you have to do is sit on your hands. There's some danger involved, of course

Who had wrought this change?

The forgotten customer had done it. The same character who had been warned not to annoy salespeople—they were harder to get than he was—who had been overcharged on price and short-changed on quality, who had been thoroughly ersatzed and then bawled out by waiters.

As a wartime competitor for scarce food and other necessities, the customer was seldom right. Now, with goods pouring out in floods, the customer—in market after market—was right again. The customer, it turned out, had his own secret weapon—his hands. All he had to do was to sit on them. In this passive, yet resolute posture, no business titan, no high-powered inflationary force (during peace) could long stand up to him. And as he kept his hands in his pockets the customer was prompting some businessmen to remember certain peacetime economic facts of life.

One such fact needed stressing this spring: America grew by mass-producing goods for the $30- and $40- and $50-a-week family pocketbooks. These have been the main support of our economy. Yet high price tags have denied more than half of America's families almost everything except food, rent and doctors' bills. Who will buy the shiny new radios, and washing machines and cars? Last year, few businessmen asked this sort of question. Customers with higher incomes and savings bought all sorts of goods so fast and at such high prices that, according to President Truman, business profits averaged a third higher than their wartime peak. New York City's National City Bank described these profits as "embarrassing."

But this year some businessmen took a look at warehouses stuffed with shoddy "interim ersatz" goods and noted that sales were falling off.

"Are prices too high?" Macy's, the world's biggest department store, asked in a full-page newspaper ad. "Yes, many are. The rising increase in efficiency should be translated into lower prices rather than into additional profits. Shop thoroughly before you purchase. There's no longer a general shortage of merchandise."

This unprecedented piece of merchant-to-customer lovemaking in Macy's window dramatized the rise in the American customer's fortunes. A thousand little attentions to which the customer had become unaccustomed are being showered on him again.

In Denver, department and other stores are sending salesclerks to a newly instituted "Opportunity School" to learn "charm." On the curriculum are "dermetics, cosmetics, poise, posture and personal appearance."

One department store, after indoctrinating salesclerks with a film on courtesy, periodically reminds its clerks to smile. It's now "pleasant to shop at Macy's," says Macy's, and its wartime 8-hour course of training for salesclerks has been expanded to two weeks. With this sort of training, young salesladies are now expected to be masters of the salesbook, that bookkeeping horror devised by efficiency experts, which requires 18 entries for even the simplest sale and may require as many as 29 if a charge or excise tax is involved.

Harried beyond endurance by the demands of the salesbook, unstrung salesladies used to turn helplessly to customers with, "Can you please fill this out? It's too much for me." All that is past, and to speed sales, stores are even substituting the sales-register machine for the salesbook. The salesclerk may even know something about the goods he's selling. During the war, clerks weren't taught their merchandise in many stores.

"The merchandise was so terrible, the less said about it the better," one store executive said.

Now stores are proud of their merchandise again. Grocery departments pass out free samples once more, while in midtown New York, swank Lord & Taylor sprinkles high-priced perfume about its entrance; and a neighbor circularizes old customers with, "We haven't seen you around lately and have some new clothes which we think would especially suit *your* figure."

In San Francisco, where militant housewives formed their own "Mama's OPA" when Uncle Sam's OPA went out of business, customers in their new-found strength have even taken on fashion dictators. Dissatisfied with the postwar elongated skirt, they are resolutely keeping skirt buying down to keep skirt lengths up.

That wartime tyrant, the butcher, has changed his methods, but many housewives aren't forgetting. Business in the independent meat shops, trade people estimate, has fallen off almost one tenth. Where has this business gone? To the chain stores, whose sales are up one third to one half.

A Long Island community butcher who ran a sort of exclusive club of clients during the war (Entrance: by recommendation only. Fees: what the traffic would bear) is circularizing vanished customers: "Dear Madam. We have missed your patronage. Perhaps you don't know of the new specials we are running every week and of our cheerful new delivery service."

This was news indeed from a butcher who never itemized bills during the war and offered no delivery service either cheerful or sullen. And chain stores which had waged a losing fight against wartime tips and presents for clerks (a haul of $500 by a privilege-dispensing clerk was common at Christmas, 1945) report that bribing has vanished as completely as the cigarette queue.

Too High-Priced to Cause Riots

The soap flakes, coffee, mayonnaise and bacon whose display would have caused a riot during the war, now cram the shelves but cause no rioting because prices are so high that customers are buying sparingly. So sparingly that in Houston, Texas, each week a supermarket runs 10 to 14 loss leaders (merchandise on which the store takes a loss to bring in customers). Among the loss leaders: butter bought by the store at 74 cents and sold at 69; eggs that cost 49 cents a dozen and are sold at that figure.

Elsewhere, that prewar phenomenon, the customer-questioner, was making his door-to-door rounds asking housewives' opinions about products, packaging, prices. In big-city suburbs vacuum-cleaner salesmen were calling door-to-door, cleaning living rooms in old-time appliance demonstrations. And one washing-machine manufacturer, watching his machines pile up in retail showrooms, wrote dealers they could have all the machines they could sell but cautioned them not to promise immediate delivery. It would destroy the legend of scarcity.

The first to sense that it was time to give the sucker a break were the night clubs. The Stork Club (New York), which grew on the sound snob psychology that people will battle to get into places where they're not wanted, hung out this sign for its hired hands early in April:

"Frank Harris, Eddy Wittmer, Arthur Berry and others at the door. Please get the sour look off your face and act pleasant. Smile, be friendly, speak pleasantly and let the people know we are glad to have them come here. The atmosphere around the door is becoming very hard and tough.

"(Signed) Sherman Billingsley"

And near by at Leon & Eddie's, a shot of Scotch is down from 85¢ to 75¢, a dinner can be had at $1.50, and the club is starting direct-mail advertising to a list of 50,000. Discontinued during the war "because of the paper shortage," it is now resumed because of the customer shortage.

The customer is even beginning to be right again when he travels. For the first time in history, the railroads have tackled the problem of the ticket-window queue, have instituted credit cards and ticket sales on trains to solve it. One railroad system even offers movies to lure first-class passengers from competitors. The air-line traveler, often "bumped" from his plane at night at some air field, 500 miles from nowhere, can now get aboard a plane by going out to the airport and simply asking for the next flight. And one major line, Transcontinental & Western, has invested $4,000,000 on a new reservation system to

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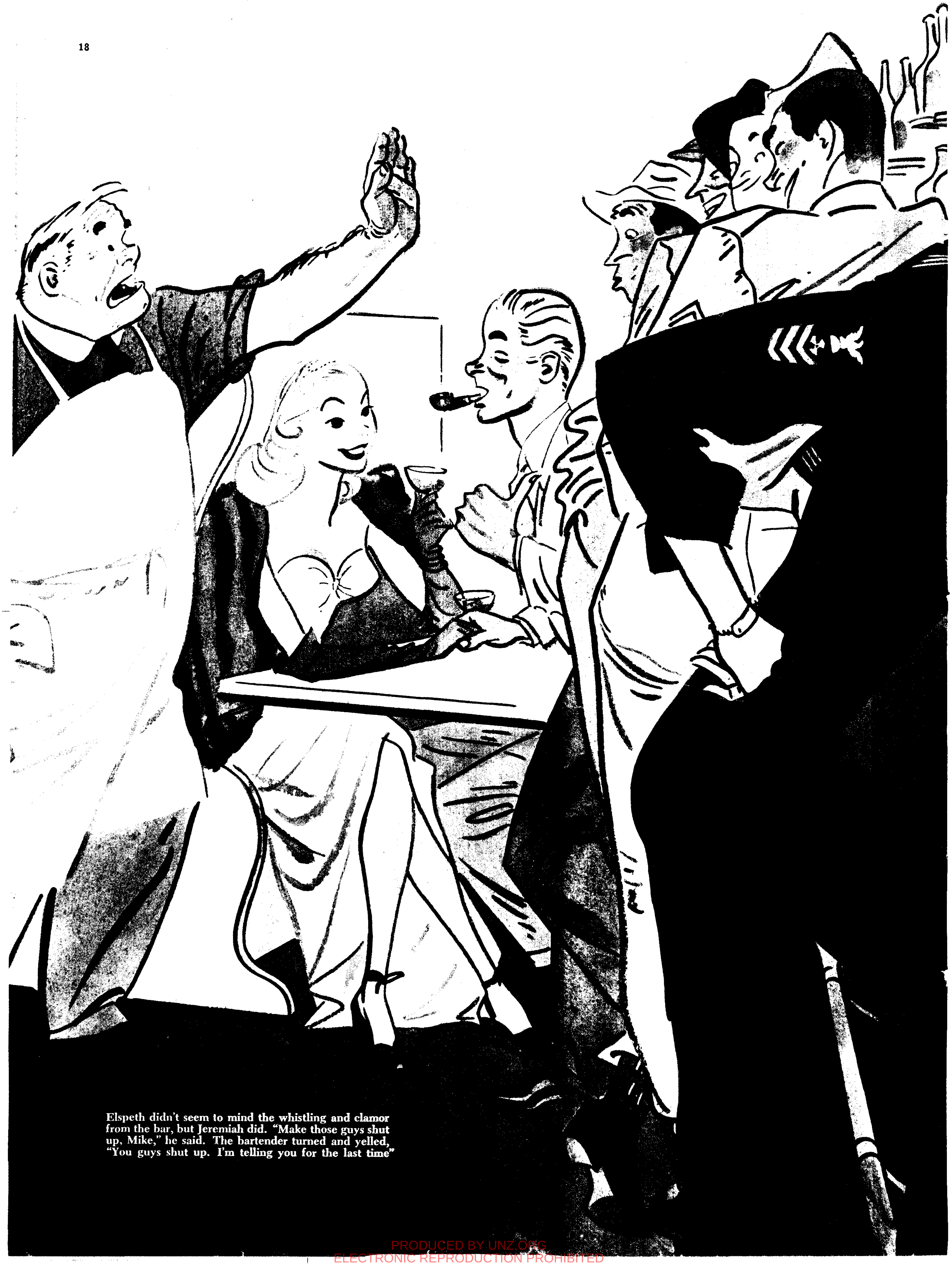
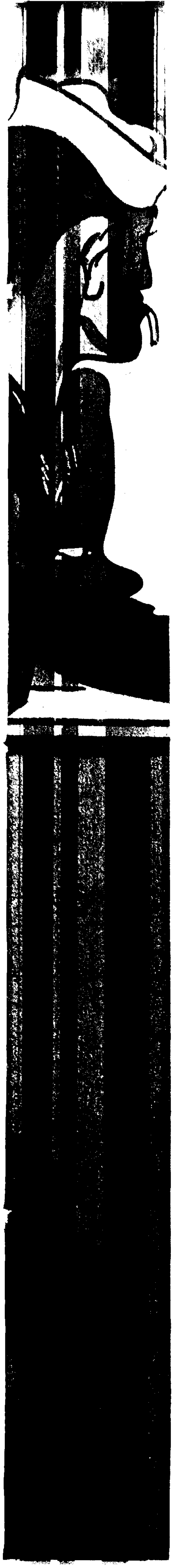


Elspeth didn't seem to mind the whistling and clamor from the bar, but Jeremiah did. "Make those guys shut up, Mike," he said. The bartender turned and yelled, "You guys shut up. I'm telling you for the last time"



ONCE MORE TO THE STARS

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

A love story with a happier ending than anybody—except the reckless optimists who figured in it—had reason to expect

JEREMIAH went home and found Bessie Odin dancing around his flat to blaring Stravinsky on the record player. Bessie was old enough to be a grandmother and rather large, but very light on her feet, and wondrously graceful, even in a marked-down house dress from Union Square.

"People will think you're paying my rent," Jeremiah said.

"Darling!" Bessie cried, and threw her arms around him. She kicked backward and switched off the phonograph with an expert toe. "Do you know what I've done?"

"Polished off my Scotch," Jeremiah suggested.

"Not entirely. I've merely sold that lousy play of ours."

Jeremiah remained calm. He tossed his hat to a chair. He swallowed. It struck him that Bessie might be bereft of her reason. He said, "You're bereft of your reason."

"Dress and pack," Bessie said. "We are invited to a luxurious country estate for the week end. You may buy my supper at Bendino's. I shall drink six Martinis. We catch an eight-o'clock train."

"I can't afford to eat at Bendino's," Jeremiah said.

"Tush. You've got millions. Now please get on the ball. Be ready in ten minutes." Bessie swept out of the apartment, stepping into her shoes on the way.

Jeremiah began to feel nervous. "Is this on the level?"

"Dear boy," Bessie said, "you're so green about some things. Won't you realize that Bessie Odin is Bessie Odin?" She closed her eyes and crossed her hands over her sloping bosom and breathed deeply and said in her trumpet contralto, "Thank God." She lifted her hand in a triumphant gesture and descended the stairs to her own apartment.

Jeremiah stood still and pulled his nose. Life had been complex for Jeremiah since Bessie Odin had become his neighbor and discovered genius in him. Penniless or not, Bessie Odin had been renowned for many years. She was a citizen of a great world wholly foreign to Jeremiah. She left him confused, but awed and frequently downright frightened. Jeremiah didn't like high speeds. He appreciated Bessie's generosity and admired her greatly by reputation and sensed that she couldn't help charging headlong into any stray problem that came in view, whether a would-be playwright or a homeless alley cat, but she scared him anyway. He took some comfort in the thought that her dynamic good offices would also scare the homeless alley cat.

Presently he went into his bedroom and stuck his head into his closet, which was converted from an ancient dumb-waiter. He yelled, "Bessie!"

"Almost finished," Bessie's voice called.

"Listen," Jeremiah said, "what happened?"

"Are you packing?"

Jeremiah took off his coat and tie and shirt and said, "Yes."

"I met a man with bushels of money. He wants a play. He'd particularly love to have my play."

"No one would love to have that play."

"Child, innocent child," Bessie said. "Who are we to say what will make money? Fortunes have been made from bad plays. More fortunes than have been made from good plays, I dare say. Anyway, he's been conditioned by Hollywood, so how is he to know? Surely you've heard of Timothy Wren?"

"No."

"You're far too young to know anything of him, I suppose. It was years and years and years ago. I was living in the Village, and very intense about the drama. Oh, damn, there goes that seam. Timothy was one of us. He was mad about me. Simply enraptured. Your generation could never comprehend. I suppose that will do, but it looks like hell. Then those centuries passed and I was only concerned with the theater abroad and scarcely knew there was such a place as Hollywood, but that's where Timothy's been buried all this time. Imagine. That's what's been wrong with the movies and I never guessed. But now he's put all that behind him. He's taken his mountain of gold and retired. He wants to produce a legitimate play. I ran into him today by the purest kind of accident. Well, I'll go without stockings. It's been nearly thirty years. Think of it."

"So he read the play," Jeremiah said.

"Not yet. I only met him at lunch. Are you dressing?"

Jeremiah took off his shoes and began to shave. He lathered his face and carried his razor to the closet.

He said, "Then it isn't sold."

"I'll run through it for you," Bessie said. "It was rather tender, really. I said, I thought you were dead, and he said, I thought you were dead, and he said he'd been simply ruling Hollywood for ages, and I said I'd been simply ruling the British stage for ages, and when I learned he wanted a play I told him I had a play I'd love to give him and he said he'd forfeit his soul to do something for me. It was pathetic, he was so grateful. It's my prestige, of course. He's awfully nervous, returning to New York after so long."

A thought came to Jeremiah and he said, "How do you know he's got any dough? Did he tell you?"

"Don't be absurd, darling. He has a daughter. She's a glassy, simple sort of creature. When I got the opportunity I took her for everything she knew. Are you packed?"

Jeremiah got a bag and threw some clothes into it. He went back to the closet. He said, "Yes."

"You'll have to keep her off the fairway," Bessie said. "Elspeth, I mean, Timothy's daughter. She's a typical Hollywood person, so she may be hard to manage, but she'll be your assignment. How can Timothy and I begin to recapture the magic of thirty years ago with that earnest young female sitting there like an empty bottle?"

"Do you have to recapture the magic before he puts up the money?"

"Jerry, you mustn't worry. He absolutely committed himself."

"Well, I hope you're right," Jeremiah said. "How much is the train fare to wherever we're going?"

"It can't be much. It's only someplace in Connecticut. It's a country place that used to belong to Prince Dirilieff. Timothy said he'd just bought it. Think what it must have cost. I forget the name but he wrote it on my—not that hat, I can't endure that beastly hat another day, I shall go mad." There was a sound of ripping fabric. "There, I think that improves it. Are you ready, darling?"

"I'm shaving," Jeremiah said. He steeled himself and called down casually, "The point is, I was fired today so I went around and paid my bills and I've got sixteen bucks left."

"Why, that's ridiculous," Bessie said. "No one could be fired from such a silly job."

"It was that humorous copy I wrote for Tinkle Bell Deodorant," Jeremiah said. "The jingles that wound up, 'I know something I won't tell, confidentially it's Tinkle Bell.' After they were okayed all the way up the line some big wheel didn't like them and I was tossed out to soothe him."

Bessie said after a silence, "Well, perhaps it's all for the best. At least you won't have to hurry back by Monday morning. But sixteen dollars . . . Isn't that your phone?"

"I guess it is," Jeremiah said.

"I gave Timothy your number. You know mine was disconnected last month. Aren't you answering it?"

Jeremiah put on his shirt and went to the telephone and said, "Hello."

A bored voice said, "Bessie thah?"

Bessie came in from the hall, her silver foxes flying. She had left of her hat a splinter of green felt, which she had pinned to the top of her red hair. It made her look a little like an aging Valkyrie with casque askew. Jeremiah handed her the telephone.

She breathed, "Tim? . . . Oh, God, no. . . . Of course, darling. Oh, yes. Wonderful. . . . Sweet. . . . Oh, God, yes. . . . You utter fool, really. Oh, no. . . . So sweet. . . . That's nice. . . . God, yes, if there's whisky I'll stay all night. . . . Mmm. . . . Mmm. . . ." She hung up.

"He's changed his mind," Jeremiah said.

"No, it's a break for us," Bessie said. "They can't get away to the country this week end. So he wants us to bring the play up for him to read tonight in town. So you can save your sixteen dollars. He's giving a party for me."

"I think I'll need it. Does he look like he sounds?"

"He's nice, really. But of course he's turned into a typical Hollywood person. And that's sad, too. There are so many memories— Don't forget to bring the play, if we're going to precipitate them into cash. Let's see, it wouldn't do for us to go early, but I'm starving. Do run out and get

(Continued on page 75)

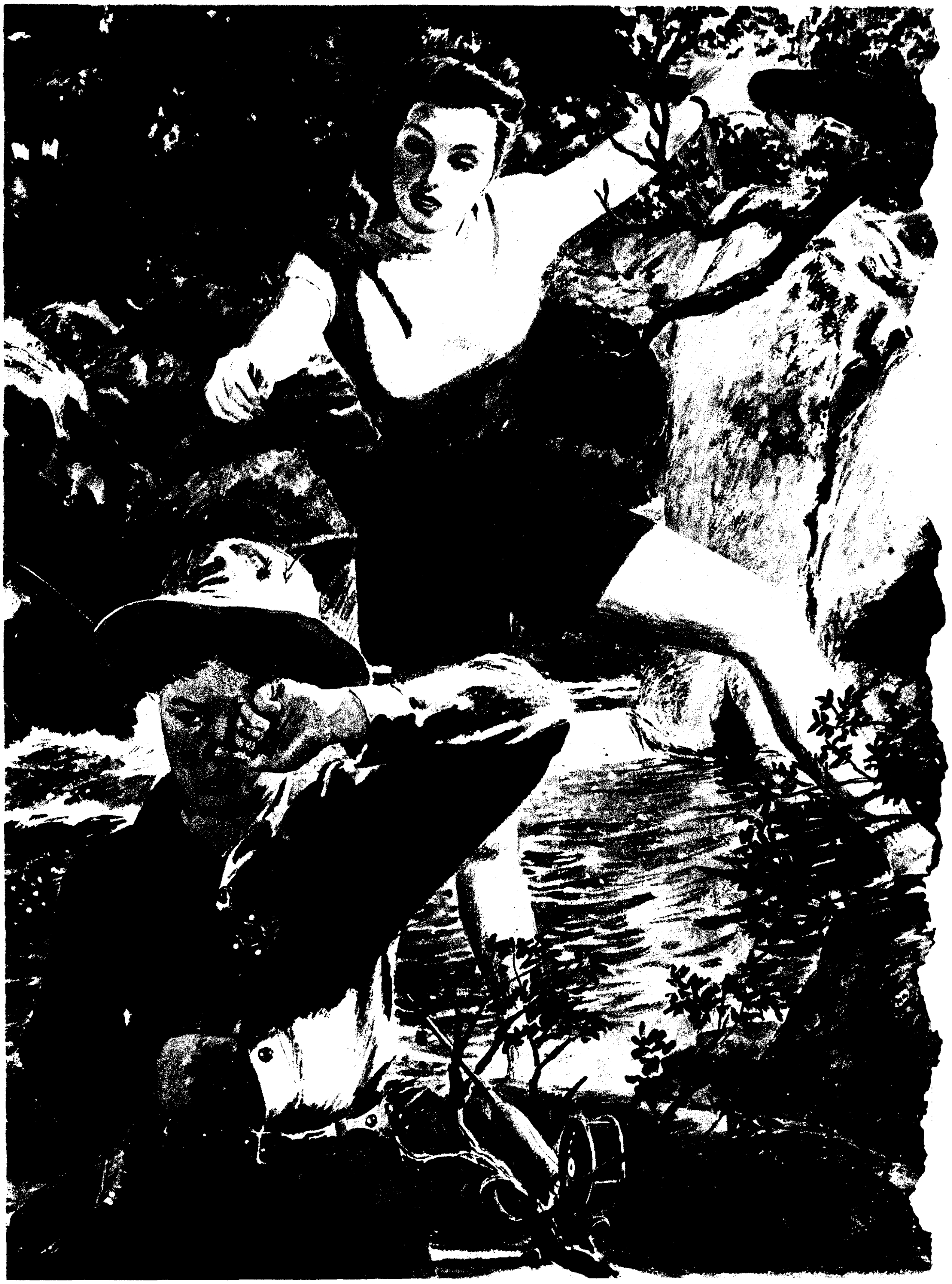
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

THE BIGGEST TROUT IN THE WORLD

BY DON TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Moreover, this one didn't get away



Larry dropped the rod and turned away from his mother. "I can't," he said. "I don't know how. I'll never catch a trout"

"THIS time, Dad?" Larry asked. "You said before you might take me this time, remember? Please, Dad?"

But his father shook his head as Larry had known he would. The fishing trip, really, was just a dream for Larry to live through again and again. When Dad had showed him how to cast a trout fly, he had promised that someday Larry could go with Uncle Del and himself on a regular fishing trip—but maybe that was something grown-ups could promise ten-year-olds without meaning it.

"You practice casting down at the pond," Dad had said, "and someday you'll go along with us men and get a big trout."

Someday. The word sounded as if every tomorrow would be the day. But so many tomorrows had passed that now there was the horrid possibility that before "someday" came all the trout that Larry caught in his fishing-trip dream would be gone. It was an old dream, but always the same: Larry flicked out the flies, there was the splash of the rising trout and the *zizzz* of the reel, there was the rod in an arc and Dad and Uncle Del yelling at him, sometimes telling him to let go before he was pulled into the torrent by the monster he had hooked. But he, Larry, always battled The Biggest Trout in the World up to the bank while Dad and Uncle Del cheered and—

"Not this time, kid," his father said. "It's a tough brook we're fishing today. Much too tough for little boys."

"Like Taney Brook," Uncle Del said. "You remember how that was, Larry."

Larry nodded. Once, Dad and Uncle Del had taken him to Taney Brook, shooting frogs, and the experience had been terrifying. He had never forgotten the quaking grass hummocks surrounded by thick, black muck, the clutching briars, the swarming midges, the croaking crane that had flapped up almost from his feet and sent him backward in fright, into a sinkhole. And Dad's voice going up and up as he grew madder and madder.

"Be damned if I ever take you into the woods again," Dad had sworn. "Crying like a baby over a bird."

"Wonder if there are any trout left in Taney?" Uncle Del asked. "Used to be some nice fish there."

"Might be a few trout left there," Dad said. "But it wouldn't be worth the trouble to fight that brook to get 'em." He picked up the long, shining rod cases and turned away from the workbench.

"I been practicing," Larry said desperately. "I been casting down at the pond and I'm real good—pretty good. I betcha I could catch a trout easy."

Dad patted his shoulder. "You keep practicing. Someday the two of us will find a meadow brook for you to fish."

The two big men went out. Larry stayed in the basement workroom because to watch Dad and Uncle Del drive off would be to risk bawling. Then he heard Mother's voice, outside.

"You really ought to take him, Doug," she was saying. "You've been promising him for so long and he's got his heart set on it."

Dad's voice sounded tight. "Hang it, Rita, I *would* take him if we were going to some other brook. But this place is too rugged for him. We can't spend half our time taking care of the kid."

"You could spend a little more time taking care of him, Doug," Mother said. "When you were overseas I kept telling him what a wonderful time he'd have with you when you came home. And now you send the poor child down to the pond to swish that fish pole around by the hour, practicing for a fishing trip with you that never comes off."

Larry listened intently. Mother sounded mad and sometimes when she sounded mad enough, she could change Dad's mind about things. But not about fishing trips, he decided. Fishing trips were too important to have their plans changed by a woman's words, even Mother's.

"Wait'll the kid learns how to fish, Reet," Uncle Del said.

"You," Mother said, because Uncle Del was her brother and she could say anything to him. "I remember you pestering Pop to go fishing with him when you were only five, and he took you."

"That was different," Uncle Del said. "I could handle a rod before I could walk. I had to show Pop I could catch fish before he'd take me, remember."

"But there was a brook right behind the place," Mother said. "Larry hasn't got a chance to learn, unless you two take him."

"Someday we will," Dad said. " 'By, Rita."

The car drove off, headed for a stream that held The Biggest Trout in the World, waiting for Larry's fly. He listened to Mother's footsteps going up the back steps and across the floor above him into the living room. Then slowly, reluctantly, dutifully, Larry reached for the old sprained-tip rod Dad had given him to practice with. He picked up the knapsack that held his tackle and slung it over a shoulder.

"Larry?" Mother called. "What are you doing, dear?"

"Nothin'."

"Do you—do you want a glass of milk and some cookies?"

"No'm," he said. "I'm goin' down to the pond."

"Oh." She was silent for a moment. Then: "Come up here, dear. Mother wants to talk to you."

Slowly he plodded up the cellar stairs into the kitchen and then walked to the living room. He chose a chair and inched his seat onto it.

"Larry," Mother said, "do you know how to catch a trout?"

HE LOOKED at the toe of his sneaker. He had caught a thousand trout and all of them The Biggest Trout in the World but really he never had caught anything but chub and sunfish.

"I dunno. I never tried."

"Do you think you could catch one? Just one, to prove to that—well, to show you know how?"

Larry nodded somberly. "I think I could. I betcha I could if I got took to a place where they are."

"Got taken, dear," Mother said, mildly. "Well, I thought perhaps I could borrow Aunt Louise's car and drive you someplace where you could catch a trout and show your father you know how to fish."

"Gosh, yes!" he exploded. "Sure! We could take Aunt Louise's car and go to—to—"

He paused, struck by the awful realization that he didn't know how to get to a single trout brook. His dreams never had had anything to do with preliminaries; they always began with him waist-deep in the water. He didn't know the way to any brook.

Except Taney Brook.

Immediately he threw that thought away. Taney Brook was a nightmare, best forgotten, with mud and gnats and huge, distorted birds that croaked. The muck smelled bad and sucked at a boy's foot when he stumbled off a quivering grass hummock, and the brook ran deep and silently, guarded by vicious brambles.

But Uncle Del and Dad had said there might be some nice fish left in Taney if a man—a *man*—would fight the brook to get at them. And it was close by and he knew the road.

"I know a place," he said, slowly, "but it's—it's a tough brook."

His mother smiled. "You sound like your father. Do you know the way?"

Larry hesitated. It would be easy to say he'd forgotten, or even that there were no trout there. It would be simple and he wouldn't have to face the biting, stinging, scratching, sucking depths of the swamp. But Taney Brook meant a—fishing trip.

"Uh-huh," he said, firmly. "I know the way there."

Once they were on their way, he grew braver. After all, it had been a year since he had been shooting frogs with Dad and Uncle Del, and a boy grew a lot older in a year. He had his doubts, though, about Mother's costume. She was pretty in her trim shorts and the polo shirt but she looked almost breakable. He decided she would wait in the car while he fished.

Yes, Mother could sit and wait for him to come back with the knapsack heavy with trout, topped by The Biggest Trout in the World, its great mouth gaping and its gills flaring, its speckled sides gleaming, ten pounds of beauty, or twelve.

"Turn to the right here," Larry said. "You stop at that little bridge up there."

Mother steered the car to the side of the road. When she killed the motor, the swamp about them came to life with burring noises, whistles, croaks, harsh rustlings and, beneath it all, the greasy murmur of the brook.

As he got out of the car, Larry fought down the returning uneasiness. With Mother beside him, he walked to the bridge and looked down at Taney Brook.

"Good heavens," Mother said, "do you mean to say you expect to walk through that jungle? Is that what you—you men—mean when you say a brook's tough? My goodness!"

You men! Larry took a deep breath and turned to the business of jointing the old rod. "It's rugged," he said, in a voice as near bass as he could make it, "but you gotta expect it to be tough where the trout are."

He chose two flies and attached them to the frayed leader the way Uncle Del had shown him. Then he advanced to the railing of the bridge. He drew in another deep breath.

His first cast was nothing like the casts he had made at the pond. Instead of arching out over the brook, the line dropped in sluggish coils over the tip of the rod. He shook the rod and the coil became a tangle. He put his tongue between his teeth and plucked at the wad of line with fingers that trembled.

"Want me to help?" Mother asked.

"No," he said. "I mean, no, thank you."

It took him a long time to untangle the line. Finally he made another cast. The same thing happened. Again Larry untangled the line and cast. He watched the flies whip out and his heart leaped. They swung over the water, straight ahead, and then they were caught by a breeze that came from nowhere, and drifted into the brambles on the bank.

The tiny hooks held. Larry yanked and the rod bent dangerously. Suddenly he was swept by a fury at the things that worked against him, the obstinate line, the wind that didn't play fair, the briars that waited to grab his flies, the swamp, the brook, the dream he never would realize.

Shutting his eyes, Larry pulled savagely. There was a twang as the old leader parted. The line came back at him, sliding down through the guides to wrap itself around the battered reel.

The tears were there now, with the hot feeling in his throat. He dropped the rod and turned away from his mother.

"I can't," he said. "I don't know how. I'll never catch a trout."

MOTHER didn't speak. She swung her legs over the bridge railing and dropped to the bank, among the briars. She moved through them, wincing, flinching as the thorns tore at her, until she reached the place where the flies hung. She had trouble disentangling them but she managed it somehow, and then made her way back to the bridge.

"There," she said. "Try it again."

Miraculously, the flies landed in the water, next time. Now was the moment for The Biggest Trout in the World to come boiling out from beneath the bank or from under a rock or fallen log. Nothing happened. There were no fish in the pool, in the brook.

"Ketch anything?"

Larry turned to see an old man, with a stubble of gray beard on his sharp chin and two watery blue eyes that looked first at Mother's legs and at her shorts and then at him.

"Y'won't ketch nawthin' with them flies," he snorted. "Y'need worms. Y'got worms, bub?"

"No, sir," Larry said, almost primly. "Just flies."

"Heh. Y'might as well stay t'home as t'try to ketch trout here with flies. I know. I k'n always ketch trout outta here. Should, I been fishin' this brook all m'life. It's named after my fambly, this here brook. You come with me, boy, and I'll ketch you some fish. Y'r sister'd better stay here with them little pants she's wearin'. Brush'd cut her all up."

"She's not—" Larry began.

"Never mind," Mother interrupted quickly. "You go with the gentleman, Larry."

The swamp held its old terrors. Larry gulped at the panic that rose in him as he made his teetering way from hummock to hummock, the brambles ripping at him. The old man didn't seem to know there were briars in his way. He skipped on ahead, as surefooted as if he were walking on a pavement. Larry was panting, mud-stained, seared by fiery briar wounds when he caught up to his guide, who was crouching over an uprooted grass hummock from which he dug out wriggling pink worms.

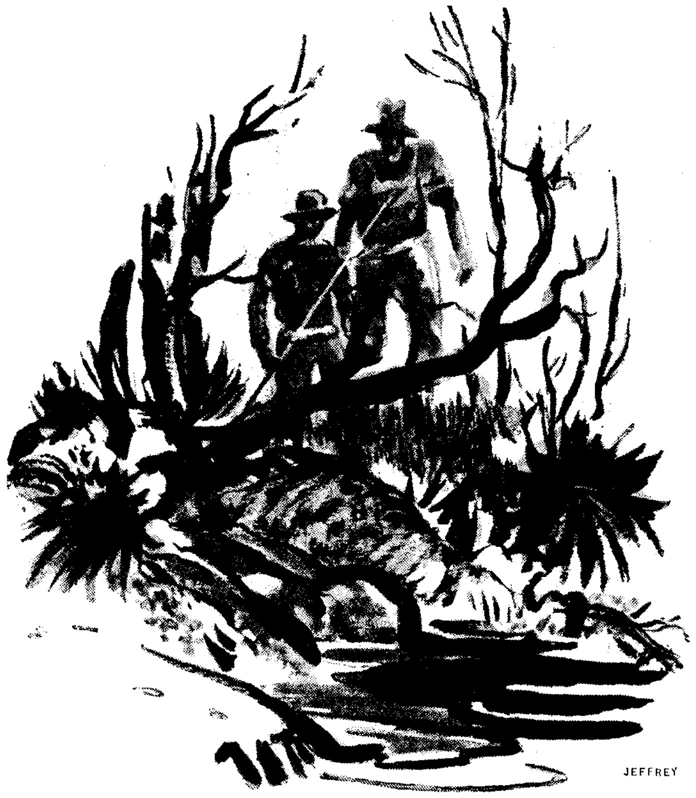
"Here, boy," the old man said. "Gimme thet pole."

Only a little while later Larry, fly-bitten and bramble-torn, staggered out of the swamp near the bridge at the heels of the bent old man. The knapsack was bulging.

"Y'tell y'r sister y'caught 'em," the old man said, and without any goodby, went up the twisting road away from the car where Mother waited.

"Did you catch any, dear?" she asked, and then, when he opened the

(Continued on page 89)



"Here, boy," the old man said. "Gimme thet pole"

IT ALL ADDS UP

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Machines that think create problems that only the machines can solve. They may shape a new kind of civilization or they may speed man to self-destruction. Here are their startling possibilities

I THINK," said the famous Frenchman, Descartes; "therefore I am."

Three hundred years ago, that was just another philosophy, and you could take it or leave it. Today it's a blunt statement of the tragicomic position in which science has placed us all. The more control we gain over the forces of nature, the faster we have to think to prevent a smashup. Now, with control of the atom's unlimited power, we face the nightmarish dilemma of having to think harder and faster than the human brain can operate.

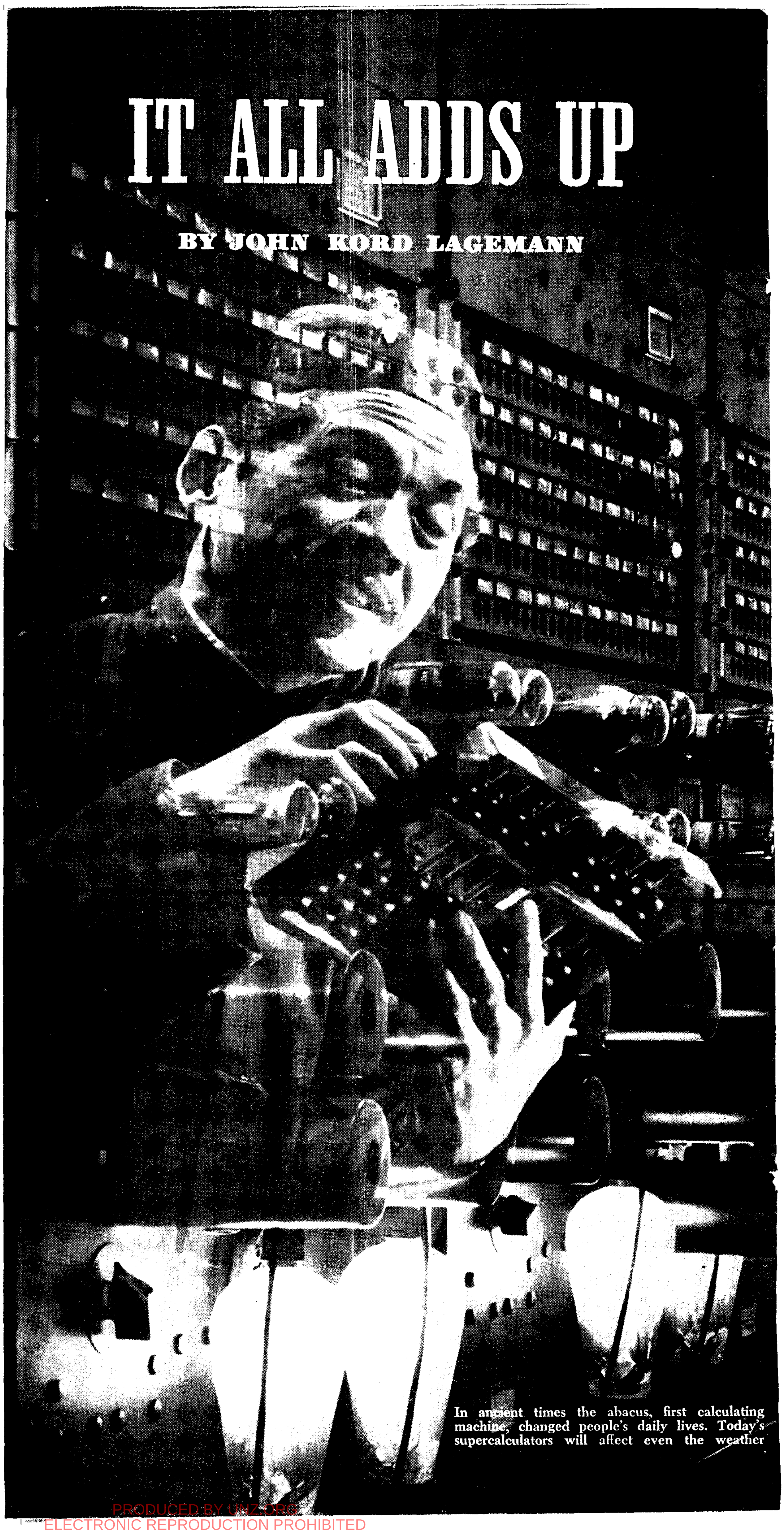
What can we do about it? Equip mankind with a set of artificial brains? Preposterous as it may seem, that's exactly what is happening right now. Giant "brains," in the form of ultra-speed automatic computers are being operated, built or designed in at least 50 laboratories throughout the country. In a few weeks, they could solve all the mathematical problems which have ever arisen in the past. In hours or minutes, they are currently solving problems that would keep human brains busy for the next hundred years.

Here, still only dimly suspected by most of us, is a development new to human history, an undreamed-of speeding up of logical thinking which may save us from stumbling into self-destruction—or considerably speed up the process.

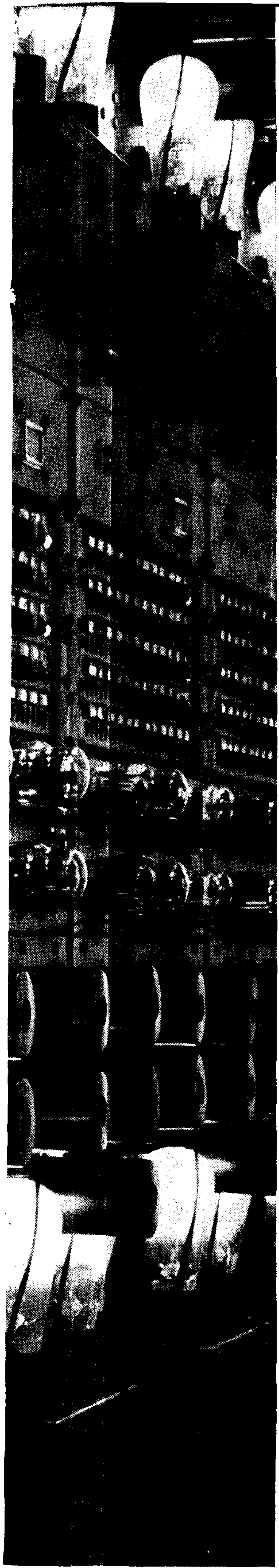
The machines, big enough to fill ballrooms and resembling radio transmitters with their countless tubes, dials and signal lights, are only robots obeying orders. They cannot write symphonies or distinguish between good and evil. But by performing logical reasoning some million times faster than unaided human brains, they are enormously expanding our power to predict and control anything that can be measured, whether it is the explosion pattern of an atom bomb or government regulation of business. Sober scientists will tell you the machines are certain to change the nature of life on this planet more rapidly and more radically than it's ever been changed before.

"Even the rains are going to run on time," quips Dr. V. K. Zworykin, RCA's director of electronic research, in describing the supercalculator which his laboratory is building in collaboration with Dr. John von Neumann, outstanding mathematician of the Princeton Institute of Advanced Studies. Long-range prediction and even control of the weather will be intrinsically no more difficult for it than some of the guided missiles and atomic-bomb problems which other robot thinkers have already begun to solve.

The atmosphere is a vast machine for storing up latent solar energy by absorption from the earth's surface and releasing it as wind, rain and snow. Like toy balloons, these vast accumulations of energy can be



In ancient times the abacus, first calculating machine, changed people's daily lives. Today's supercalculators will affect even the weather



pricked before they reach their natural bursting point. Thus dry-ice pellets sprinkled from a plane can release snow in supercooled clouds.

A column of hot air, rising from a patch of burning oil at sea, can deflect a stormy low-pressure area off its course or dissipate a latent hurricane before some natural disturbance sends it spinning off on its destructive path. The trick is to be able to reason far enough and fast enough ahead of today's weather to know precisely when and where these pinpricks must be applied to produce the desired result.

That's where the supercalculator comes in. Right now, meteorologists can reduce their weather data into a series of mathematical equations. But so complex are the computations involved that they might spend a lifetime figuring out next week's weather. In a day, however, the supercalculator will be able to do the job of 10 human operators working 200 years with ordinary electrical keyboard computers. With a hundred or so of the machines distributed about the earth, gobbling up equations at the rate of 12,000 operations a second, even such conservative weather authorities as Dr. A. F. Spilhaus of New York University believe we'll predict world weather for months ahead—and learn how to tame its violence.

The superhuman calculating speed required by weather control is illustrated even more dramatically by application to guided missiles. The V-1 and V-2 rockets and later American models have built-in computers to correct deviations from the line of flight. Future rockets may radio their problems back to larger and faster calculators on the ground, receive code answers which control their steering mechanisms. For a rocket traveling 2,400 feet per second the RCA supercalculator, to be finished sometime next year, could perform 50 calculations while the rocket traveled 10 feet.

The political implications of the machines are tremendous. Like storms or rocket trajectories, our economic life is determined pretty largely by factors no human brain can interpret fast enough to predict and thus control. How should tariffs be scaled to balance imports and exports; how should taxes be distributed to encourage employment and production; how will a rise in steel prices affect the cost of living?

Robot Brain for 1950 Census

In Washington, the National Bureau of Standards has just started building a robot brain to figure out such problems for the Department of Commerce. It's scheduled to begin working in time to help handle the 1950 census and analyze the results. This is only a first step. Once government as a whole begins feeding its problems into the machines, many an economist has hopes of writing history before it happens!

Fantastic? Not according to Harvard Economist Wassily Leontief. Speaking at a recent Harvard Symposium on Large-Scale Calculators, he estimated that existing machines compute fast enough to make government control of the national economy a reasonably exact science. At the same meeting, Admiral C. T. Joy, who commands the Navy Proving Grounds at Dahlgren, Virginia, predicted that "future developments in the art of building mechanical brains" might even help us solve "problems of international relations."

In a military sense, supercalculators are even now a decisive factor in international relations; and, though Admiral Joy's sincerity was unquestioned, some of his listeners smiled at the unconscious irony of his remark. For this was the gathering which MIT's Professor Norbert Wiener, one of the world's great mathematicians, had pointedly refused to address—because "I would be working on a project that might well be used for mass slaughter."

Coming from a leader in science's war effort and one of the first to recognize the revolutionary potentialities of ultraspeed machine calculation, Professor Wiener's action could not be dismissed lightly. By concentrating on new and more deadly weapons in peacetime, he maintained, the giant calculators could only "endanger us by encouraging the tragic insolence of the military mind."

While most of his fellow scientists failed to share his alarm, Professor Wiener's absence pointed up an interesting fact: Every one of the half-dozen mechanical brains in operation today is working on secret military projects connected with guided missiles, projectiles, jet planes and atomic energy. At least half of those under construction will be paid for by Army and Navy research funds.

Why are military men so interested in arithmetic? They learned their lesson the hard way, during the war. Night and day, year after year, thousands of men and women sat in long rows punching out on desk-model computers the countless equations that had to be solved before any new gun could be released to our fighting forces. More thousands toiled over the never-ending calculations that went into the design of new planes, ships, projectiles and explosives. The developments of synthetic rubber, of new radio and radar equipment, of the atom bomb itself, could progress only as fast as the vast army of hastily trained recruits could be harnessed to the treadmill of calculation.

Had we entered the war with the computers now operating or under construction, there is little doubt that we could have won it sooner. On the other hand, we can be grateful that enemy scientists were no better equipped than ours to handle the arithmetic of war. If Germans had had the benefit of computation speeds the new machines now give us, their planes might have won the Battle of Britain, their antiaircraft defense might have blocked our air offensive, better V-1 and V-2 rockets might have come sooner when they could have turned the tide—and, of course, Germany, which split the atom in the first place, might have beaten us to The Bomb.

Luckily, we had some prewar experience with automatic computers on which to draw in building the giants. The Bell Telephone Laboratories had perfected a large machine to handle the problems of designing the automatic dial telephone switchboard—itself a kind of computer. This went to the Army Antiaircraft Laboratories at Ft. Bliss, Texas, and its three successors, each one larger and faster than the last, are now working for the Navy research laboratory in Washington, the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics at Langley Field, and for the Army at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

At MIT as early as 1930, Dr. Vannevar Bush, who directed our war research and now heads the Office of Scientific Research and Development, had built an automatic differential analyzer which proved invaluable in early wartime research, and provided a model for the larger MIT machine completed in 1943. For the Navy, MIT's Servomechanisms Laboratory is now building a new type of electronic brain expected to juggle 15,000 figures at once and zip through problems at the rate of 40,000 calculations a second.

At Harvard, just before Pearl Harbor, Professor Howard Aiken had collaborated with the International Business Machines Corporation to build a large-scale sequence computer for donation to the university. As calculator "Mark I," it's worked round the clock on secret naval projects since mid-1944. The $400,000 "Mark II," 12 times as fast and soon to be installed at Dahlgren for work on guided missiles, is Navy property; and Navy funds are also paying for "Mark III," now on drawing boards at the Harvard Computation Laboratory.

Speedy Electronic Computers

A thousand times faster than Mark I is the famous ENIAC (electronic numerical integrator and computer) the first electronic machine in operation. Moore School engineers of the University of Pennsylvania finished the 18,000-tube giant for Army Ordnance just before V-E Day. After two years' work on trajectory problems, it's now on its way to Aberdeen to make room for a larger and faster EDVAC, or electronic discrete variable computer.

That's only part of the computer parade. Besides the Bureau of Standards machine, some twoscore great industrial corporations are building or designing ultraspeed computers, some on their own hook, some financed by Army or Navy. These include Eastman Kodak, Bendix Aviation, General Electric and the Polaroid Corporation. Moreover, there's hardly a campus laboratory which isn't experimenting with new computer circuits.

If, as the last war indicated, a nation's technological preparedness to fight a war can be measured by its computing facilities, the United States is far ahead of the pack. England has only the two electronic computers being built at the National Physics Laboratory and at the University of Manchester. France has her Logobox, a kind of mechanized abacus with compressed air to count off pellets in long tubes. Russia has announced no computer research at all and many of our experts believe she still lacks the extensive and varied technological facilities for building this most complex of precision instruments.

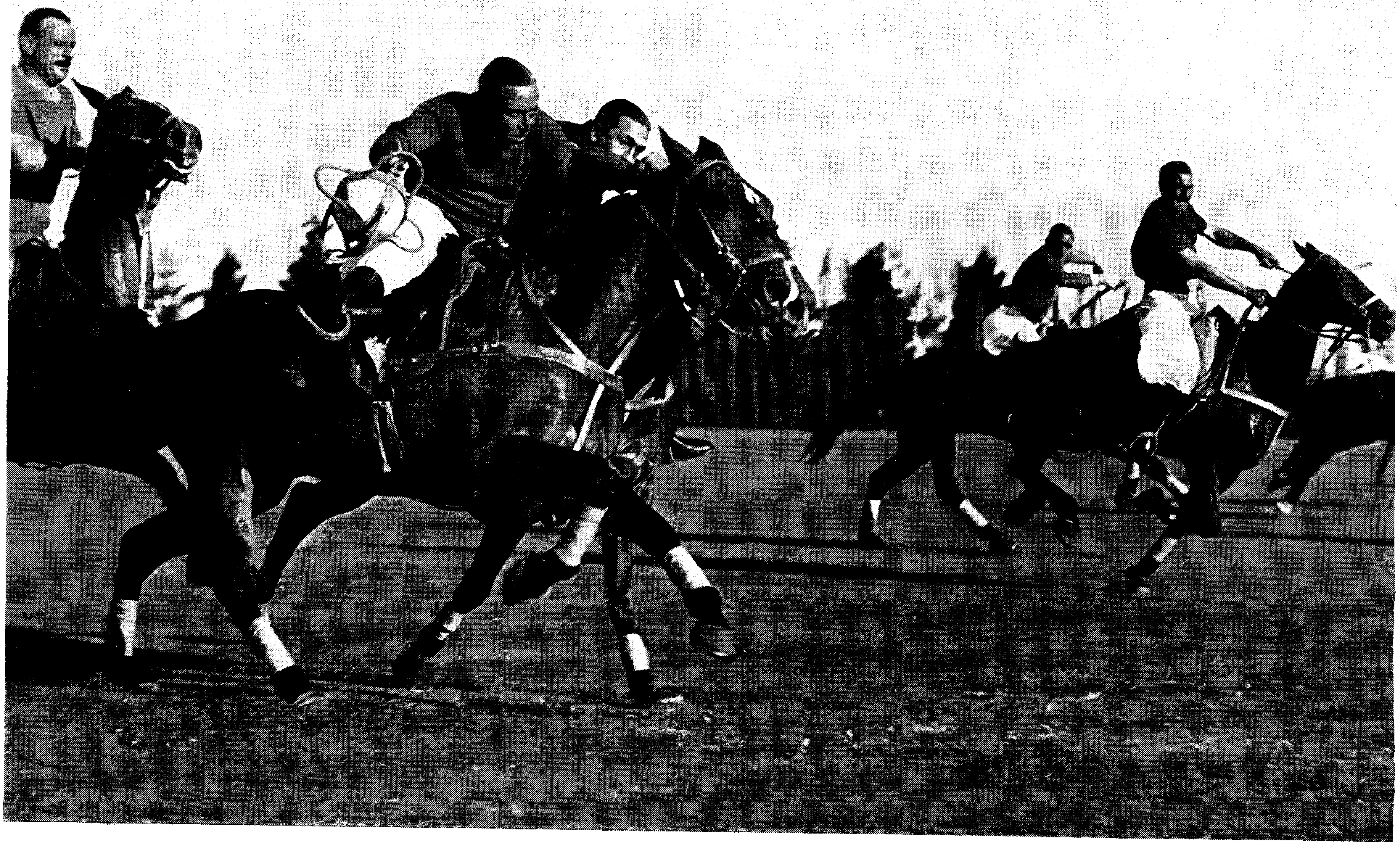
How can the new calculators, simply by rearranging numbers with incredible speed, make so much difference in the way human beings live —or die?

Scientific research, like the struggle for existence, boils down to three main functions: We observe with our five senses, we evaluate with our brain, and we act with whatever outside force we can muster to supplement the puny strength of our bodies. To increase our powers of observation, science has given us gadgets like radar, television, electronic microscopes, the 200-inch telescope, radio and X ray. To empower us to act, it has given us steam turbines, dynamos, gasoline and jet engines and just lately atomic energy. But to evaluate—the most important function of all—we've had to depend on tools only a little less

(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN-GREENE

MURDER ON THE HOOF



In the clear and headed for the goal. The ball carrier has the advantage, as he need extend the ball only if a rival player gets a position on his right

Argentine "pato" was prohibited by law for over a century because of the toll it took in lives and property. Now it has been revived, some forms of mayhem ruled out, and it's gaining popularity at a gallop. It's still a sport exclusively for the sturdy

BITS of dark turf spattered the spectators, who pressed their bodies against the whitewashed rail around the dusty green playing field. Raúl Gordillo's gleaming chestnut pony was leading by half a length as seven of Argentina's top *pato* stars pounded after him. Gordillo's blousy white *bombachas* were sweat-molded to his legs and his bright blue shirt stuck to his lean back.

Number Three man on the General Güemes team, Gordillo rode bolt upright at a full gallop. He extended the ball with its floppy leather handles toward the closest red-shirted opposing player, who clutched at it desperately, leaning far out of the saddle. An instant later, Gordillo with an overarm swing sent the ball flying toward the net. The voices of the watching crowd, crescendoing with growing urgency as the two teams had raced the length of the field, burst in a jubilant roar: *"Un tanto!"*

The inflated leather *pato* had sailed squarely through the 40-inch hoop of the king-sized white butterfly net on its quivering nine-foot pole. The General Güemes team had scored one point, or *tanto,* against Corrales in the exclusively Argentine game of *el pato*—literally, "the duck."

Roughriding *pato* is gaining popularity at a gallop. Last season for the first time, the game invaded the manicured green fields of the internationally famous Buenos Aires Jockey Club. Several *pato* clubs are considering exhibition tours to the United States.

Best described as a game of basketball on horseback, modern *pato* is a revival of the favorite sport of the early Argentine Gauchos. They played it with a duck or chicken sewed up in a leather bag with two to four handles—hence, *el pato.* The semi-savage Gauchos, who respected nothing but fearlessness, horsemanship and skill with a knife, killed scores of horses and sometimes several men in a game. The game had no rules and no boundaries.

Pato, now played from March to December strictly on an amateur basis, was prohibited for over a century because of the toll it took of lives and property. An early description of the game reports that the fields and *estancias* through which the horsemen raced "remained beaten down as if an invasion had passed."

The game was brought out of mothballs in 1937 through the efforts of burly, broken-nosed Alberto Del Castillo Posse of Buenos Aires, who got the laws against it repealed by confining the game to a playing field, limiting the number of players to four for each team and ruling out certain forms of mayhem in which the old-time *pateros* delighted.

Modern Argentine *pato* is like basketball in that the players defend baskets at either end of a rectangular playing field, which is up to 200 yards long. A player may block any opposing rider by driving his horse's shoulder and his own weight against the enemy *patero* in a tooth-rattling sideswipe. Players may also indulge in the *cinchada,* a sort of equine tug of war with two opposing players clinging grimly to handles of the *pato* and pulling in opposite directions—all at a hell-for-leather gallop.

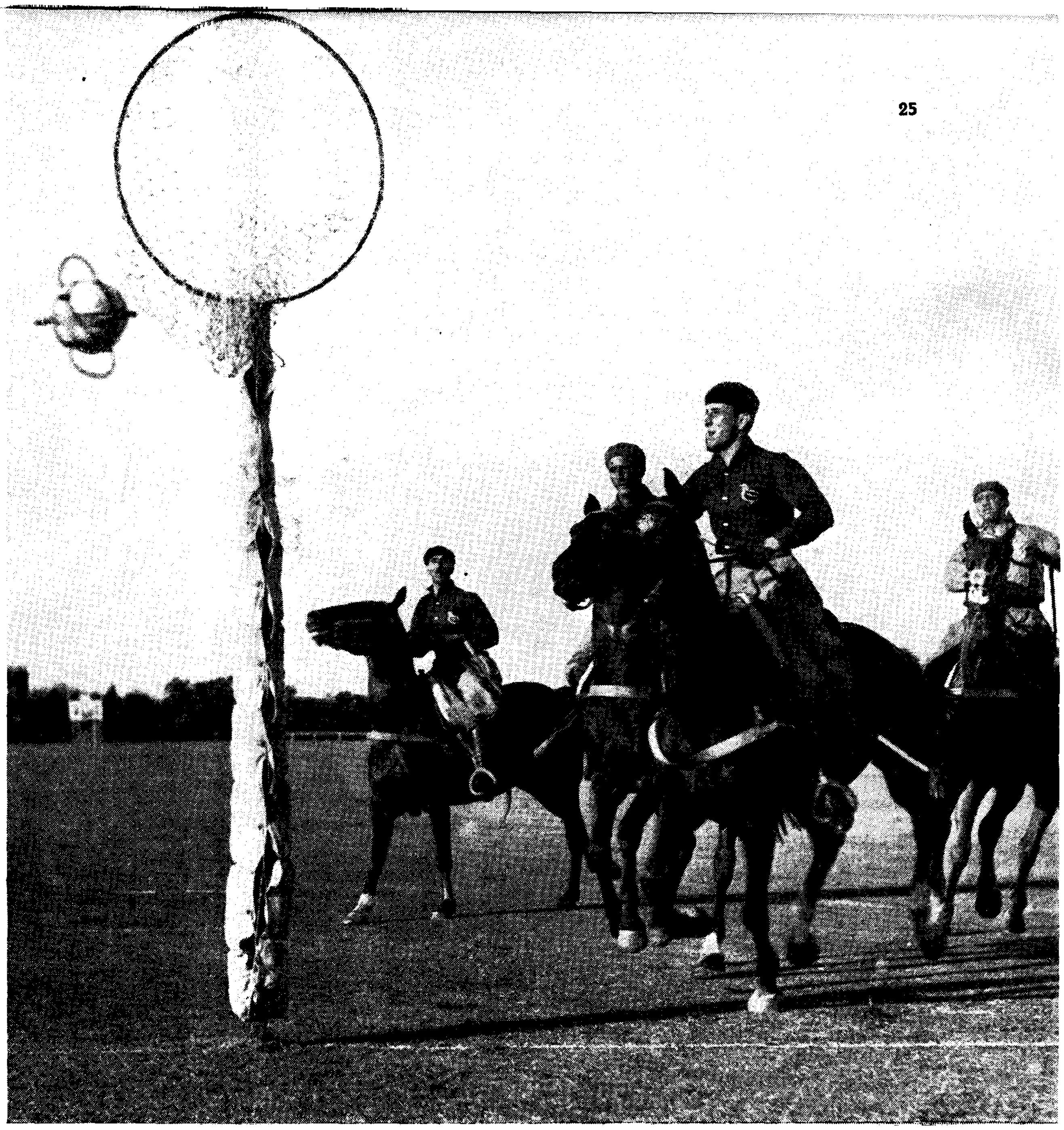
Until 1943, the *pateros* could seize their teammates by the arm or belt or around the waist, and any number of players could pull at the ball simultaneously while their cohorts hauled until something or somebody gave way.

The ball is the *pato,* like an undersized basketball, circled by three leather straps fastened to the ball to form six heavy-duty handles. The object is to get possession of the *pato,* and after extending it in the right hand "in a free manner" toward the closest opposing player, to throw it into the net. Needless to say, you don't have to dribble.

The defense consists of getting hold of the ball and wresting it away from the carrier or forcing the play out of bounds. The ball may be passed to another player and the defending side frequently in-

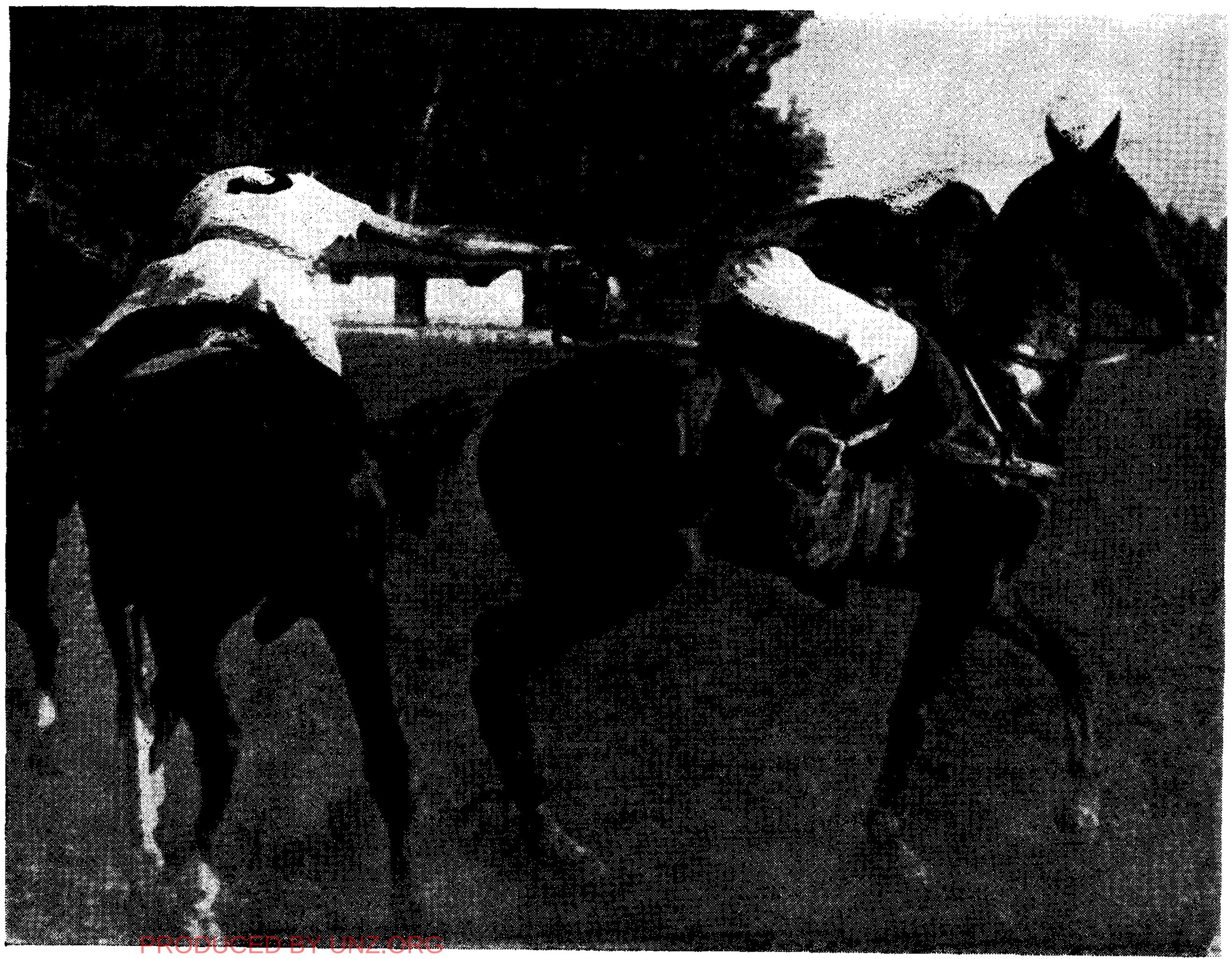
PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF MUNDO ARGENTINO

BY
WILLIAM R. MIZELLE



Nice try. The crowd bursts into a jubilant roar, "Un tanto!" as a "patero" breaks away from the scramble of horses and men and slams the "pato" into the net. But the ball bounces out, and there is no score

A "cinchada." Two opposing players have grips on handles of the "pato" and go into a determined tug of war until one surrenders it or until the deadlock forces the "juez" to call time and toss the ball again



tercepts. When the *pato* falls to the ground, it is snatched up by the closest *patero,* who stoops from the saddle without checking his horse's pace.

To start the game the referee, or *juez,* tosses the *pato* up between the forwards of the opposing teams; then the play continues until a goal is made, until the *pato* or any of the players go out of bounds, or until the *juez* calls time. Time is called for a foul or to prevent delaying the game when two players are deadlocked in a *cinchada* with neither able to yank the ball away from the other.

You can't strike an opposing player with your fist or elbow, and you can't ride your horse into a *patero* leaning to pick up a fallen ball. Nor can two players "sanweech" an enemy rider by running into him simultaneously from both sides.

According to the *Federación Argentina de Pato* book of rules, "when a player is unhorsed, the game should continue if he has not suffered an injury in the fall. In the case of his being hurt he should be removed from the field."

There are thirty-five clubs, or *campos de pato,* in Argentina. The Campo General Güemes is typical of those around Buenos Aires. Admission to the game at Güemes usually costs fifty centavos.

The scoreboard sometimes marks a handicap score before the game starts. When Güemes plays the Tres Lagunas team, for example, the latter team is given a two-point lead.

By the scoreboard is a big dinner bell which the timekeeper clangs persistently to clear the field of children and dogs. Then the Tres Lagunas team canters out, wearing *(Continued on page 65)*

DON'T CURSE THE NURSE

BY HOWARD WHITMAN AND DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

That chorus of yells from hospital patients about the bad service they're getting has a pretty good explanation: Nurses are overworked, underpaid, and badly treated. Here's the story

THE lady in Room 206 pressed the button for two agonizing hours before the nurse came in. It was three o'clock in the morning and through the medicinal stillness of the hospital ward her voice tore like a splinter. "You nurses are all alike," she cried. "A person could die for all you care! A person could die before you'd answer the light!"

In another room, upstairs, a young man sweating with pain gave up hope of ever getting a nurse to help him. He seized the telephone at his bedside and called his wife at home. "Please get them to do something. The nurse won't come here. She won't. I've tried . . ."

And in the far wing, a man caught the sleeve of his nurse as she came in to give him a hypo. "For God's sake," he said, "go to that woman across the hall. Have you no mercy? She's coughing her lungs out!"

Nurses, one would gather, are pretty mean characters: Florence Nightingales whose song has gone sour. Ask the patients who come out of hospitals, or ask their relatives. You'll hear endless tales of mean nurses, curt nurses, heartless nurses, old curmudgeons of nurses. They won't answer the light, they throw the food trays at you, they stalk out of the room instead of listening to your troubles, they don't show any sympathy, they make you wait an hour for a bedpan, they make you feel like a criminal if you ask for a drink of water, they don't give a hoot if you live or die.

What about it?

When you get behind the scenes the answer is obvious: Nurses are drastically overworked. Why? There aren't enough of them. Again, why? Nurses are fleeing from the hospitals in droves. The nation is critically short of 41,000 nurses right now and will be short 185,000 by 1950—unless something is done. One doctor said to me, "A girl would be a damn' fool to go into nursing today." A registered nurse, who trained for three long years and paid $500 for the privilege, looked up from her dishpan (she was washing dishes because the hospital was short of kitchen help) and said, "Nursing is the greatest disillusionment of my life."

That's why it takes two hours to have your light answered. And why, at the rate we've gone, we're lucky to have left in this long-suffering profession any nurses at all.

Nurse Elizabeth Volpin, of Cleveland, returned from the Army and rejoined the hospital where she had worked before the war. She was surprised to find that her pay was $38 for a six-day week, about half what she had earned as an Army nurse and somewhat less than many young women were earning as secretaries.

No matter. She went back on the ward. "A hospital nurse gets so accustomed to low pay, it's second nature," she remarked. But it did rankle to hear the doctors and the supervisors talk about how brutally hard they'd worked during the war. Sure they had worked hard. But it was no snap for Nurse Volpin either, plowing through France with the 116th Evacuation Hospital, treating 8,000 casualties in sixty days during the Battle of the Bulge, being surrounded and strafed near Sarrebourg.

Nurse Volpin didn't talk about it. She had changed uniforms now but the starched white was still a symbol of duty. But she winced when they put her on a night shift, 11 P.M. to seven in the morning. "Oh, well, a nurse can take it," she consoled herself. "That gets to be second nature, too."

She found herself alone on the accident ward; one nurse to cope with *(Continued on page 67)*

Cleaning up bloody bandages and sutures after an operation is one of the jobs nurses dislike. Because of jobs like this, nurses are quitting profession; because they are quitting, some hospitals, like New York's Parkway, where this was posed, give such jobs to others, let nurses do more technical work

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

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INTERNATIONAL

King George and Queen Elizabeth visit the World's Fair in New York. Police and Secret Service men (indicated by arrows) maintain a close guard over the royal party

THE CASE OF THE KING'S HAT • BY FRANK J. WILSON

CHIEF, U.S. SECRET SERVICE, RETIRED

There's more to guarding dignitaries than fending off bombs or foiling assassins. Such things as arranging for a first lady to belly-slam in the snow, or for a prime minister to swim in the nude. Or watching over a king's vanishing Homburg

Conclusion

MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK is a beautiful and talented woman, but if I had it to do over again I would say, "No, absolutely not!" I would not want her taking belly-slams in the snow, because that's one way the First Lady of China can hurt a lot more than her dignity.

A powdery snow was falling in New York one morning during the Madame's visit to the United States in 1944. She came out of the house she had leased in Riverdale, on the fringe of the city, and spied some kids in the street with sleds.

"I want to do that!" cried the Madame. She ran off toward the kids and asked if she could borrow a sled.

The Secret Service agents I had assigned to guard her looked at one another and exchanged puzzled whispers. What do you do in a case like this? So the First Lady of China wants to take a belly-slam. Are you going to stop her? No. That's not your job. Your job as a Secret Service detail is to protect her from attack, injury or assassination. If the Madame wanted to take a belly-slam they'd just block off the streets and let her go to it.

The agents deployed to the intersections and held up their arms to stop traffic. Mme. Chiang lifted the sled in her arms and started off at a sprint.

Whammo! She slapped down the sled in a belly-whopper that made the kids giggle and cheer, and the Number One stateswoman of the Far East came speeding down the hill with her legs flying.

A taxicab came snorting along toward the intersection at the bottom of the hill. The agent stationed there waved frantically for the cabby to stop. But Secret Service agents being in plain clothes, the cabby thought this fellow was just a determined Joe looking for an empty taxi.

Escapes Death by Inches

He charged on through the intersection, took a sharp turn and slammed on his brakes just as China's First Lady passed within three inches of wheels that might have crushed her to death.

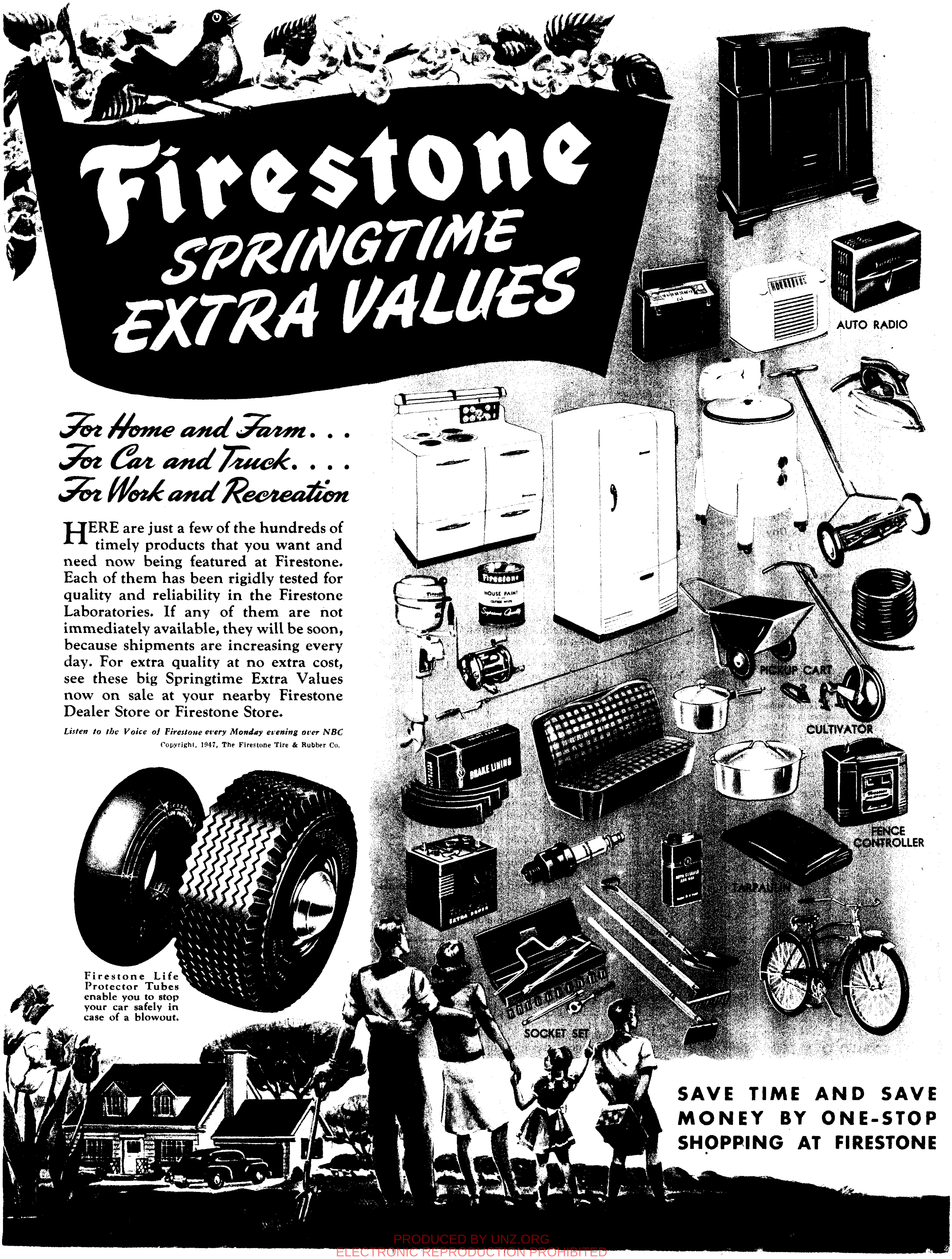
The Madame gave a little shriek. The cabby just snorted on, never knowing how close he had come to an international incident.

As chief of the United States Secret Service for ten years I had the job of protecting scores of Very Important People—Presidents Truman and Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, the Dutch and Norwegian royal families, the King and Queen of England and a bevy of others. I've had to worry about assassins, train wreckers, poisoners and bomb throwers, but none of the people I protected ever came as close to being liquidated as Mme. Chiang.

In the middle of December, 1941, about ten days after Pearl Harbor, I was chatting with President Roosevelt at the White House when he matter-of-factly said, "The Prime Minister—Churchill—is coming over for a series of conferences. There'll be plenty of work for your outfit, Frank. The P.M. will probably arrive around the first of the year."

The news sent me into a dither of preparations. Churchill's first wartime visit would be anything but a picnic. I pulled Secret Service agents off out-of-town assignments and made swift preparations to keep the P.M. as safe as a babe in arms.

A week before Christmas I was driving down Connecticut Avenue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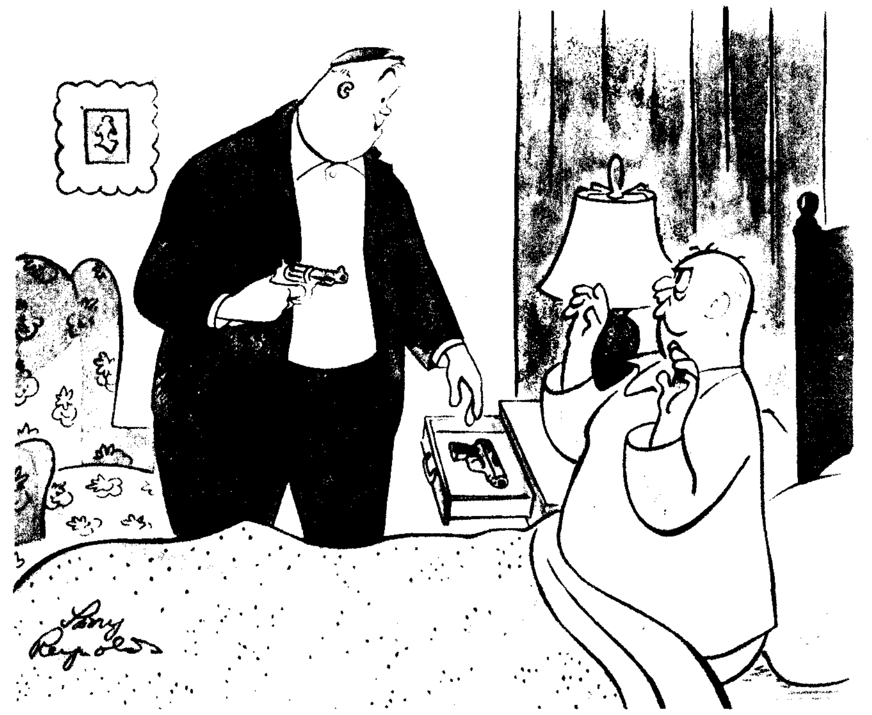


COLLIER'S "Gee, a real pistol! I've always been so ashamed of this toy gun I'm coverin' you wit'"

with my wife, Judith, on a last-minute shopping trek when my two-way radio crackled: "Copper calling Buffalo . . . Copper calling Buffalo." I seized the mike and replied, "Buffalo answering Copper." Buffalo, my home town, was my code name and Copper was the code name of one of my agents on the White House detail.

He informed me, in a kind of double talk which wouldn't be understood by radio snoopers, that "the big fella" would hit the U.S. several days earlier than expected. That was the end of the Christmas shopping. I set my course for 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Churchill and his retinue arrived at Hampton Roads, Virginia, aboard H.M.S. George V, on December 21st. The P.M. was put up as a house guest of the Roosevelts, and I provided an armored car to take him about his business.

Seclusion For a Statesman

In January, Churchill needed a rest and Roosevelt suggested I find a spot in Florida "where Winston can get away from it all." Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., then Lend-Lease director, offered his cottage on a lonely stretch of Florida coast, and after investigation, I decided it was the ideal hideaway. It was isolated, curtained by palms and riotous tropical undergrowth along what is known as the "Hillsboro Mile" near Pompano, Florida.

The Prime Minister lolled there from January 5th to 11th, completely shielded from intrusion except for Navy planes which brought him mail and messages twice a day, a telephone equipped with a "scrambler" so he could talk without fear of tappers—and, of course, a detail of my reliable watchdogs, under Secret Service Agent Tom Qualters.

Churchill swam in the nude. He didn't have to worry; palms and eucalypti guarded his privacy. He plunged and gamboled. He came charging out of the surf with the uncertain movements of a landing craft to plop upon the sands and garb himself in a cigar.

One afternoon as he surveyed the surf, Churchill mused to Agent Frank Burke, "Suppose a German submarine came up right in front of this cottage and started throwing shells at us. What would you do?"

Burke replied, "It won't happen, Mr. Prime Minister. You see that plane up there? That's a Coast Guard plane. It's keeping watch over you."

True, I arranged for Coast Guard airplanes to patrol the coast continuously between Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale. I certainly didn't want any German U-boat commander to run up his periscope and see the Right Honorable Winston Churchill splashing around off the starboard bow.

Diminutive, gnomish Lord Beaverbrook, Britain's wartime Minister of Supply, was a difficult man to guard. He'd turn around and see Secret Service men tailing his car, a sure sign—His Lordship thought—that something sinister was afoot. Even after Agent William A. Merrill, whom I had assigned to "The Beaver Patrol," explained the protective functions of the Secret Service, Beaverbrook didn't completely abandon the fear that his movements were being spied upon.

To test even his personal staff, he would tell one secretary a secret and then try to worm it out of another to see if the first had squealed. My agents never got a list of his appointments. They had to be prepared to move as he moved, unpredictably. One morning they started waiting for him at 8 A.M. and weren't informed until 10 in the evening that he had been sick in bed all day.

The Beaver Goes to Dinner

My chief, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, invited "The Beaver" to his home for dinner one evening. Agent Merrill put His Lordship in a State Department limousine, ordered the chauffeur to head for Morgenthau's house and then followed in a Secret Service car.

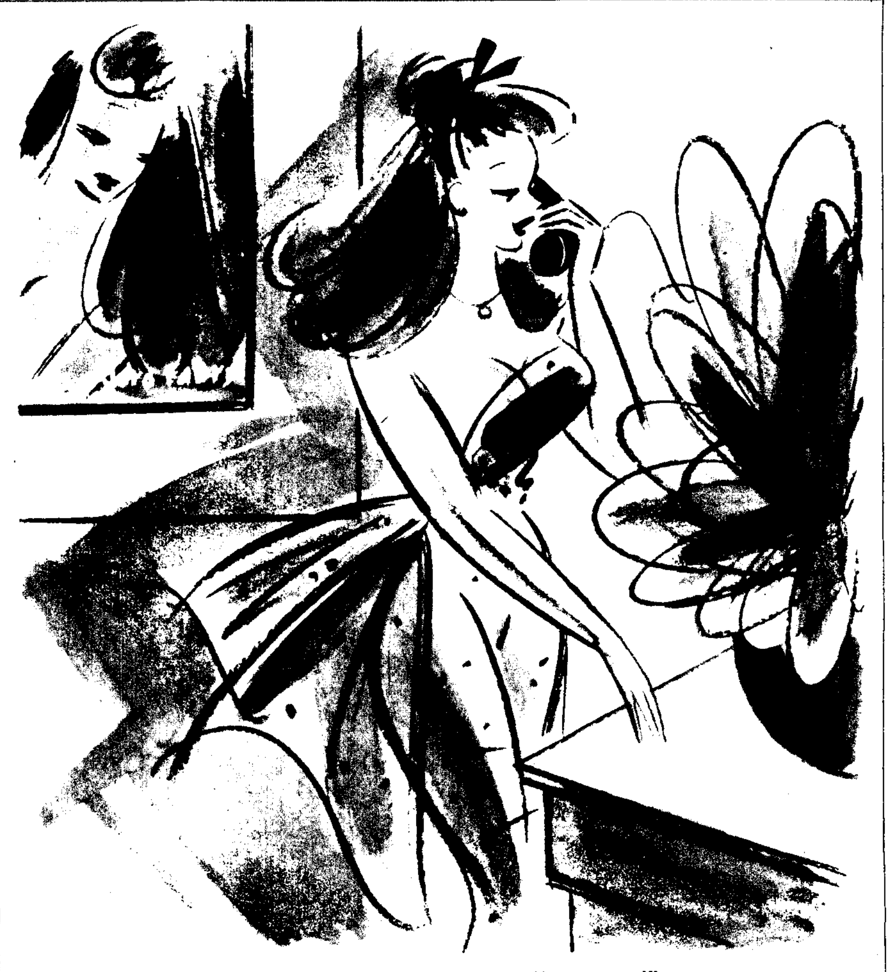
On arrival, Beaverbrook was greeted not by Morgenthau but by a bubbling Englishwoman, who said in a flush of smiles, "Oh, Your Lordship! How perfectly charming of you to call! I never dreamed you would accept my invitation!"

Beaverbrook, nonplused, stalled for time, figuring perhaps the lady was another of Morgenthau's guests. But no. She hastily explained that she had read of Beaverbrook's arrival and had taken the privilege of inviting him to call. "Of course, I'm so delighted—and surprised—that you've found the time!"

The Beaver passed a few diplomatic pleasantries, backed out as gracefully as he could, and retreated to the limousine.

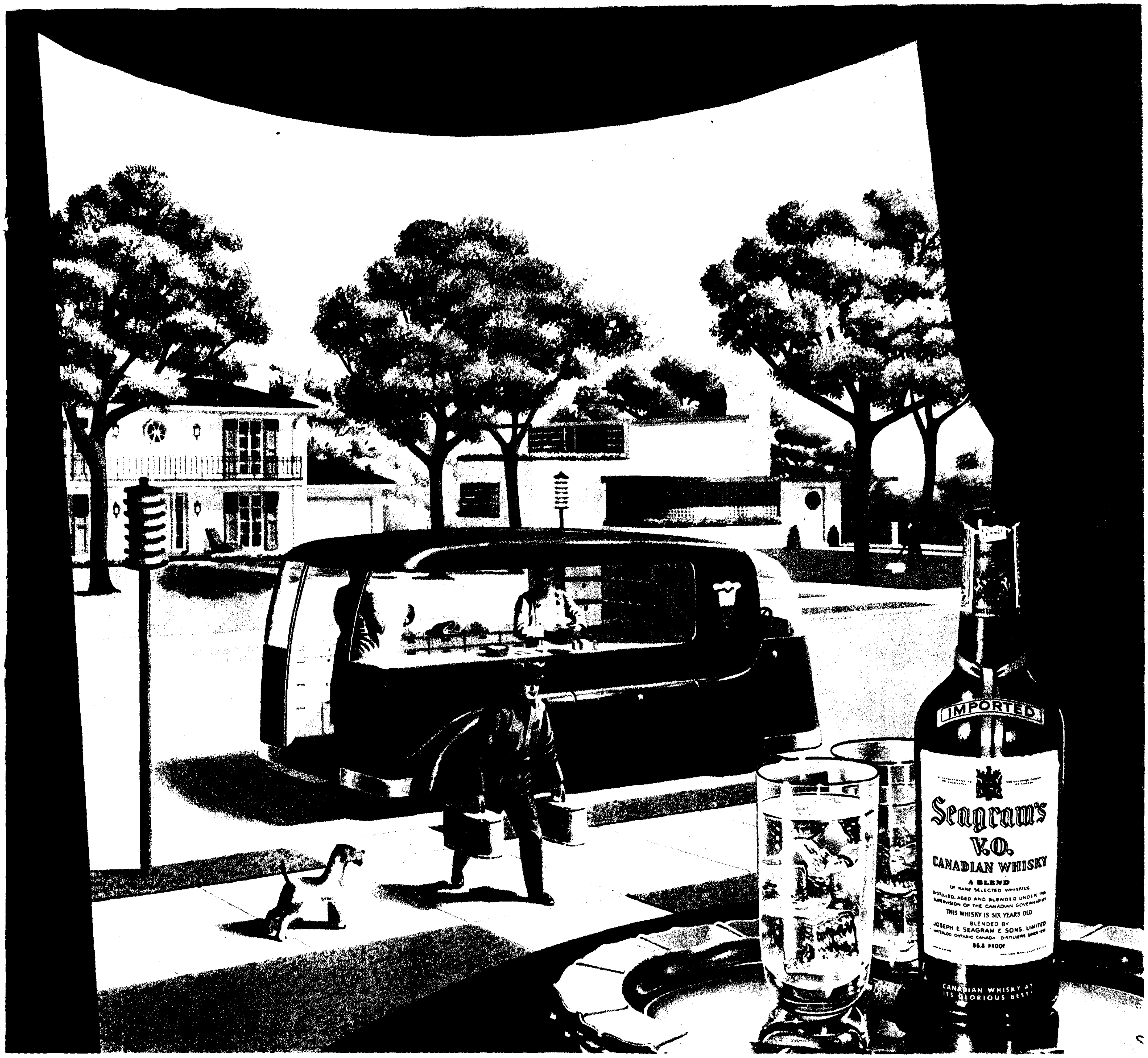
"But, sir," the chauffeur apologized, "I was sure that was Secretary Morgenthau's house. I've driven there many times." The fact was, Morgenthau had occupied the house for two years but had moved out just a fortnight before, and the English lady had moved in. Beaverbrook eventually got to the Secretary's dinner, but his faith in the Secret Service was more frayed than ever.

During the state visit of King George



COLLIER'S "'Je suis trés jolie'? The hell you say!" JARO FABRY

BY MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW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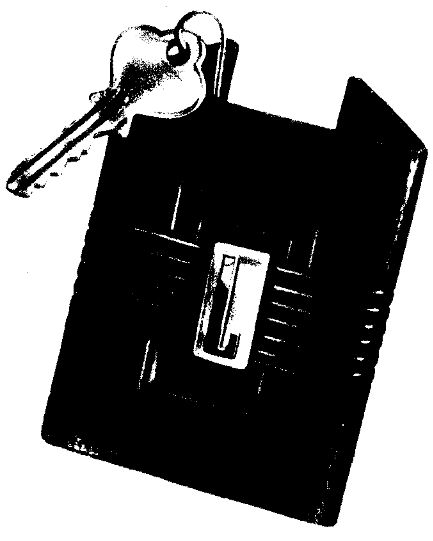

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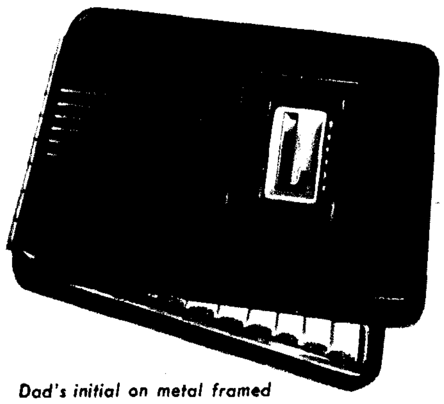

Dad's initial on metal framed English Morocco cigarette case. Holds a full pack. $5.00 plus tax

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FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 15TH

VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1939, the British monarchs made many appearances with President and Mrs. Roosevelt. I don't think I drew an easy breath the whole time Their Majesties were here.

When it came time for their appearance in New York, I met with Grover Whalen and Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine to decide what should be done. Whalen, the Emily Post of New York officialdom, wanted a big shebang with bands and pennants, ticker tape and drum majorettes. But I refused.

"Grover," I said, "that's all very well for you. But if anything should happen to the King and Queen, Lew and I are going to be responsible." We agreed on a fast motorcade up the West Side Highway and a well-guarded visit to the World's Fair.

His Majesty's Hat is Missing

The King and Queen were given a sumptuous luncheon at the fair. My agents, Scotland Yard men and New York police officials lunched together in an adjoining room. When the feed was over, a Scotland Yard man came running to the table where Agent Harry Neal was sitting with a New York deputy police commissioner and blurted, "Where is the King's hat? We can't find the King's hat!"

The deputy police commissioner gathered his plain-clothes men around him and issued a curt order, "Get that hat!"

The head of the Scotland Yard detail announced to his men, "His Majesty's lost his hat!"

Harry Neal told the Secret Service agents, "On the ball, boys—the King's hat is gone!"

The search was on.

One of the Secret Service men remembered that prior to the luncheon he had escorted the King to the rest room. He raced back to the scene, pushed open the rest-room door and beheld a wide-eyed porter doing a cakewalk with the King's felt Homburg on his head.

"What are you doing with that hat!" he barked.

"Man, that ain't no hat," chuckled the porter. "That's the King of England's royal chapeau!"

The agent quickly retrieved it and turned it over to the deputy commissioner of police, who put it in his lap and said, "This isn't going to get out of my sight until the King's ready to leave here!"

Two minutes later a hurried waiter brought on the deputy commissioner's pie à la mode, bumped his arm as he served it and sent an oozing scoop of vanilla ice cream straight into the royal Homburg. The deputy commissioner dumped out the ice cream and swabbed the hat furiously with his handkerchief. He looked up at the speechless aggregation of cops, Scotland Yard men and Secret Service agents, and said in tones of cold steel, "Nobody saw anything happen to this hat!"

The King and Queen wound up their U.S. visit at Hyde Park, where they were entertained by the Roosevelts. I was glad F.D.R. didn't want to take them joy riding. I'd have had to put my foot down on that.

Roosevelt was fond of driving. Once he took me for a spin around the Hyde Park estate in his Ford. As we went down a steep hill he stepped on the gas and took a curve on two wheels. I grabbed onto the door. F.D.R. peered over at me and chuckled at the frightened look on my face.

"I scared hell out of Jim Farley when I took him down this hill!" he laughed.

Roosevelt's driving was always a worry to me. He'd take his eyes off the road to wave to people. When he drove by a golf course he'd shout greetings to his friends and kid them about their shots. I tried to impress him with the importance of watching the road, but it didn't do much good. Once I seriously considered putting a governor on his engine.

Finally I decided to have agents cut off all the side roads and sent a pilot car a few hundred yards ahead and another behind when F.D.R. went driving. But this simply provided a new game. He'd try to ditch the pilots. Once he drove down to the railroad crossing at Hyde Park, made a sharp turnabout and tore back to his house ahead of both the pilot drivers. When he got there he said pixily, "I don't know what happened to the agents. They just disappeared!"

After the Nazis invaded Norway, I had the job of protecting members of the Norwegian royal family who had escaped. Crown Prince Olav, Crown Princess Martha, and their children, Princesses Ragnhild and Astrid and five-year-old Prince Harald, moved into a country house between Bethesda and Rockville, Maryland.

One day, driving through Rock Creek Park, I spotted a Secret Service car near a playground. "So that's where my agents spend their time," I thought. I drove into the parking space and sat in the car with my collar up.

Within a few seconds I spotted Prince Harald on a swing and saw two or three agents hovering close by. Feeling foolish for trying to play cat-and-mouse with my own men, I prepared to drive off. Just then the side door of my car opened and I heard an ominous voice ask, "Waiting for somebody?"

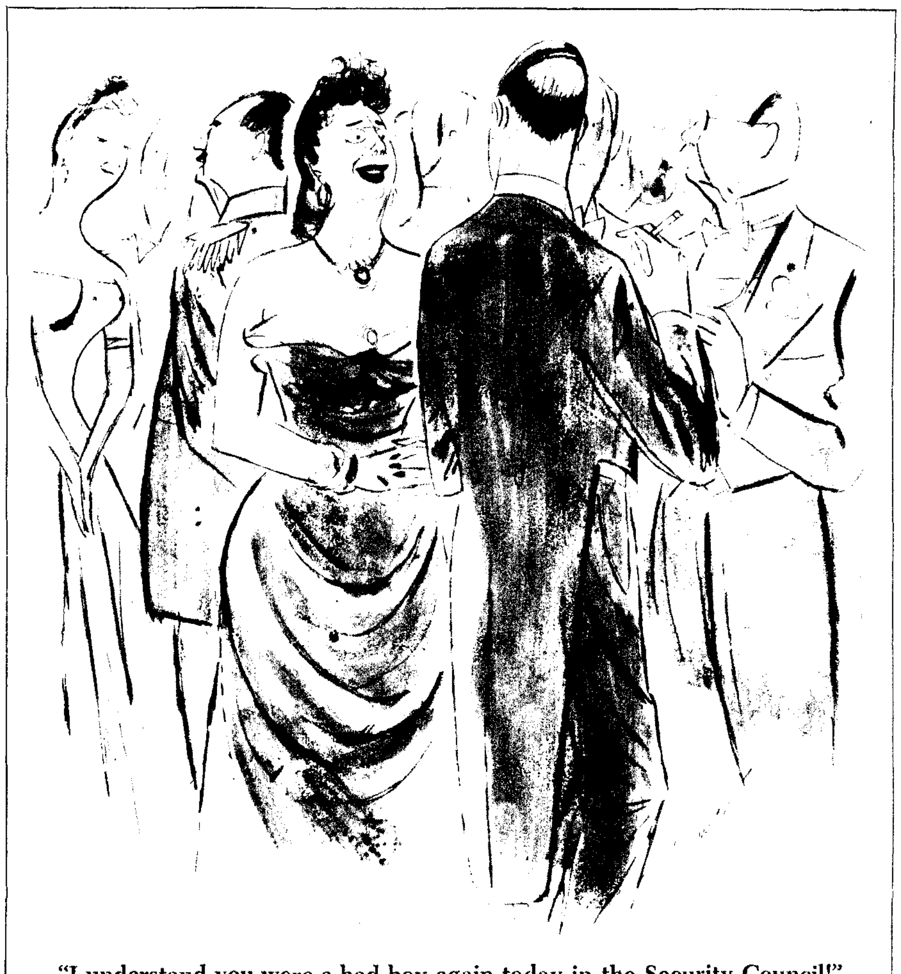
I looked over my shoulder into the businesslike countenance of one of my agents.

"Oh, it's you, Chief!" he sputtered. "I saw the car pull up and you sitting there with your collar up—well, it looked suspicious."

We laughed and I walked over to where the prince was playing. He had met a couple of kids in the park, poor kids with ragged clothing. Of course they had no idea he was a prince.

"Hello, Chief! Want to swing with us?" cried Prince Harald. He stiffened a little, clicked his heels and bowed.

"No thanks, *Prince*," I said.



"I understand you were a bad boy again today in the Security Council!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

The eyes of the two ragged kids popped. Half frightened, they drifted away. One of my agents heard one kid say, "Hey, do you think that kid could be a real prince? That man called him *Prince* all right!"

"Naw," said the other boy. "Don't be a dope. *Prince* is a nickname. Some people even call their dogs *Prince!*"

The guarding of children was an important Secret Service function all during Roosevelt's tenure. His numerous grandchildren and the constant threat that one of them might be kidnaped forced me to organize what came to be known as "the diaper detail." It had contingents in Massachusetts, Washington, Texas, Delaware, California and Long Island.

One day a teletype from the Texas office informed me that Elliott Roosevelt's wife objected to Secret Service protection and wanted her children to come and go freely. I sent back orders to continue the detail, regardless. Then I took the teletype over to F.D.R.

"You're right, Frank," he said. "Continue the detail. I'll see that no one tries to interfere in the future."

Of course the "diaper detail" occasionally bored the agents. When I transferred one of them because he balked at being a "nursemaid," he remarked, "It ought to be written in the Constitution—nobody but a bachelor should be President of the United States."

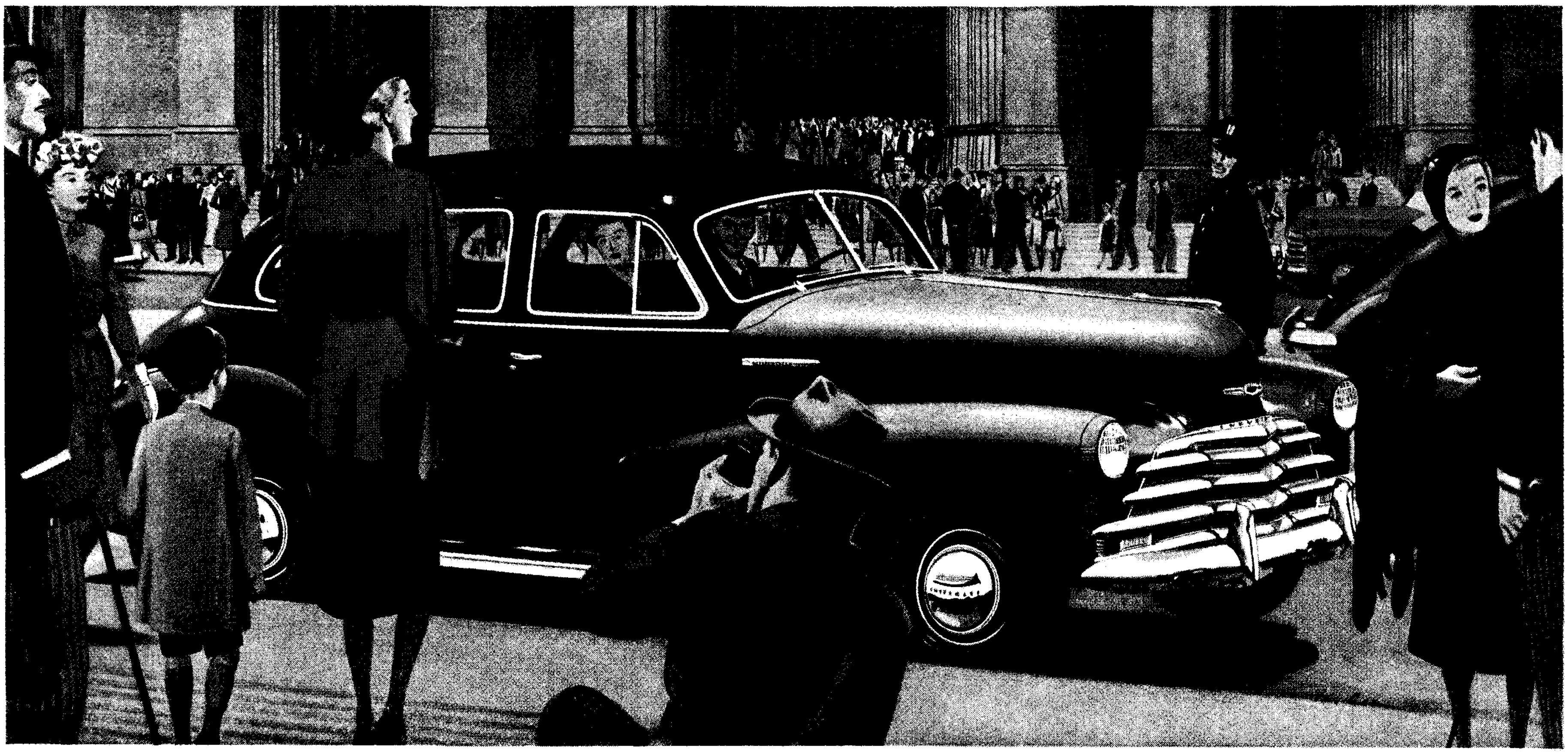
Precautions to Safeguard F.D.R.

After the attempt of Joseph Zangara to kill Roosevelt in Miami in 1933 (his bullet fatally wounded Mayor Cermak of Chicago), we were constantly on the alert for cranks, maniacs and other would-be assassins. I was particularly worried in 1938 when the President started on a Caribbean fishing trip. He was to arrive in Miami by train and motor down the causeway to Key West.

The mere mention of Miami, after Zangara, was enough to give me the willies—and this time I had word that a crank who had written F.D.R. threatening letters was believed to be in Florida. He had written, "Death to Franklin D.

People are saying,

"You'll prefer Chevrolet... Smartest buy of '47!"



Motor-wise Americans know that this new Chevrolet is bigger-looking and better-looking . . . that it out-styles, out-values and out-saves all other cars in its field . . . that it alone gives BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!

One man tells another man—one family group tells another family group—"It's the new Chevrolet for Big-Car quality at lowest cost, again this year!"

The reasons will be perfectly plain to you when you see, drive and ride in this big, beautiful, perfectly balanced new Chevrolet for 1947.

You'll find it's the only car in its field that gives the *Big-Car styling* of a large, luxurious Body by Fisher . . . the only car in its field that gives the *Big-Car comfort and safety* combined in the Unitized Knee-Action Ride and Positive-Action Hydraulic Brakes . . . and the only car in its field that gives the *Big-Car performance and durability* of a Valve-in-Head Thrift-Master Engine.

And what's more, you and your family get all these and many other Big-Car advantages *plus economy* in all Chevrolet models—the *lowest-priced line* in the entire Chevrolet field—and owners will tell you, the *most economical* from the standpoint of operation and upkeep as well!

That's why we say, see this newest Chevrolet and you'll agree that it's the smartest buy of 1947—*and the best buy for you!*

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Catch this bouquet!

...and we mean the fragrant bouquet of Italian Swiss Colony wine. It's your *invitation* to taste the wonderful *flavor* of this fine wine from California's historic Colony...where the art of wine-growing dates 'way back to 1881.

One taste, and you'll agree it's wise to choose the glorious wines of Italian Swiss Colony. Enjoy one tonight. Perhaps a mellow, amber-clear California Sherry, or a rich-red California Port. Take home, too, one of the superb dinner wines...a golden California Sauterne or a ruddy California Burgundy. And next time, serve your guests this fine wine...then watch them give *you* "bouquets" of praise!

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Roosevelt! Death to all rulers of democracy!"

I arranged for F.D.R.'s train to go right through Miami and stop along the roadbed near Homestead, where the President could be taken directly off the train into an automobile. I didn't let him get out of my sight until he boarded a U.S. warship at Key West.

Six months later we found the writer of the threatening letters. He was a mental case, as we suspected, and promptly was placed in an institution for treatment. About three quarters of the White House crank letters eventually are traced and mental illness is invariably the answer.

Probably the greatest assassination scare came on November 13, 1943. A teletype from our Detroit office informed me that a man named Walter W. Best, of Pontiac, Michigan, was in Washington with the avowed purpose of killing President Roosevelt. He had a .38-caliber revolver, had stolen a rifle from an Army truck, and had written his wife that he was waiting for a chance to shoot Roosevelt. He had written, *"I carried my Gun around hoping for a Pot shot at Roosevelt Sunday. I waited in front of the White House Bld. hoping he might decide to go to Communion Service at the Church of the Presidents but no soap."*

Throwing Out the Dragnet

I flooded agents onto the case, alerted the White House detail and started a check of all hotels. Agents found Best registered at a hotel and turned up a .38-caliber police special in his room. It was loaded. Extra cartridges were in his suitcase.

In less than an hour two Washington policemen came to the hotel, not knowing of the assassination scare, but simply to report that Best had been arrested at 9th and E streets for—of all things—crossing the street against a red light. He had resisted arrest, fought like a tiger, and been packed off to Gallinger Hospital for observation.

Best, of course, was a severe mental case. He told agents that he "felt electric currents going through his body, growing stronger and more frequent in the last few months." He was certain F.D.R. was responsible.

Toward the end of the war, my nephew Carroll L. Wilson, now general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission, asked me, "What would you do if someone planted radium in the President's desk or in his bedroom?"

"I hadn't thought of that," I replied. "What *could* we do?"

"There's a certain instrument—well, suppose I try and get you one?" he said.

A few days later he handed me a Geiger counter, the little gadget which came into such prominence at Bikini. I put Agent Jim Rowley in charge of it, and daily thereafter he made sweeps with the Geiger counter of all rooms occupied by the President. Happily no sign of radioactivity ever showed up.

When F.D.R. left for the Yalta Conference I was ordered to place Vice-President Harry S. Truman under Secret Service protection.

I called on Truman and told him the plans. He was hesitant. He didn't think protection was necessary. "Why tie up your agents guarding me, Frank? Your office has plenty of work as it is," he said. I told him I'd make it a small detail and he finally agreed.

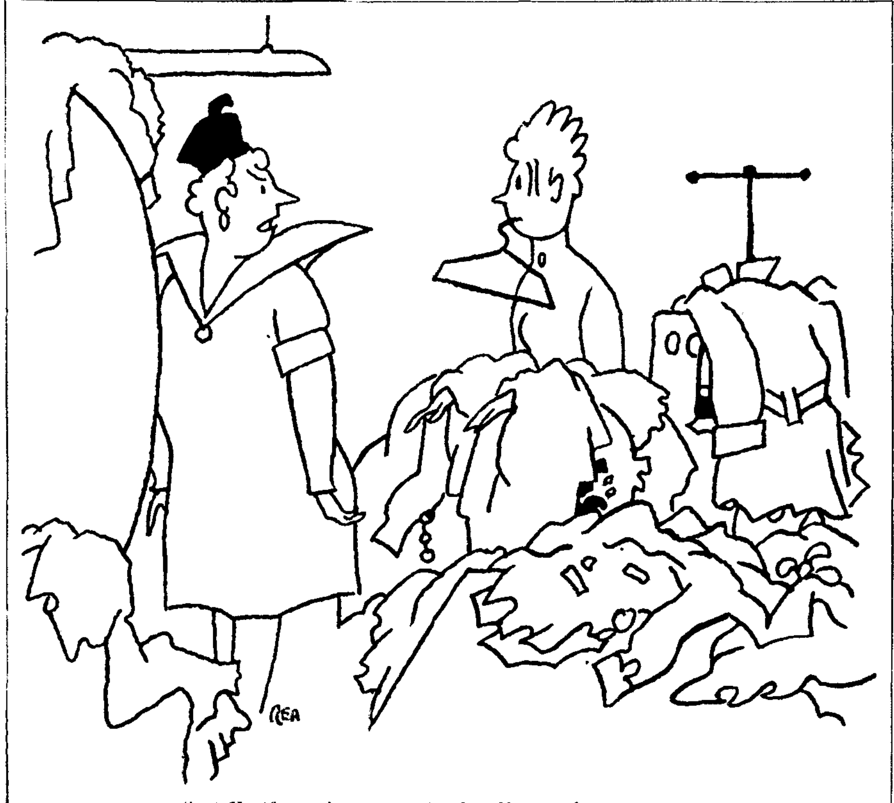
Not long afterward I stood in the Cabinet Room when Truman was sworn in as President of the United States. I shook his hand and said, "God bless you and direct you." He replied, earnestly, "I do need His help and lots of it."

Truman, at least up until my retirement as chief of the Secret Service last January 1st, was an easier man to guard than Roosevelt. He didn't get nearly the number of crank letters.

His flights to Missouri? Well, there was a lot of talk about that—his "risk taking" on those jaunts to visit his mother. But his plane, the Sacred Cow, was run by the Army and it certainly wasn't the job of the Secret Service to tell the Army when to fly or when not to. No one can keep the President out of airplanes—or even submarines. When he recently went down in a submarine, he was in the hands of the Navy. And as one Secret Service agent remarked, "We can't protect him from the Army and Navy!"

After retiring from the Secret Service I wanted to take it easy, get myself a yawl and go sailing. But I'm afraid that must wait. David E. Lilienthal has appointed me "consultant on security and protection" to the Atomic Energy Commission. So I have something new to look after. I now have to protect another very important character, Mr. Atom.

THE END



"Well, if you're sure that's all you have, I suppose the only thing to do is start over again"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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"This tip will help you at the beach,"
Old Tex says with a grin,
"Some Texcel Tape to seal your lunch
Keeps sand from getting in.

"And, if when you are motoring,
Your roadmap has a tear,
Some handy, dandy Texcel Tape
Will do your road repair.

"For mounting snapshots that you take,
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You'll find that Texcel is the tape
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"For Texcel's 'stickum's' bonded on.
It's famous for its grip,
It sticks and holds with just a touch,
And will not dry or slip.

"So buy the roll marked 'Texcel Tape,'
And keep it right on hand,
For Texcel Tape is so improved
You cannot beat the brand!"

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TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

POLITICS IS MURDER

Continued from page 13

why do you talk like such a damned fool?"

"Can't you let him alone!" The girl's voice was startling.

Crisply, George went on, avoiding Barbara Padgett's resentful gaze. "You're being interviewed for a newspaper, don't you know that? How would the headline look: New Councilman Says Chess Will Solve World's Problems? How would you like that?"

The councilman's eyes were narrowed and color darkened his cheeks. "I guess I haven't much talent for politics, either."

"Either? Why either?"

"Well, I'm sort of a bust at the law," Jeff Stover said. "All I do is draw up wills."

"Jeff!" Barbara Padgett put her hand on her cousin's arm. There were tight lines around her mouth as she looked up at George. Quietly, she said, "Mr. Stover is the firm's specialist in probate work. My cousin and I were sitting here, minding our own business. He didn't ask to be interviewed. He has nothing to say to the press; so please, Mr. Wright, just let us alone, and don't put anything in your paper."

STOVER drew in his breath. His bleak eyes were gazing off into the distance, his voice low, but intense. "I don't give a damn what he prints. Let him print anything that comes into his head." Suddenly he stood up. "Barb, here comes Dobbs."

George saw a short, confident man striding toward them through the park. There was a pigeon strutting on the walk ahead of him, seeming to caricature the man, feathers puffed, legs moving in swift, assertive jerks. The pigeon lacked only a small mustache and a bowler hat.

"There you are," Dobbs Padgett called. "Hello, Barbara, I see you got here on time. Well, Jeff, what are you planning to say?"

"Say? About what?"

"In your speech," Dobbs Padgett said, with an impatient shake of his head. "For heaven's sake, the maiden speech is important! You've got to get off on the right foot. Send people home talking about Jeff Stover, the new councilman. Make them remember you."

"I don't care whether they remember my name or not," Councilman Stover said, and set his jaw.

Dobbs Padgett punched his forefinger against his nephew's shoulder. "I don't know what's got into you, Jeff. You've been contrary about this all along. Now get busy and cook up that speech. First thing is to pay a handsome compliment to old Pete Niebach. You know the sort of thing to say."

Jeff Stover shook his head. "I can't think of a thing to say about Pete Niebach, except that he had his forefoot in the public trough for over forty years." A slow, rather sickly grin came on the councilman's face. "And he was the author of one famous remark."

"Pete was?" Dobbs Padgett looked surprised. "What was that?"

"Politics is murder," said Councilman Stover. "Wasn't that what he said, back at the time of the city investigation?"

Dobbs Padgett hesitated, eying his nephew with a pinched look. George was interested and sat down unobtrusively on the nearest bench. There seemed to be undercurrents here, and ill-concealed antagonisms between uncle and nephew. The girl was watching with a look of concern, and George saw that she was biting her underlip. Under the circumstances, it seemed strange that Dobbs Padgett pushed Stover so hard.

The lawyer was saying, "After all, Jeff, you're taking Pete's seat upstairs. You owe plenty to his memory, yourself. And you owe something to me. It cost me considerable effort to . . ." He broke off and waved his hand as a gaunt, loose-jointed man swerved on the sidewalk and came toward them.

"Dobbs, how are you?" the man said heartily. "Is this your candidate?"

"Jeff," said Dobbs Padgett, "shake hands with Joe Myles, the acting majority leader of the Council."

Joe Myles extended his hand. He was an earnest, quick-moving man with a long neck, a powerful chin, and a nervous, lopsided grin that gave a twist to the corners of his mouth. George knew him as a loyal party whip and an engaging companion at a bar.

"Welcome, Mr. Stover," Joe Myles said. "Welcome to the City Circus. You've got a big pair of shoes to fill." He chuckled. "Biggest in Hell's Kitchen, Pete's were." He noticed George on the bench and waved one hand. "Hi, George. Dobbs, do you know George Wright of the Record-Star?"

"A reporter?" asked Padgett angrily.

"Don't worry about George," Joe Myles soothed him. "He plays 'em straight. Come along to my office, Dobbs. I want to have a word with you."

Dobbs Padgett nodded, and his eyes rested doubtfully on the reporter for a moment. Then he tapped his nephew's shoulder. "Now get busy, boy. Cerebrate. You know where your office is?"

Councilman Stover nodded, and Dobbs Padgett walked on toward City Hall with Myles. Jeff Stover's shoulders slumped. George studied him, noticing the burning concentration in his blue eyes as they followed his uncle's strutting figure. Definitely he was an odd candidate for a municipal legislator. Padgett & Padgett was a high-powered firm, and Dobbs Padgett was a factor in local politics. Apparently his theory was that if a man could not fathom the law, at least he could pass a new one.

"Jeff," Barbara Padgett said, "you run along to your office. I'll see you in the Council chamber."

JEFF STOVER nodded abstractedly, and started toward City Hall. Barbara Padgett abruptly asked George, "Will you listen to me a minute?"

"Of course," George said. He was aware of the row of faces at the windows of Room 9. It must have looked like pretty expert maneuvering to the boys in the press room.

"I want to tell you about my cousin," the girl said, and again he was aware of the contrasting elements in her face—the lines of worry beside her gentle, expressive mouth. "He had a pretty tough time in the war," she said. "It did something to his initiative. I'm hoping that his work in the City Councl will help him snap out of it. He's a brilliant man, and I really think he'll make his mark in the Council. Mr. Wright, he's not himself today. He's worried and—and I don't think he fully understood that he was talking for publication. Can't you give him a break?"

"You ought to be a lawyer yourself," George said. "You plead a pretty good case."

"I *am* a lawyer."

He was surprised. "In your uncle's firm, too?"

"That's right." She put one hand on his arm. "Will you go easy on Jeff?"

"As a matter of fact, I probably won't print anything at all." George grinned. "I wouldn't have come out here to interview him if—" He hesitated.

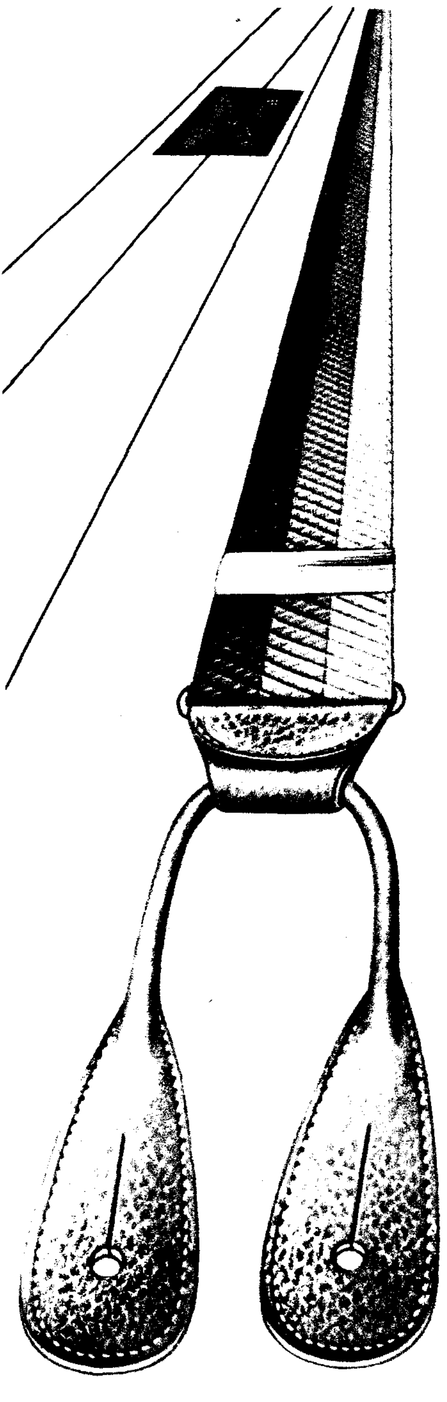
"If what?"

"If he'd been alone," George said. "Haven't you noticed the gallery?"

She looked up then, at the windows of

". . . and so, with no misgivings, we say 'Adieu, strange America!' land of taxis, tall buildings, sudden marriages, quick divorces and blaring juke boxes!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



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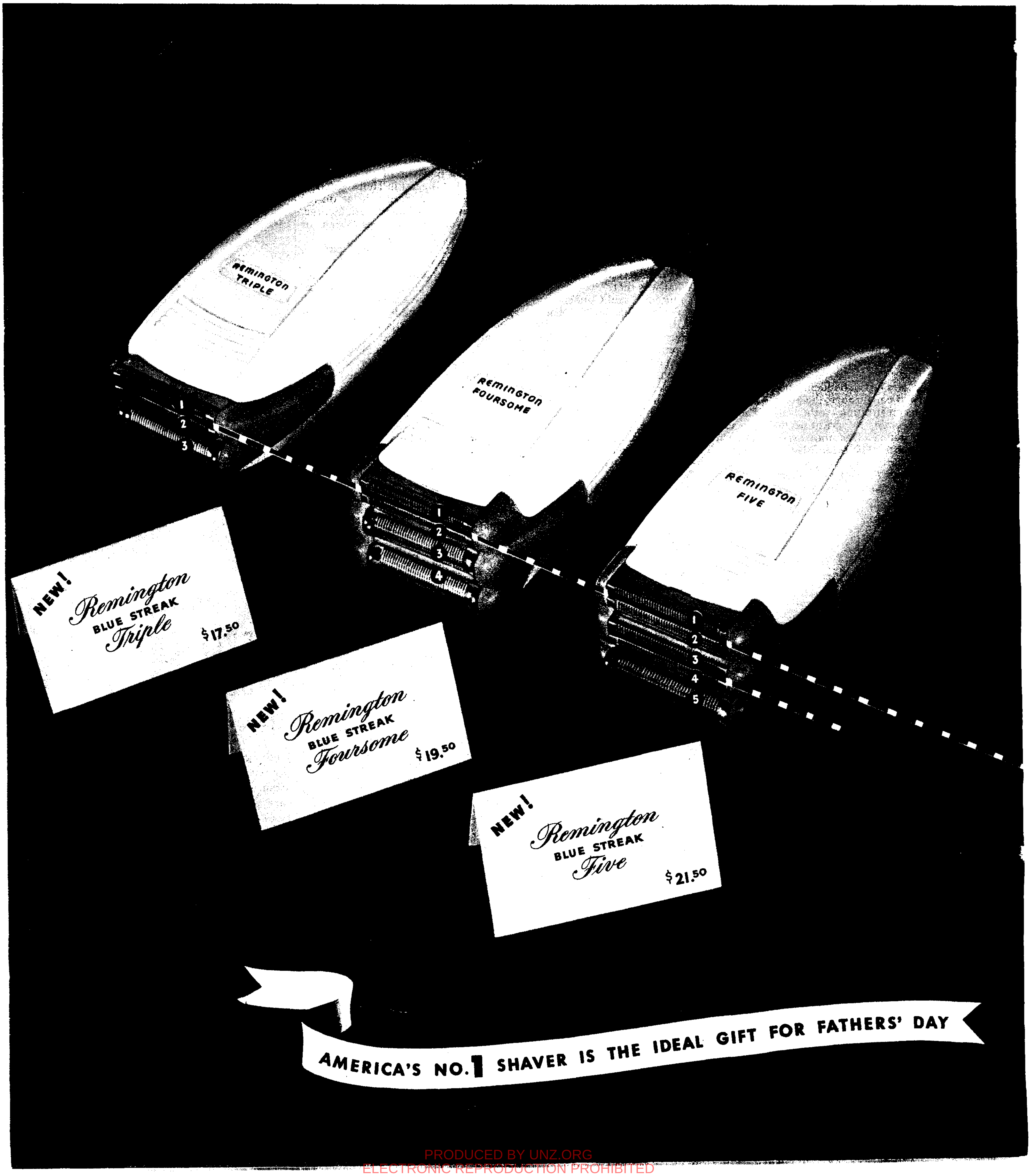
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Shave closer! Shave faster! Shave any beard!

Here is the new Anniversary Series of Remington Blue Streak Shavers. These shavers incorporate all that Remington engineers have discovered in ten years of electric shaver research, all the knowledge gained from making nearly *five million* shavers, all the exclusive Remington features – including the revolutionary new Blue Streak head.

You can see why these new Remingtons shave faster, closer, smoother. The Remington multiple-head construction explains itself. A single head may miss hairs – but with a Remington, the whisker that gets by the first head is sure to be clipped by one of the others.

More heads, better heads!

Remington shavers not only have *more* heads, but *better* heads. There is nothing to compare *with the combination of Blue Streak twin heads and the close-shaving, round heads that made Remington shavers famous*. This combination snips long and short hairs with equal ease – makes possible precision shaving around sideburns and mustache. It gives perfect shaves to men who for years have said, "I can't get a close, fast shave with an electric shaver."

One shave is worth a thousand words!

All the words we could print wouldn't mean as much as your picking up a Remington and getting a marvelous shave with your first try.

That's why it's a *must* for you to see the new Anniversary Series of Remington Shavers . . . either at any leading store or any one of Remington Rand's ninety-one shaver headquarters located in principal cities.

The Remington Triple, featuring one Blue Streak twin head and one round head, $17.50; The Remington Foursome, featuring one Blue Streak twin head and two round heads, $19.50; The Remington Five, featuring two Blue Streak twin heads and one round head – five heads in all, $21.50. Made in both ivory and the smart, new ebony finish. All Remingtons operate on AC or DC.

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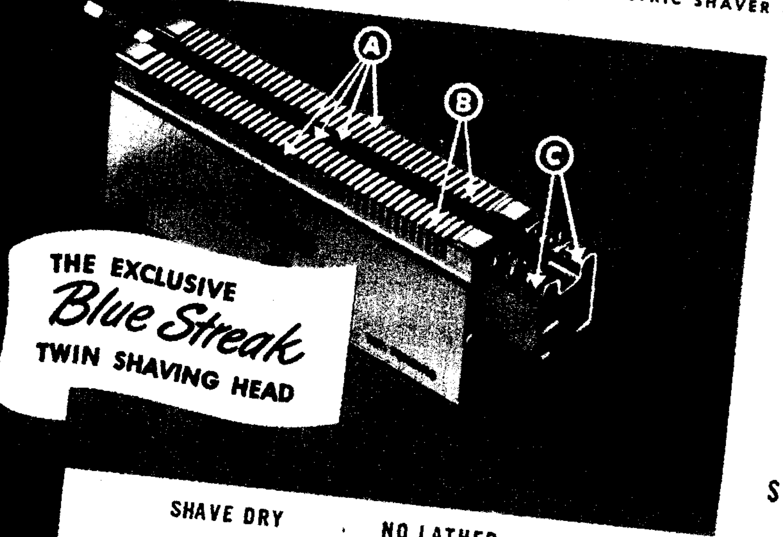

SHAVE DRY · NO LATHER · NO BLADES

Two heads in one. The Blue Streak *twin* shaving head, now featured on all Remington shavers, is an exclusive Remington development. It provides four long-hair cutting edges (A) and two effective shaving surfaces (B). The twin head contains two inside cutters (C). The Blue Streak, in combination with the famous Remington round heads, handles long and short hairs with equal ease – trims neatly around sideburns and mustache. The beard doesn't grow that a Blue Streak can't shave close, clean and fast!

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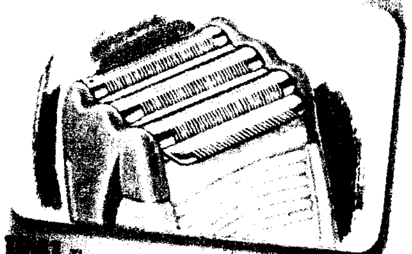
TEN YEARS OF PROGRESS

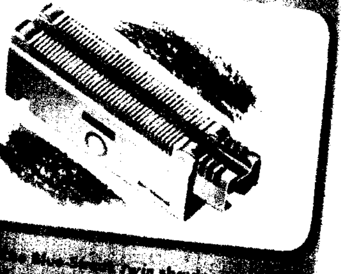
1937 The first Remington shaver was manufactured—and almost instantly acclaimed a success. Thousands of these single-head Remingtons are still in use—giving faithful service after many years.

[illegible]40 Remington pioneered the multiple-head [illegible] with the famous Dual. Later, a trimming [illegible] was added to help trim sideburns and [illegible]. This improved model was called [illegible] Remington Triple-head.

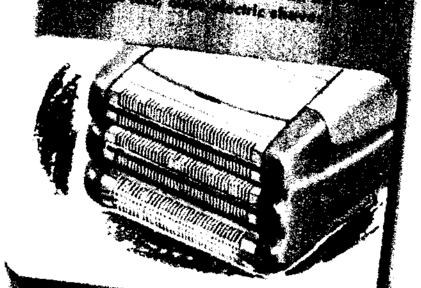


[illegible] The original Remington Foursome [illegible] With three round heads and a [illegible] head, it was a sensation . . . the [illegible] of the day. No wonder Remington [illegible] place in sales!

[illegible] The Remington shaver plant was [illegible] war production. However, [illegible] were rushed to Army and [illegible] for use by wounded servicemen, [illegible]'s and Navy Stores.



[illegible] Blue Streak Twin shaving [illegible] model [illegible] hairs with [illegible] electric shaver [illegible]



[illegible] years of research [illegible] Anniversary [illegible] the Blue Streak head. Wh[illegible] shaver, be sure it's a Re[illegible] a better shaver to save [illegible]

What makes you act so funny, honey?
JEEPERS, JEANIE! I'M NO BIG DAME HUNTER—I'M THE GUY WHO'S GOING TO BE YOUR JUNE GROOM. REMEMBER?
I'M NOT SO SURE, TED. I'D RATHER BE SHOT THAN TELL YOU THIS—BUT WON'T YOU PLEASE SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, DEAR?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
I GUESS I'LL SLIP BEHIND THIS CLOUD FOR TWO IS COMPANY THREE'S A CROWD!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

the press room, and flushed angrily. "Reporters, I suppose?"

"I don't like that inflection."

"I don't like window wolves," she said. "But since they're reporters, I'm not surprised."

"What have you got against newspapermen?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Between us, isn't journalism a sort of backwater for people who can't quite make up their minds what they want to do, or what they're capable of doing? I mean there's not much future in it."

"What is it about the law," George asked, "that makes lawyers so uniformly stuffy?"

"Stuffy? You think I'm stuffy?"

"I think you're upset and you're taking it out on me," George said. "I didn't put those words in your cousin's mouth."

"I'm not taking anything out on you," she said stiffly. "I was just talking about types. You see the one at the first window, second from the left?"

"Yes, that's Ray Martin of the Courier."

"He's the typical reporter type. He never grew up and he never will. He probably gawks and whistles and digs up stories about love nests and torch murders. Am I right?"

George glanced toward Room 9 and said, "What makes you think so?"

"Experience." She smiled, and the curve of her lips removed the lines of strain. For an instant the serene promise of her face was fulfilled. "I've picked a lot of juries, and he's the kind I never challenge when I'm trying a case. Like to bet that when we walk over to City Hall, he whistles at us?"

Ray Martin was a joyous, extroverted former district man, and George knew that under the circumstances he well might whistle, with an elaborate pretense of embarrassing George. He set his jaw. "It's a bet."

"How much?"

He looked at her. "Dinner tonight?"

She shook her head. "How about a break for Jeff?"

"All right. Against dinner tonight."

George rose and offered his arm, thinking that the whole proposition was out of character for this handsome, rather severe young woman, thinking he would break Ray Martin's neck if there was a peep from Room 9. He decided to walk with face averted and turned his eyes in the direction of the statue of Nathan Hale, off to the west of City Hall.

Together Barbara Padgett and George started toward the building but had taken only a few steps when shrill noises came from Room 9. Ray Martin had whistled—and so had the rest, including old Tracy. Pursed lips revealed that even the Daily Worker man had been guilty of a bourgeois deviation. George glanced down just in time to glimpse an outrageous swaying of Miss Padgett's hips. He stopped short and stared at her. She was laughing, but her face was pink. "You're *easy,*" she said.

"At least," he said, "you've got the grace to blush. It was a shyster's trick."

She turned and walked hurriedly toward City Hall, almost running. He caught her at the top step, where they were shielded by columns from the windows of Room 9.

"All right, I lose," George said. "How about lunch tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid I have to be in court." Her manner was withdrawn; she glanced away from him. "That was pretty silly, wasn't it?"

"Barbara!" an ominous voice said. Dobbs Padgett stood in the doorway.

She blushed. "I was just winning a point, Uncle Dobbs, and a bet."

"Come in here," said Dobbs Padgett.

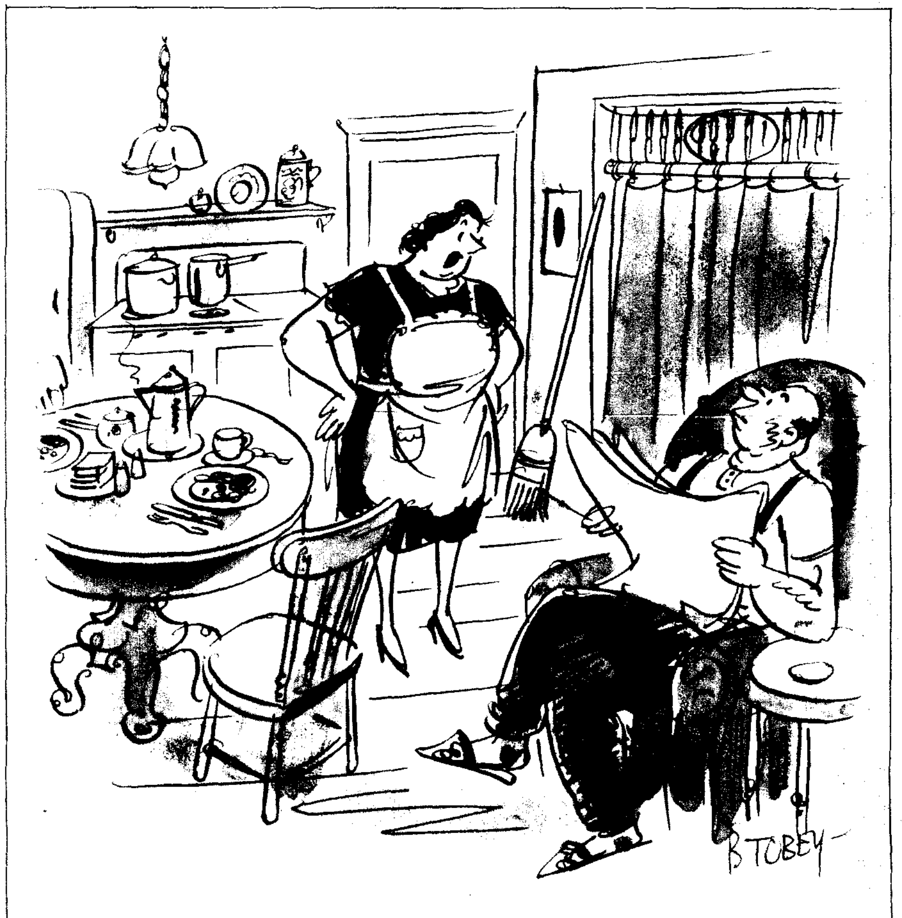
GEORGE followed the girl into the cool gloom of the rotunda. Dobbs was shaking his head. "That was quite an exhibition," he said. "I'm sure the mayor enjoyed it."

"The mayor!"

"He's holding a public hearing in the west wing," said Dobbs. "For that matter, you were in full view of the majority members of the Council from the east wing." He cleared his throat. "And Supreme Court Justice Westerfield is here today, to witness Jeff's induction into the Council. You're trying the bus-company case before him tomorrow, I believe."

"Oh, Lord," Barbara said. "Well, I don't care. Mr. Wright said I was stuffy."

Dobbs Padgett's eyebrows went up. "You certainly disproved the charge." The glance he gave George was not cor-



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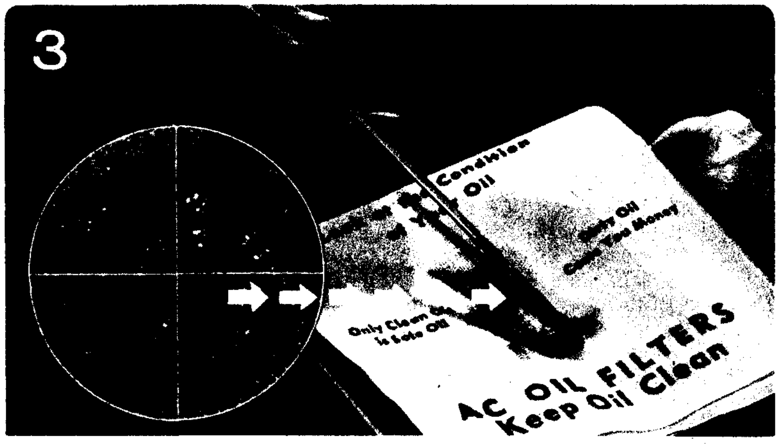
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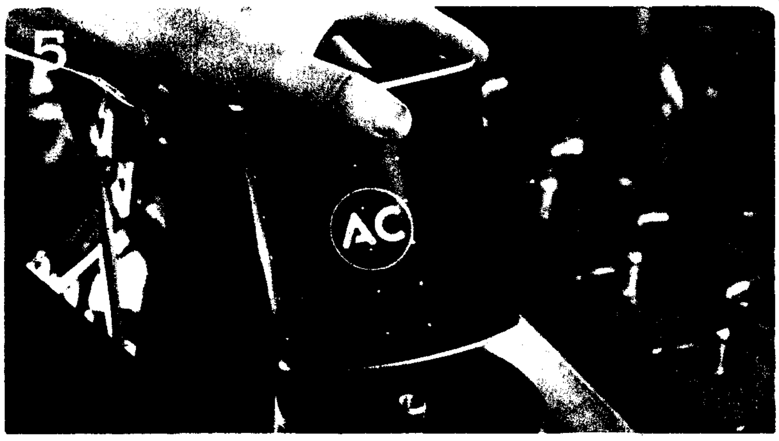

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dial. "You seem to have a capricious influence on my niece, young man." He took Barbara's arm. "Come along. It's time for the meeting."

George expected a word, or at least a nod, but the girl turned away without the slightest flicker of a glance in his direction. The mischief in her had been immediately disciplined.

As he walked back to Room 9, George had a feeling that the little scene Barbara Padgett had just played through had been deliberate, as if she were trying to prove something to herself rather than to George.

In Room 9, George said, "How are things at the drugstore, boys?" He opened a drawer and took out copy paper, fed a sheet to his typewriter.

Tracy said, "Sorry, George. We didn't mean to embarrass your girl, but she asked for it. Maybe you didn't notice, but she—"

"I noticed," George said.

He typed 385 on the right-hand corner of the page in his typewriter and frowned at it. At that moment he could not recall what he had written in the preceding 384 pages of Municipal Government; A Comparative Study. The project was the fruit of a year's study on a Niemann Fellowship at Harvard, and a publisher was interested, but at that moment George was not. He was thinking of coppery hair instead of capital outlay budgets. Yanking the page from the typewriter, he made for the door, then went down the back stairs to the Council chamber and entered the room from the corner door. He slid into a seat under the east windows that was labeled with a brass plate: Record-Star. The only other reporter in the press section was the man from the Brooklyn Dispatch.

GEORGE glanced toward the rear of the chamber, where there were two rows of chairs separated by a railing from the desks of the councilmen. Warm light was reflected from the mahogany panels of the room and fell on lustrous coppery hair in the first row. He met Barbara Padgett's eyes for an instant—then she looked away.

An aisle divided the desks of the councilmen, majority from minority, with a lectern on each side of the aisle. Jeff Stover, sitting between his two party colleagues, Oliver Nathan and Walter Tannenberg, in the first row on the minority side, seemed tense. His blue eyes had a hard shine in the shadowy room.

Joe Myles, the acting majority leader, introduced the new member of the Council. There was applause as Jeff Stover rose to his feet. He stood in silence for a moment, and when at last he spoke his voice was so low that at first it was almost inaudible.

"Mr. President," he said, "I am here, as you know, to fill out the unexpired term of Peter Niebach, whom the members of this body knew so well. Rather than inflict upon this assemblage a long and tedious address, I have prepared a local law, which I think will express most pointedly what I have in mind. This proposed local law would provide that the street, or square, now designated as McKeever Place, be henceforth known and designated as Niebach Square, in honor of the late leader of the People's party. I will ask the clerk to read it, with the permission of the chair, and I will ask unanimous consent for immediate consideration of this local law."

There was mild applause, but Joe Myles was on his feet immediately. The chair recognized him. The acting majority leader stood rigid at the lectern, not ten paces from George's seat. His voice rose harshly: "Mr. President, I yield to no one in my regard for our late departed colleague in this Council, Mr. Peter Niebach of the People's party, but I wish his successor had Mr. Niebach's profound knowledge of parliamentary procedure and the rules of this body. M Niebach would have known that the cit charter requires that any local law mus lie on the councilmen's desks for at leas seven calendar days before action ma be taken upon it, unless its introductio is accompanied by a certificate of necessity from the mayor. Since no such certificate has been presented, I must objec to immediate consideration of this loca law and move that it be referred to th Committee on Parks and Thoroughfares."

The president of the Council rappe his gavel and said, "So ordered." Georg noticed that Jeff Stover's face was darkl red. It was not, he thought, so serious blunder that the new councilman nee feel embarrassed about it, but Stover' hands were clenched and his lips move nervously. Joe Myles had slumped int his chair and was staring out the window; he still looked angry.

The Brooklyn Dispatch man tappe George's arm and whispered, "What' all the fuss about? Where is McKeeve Place?"

"Never heard of it," George said.

THE meeting dragged on for twent minutes, and as soon as the motio for adjournment had been put Georg started toward Councilman Stover's desk But Joe Myles was there ahead of him and George heard the man say, "I' sorry I had to block you, Stover, bu that's the law. And say, how did yo happen to pick out McKeever Place Why don't you take some other street?"

"What's the matter with McKeeve Place?" Jeff Stover asked, his steady gaz fixed on the acting majority leader' face.

"That's what I want to know," said Joe Myles. "What's the matter with McKeever Place as is?"

"I wanted to honor Peter Niebach," Councilman Stover said. "I thought Niebach Square would be a good name."

"It's not even a square," Joe Myles said. "It's a triangle. Just a little triangle with a flagpole in the middle."

Another voice said, "Why *did* you pick McKeever Place, Jeff?" Dobbs Padgett had come forward and stood now at his nephew's elbow.

Jeff shrugged his shoulders. "I just stuck my finger at a map," he said. "It hit on McKeever Place."

"Oh," Dobbs Padgett said. "So that was it."

"Suppose you withdraw that local law, Jeff, and substitute another next session." Joe Myles suggested. "We'll work it out together."

"I don't intend to withdraw it." Jeff Stover turned abruptly and walked toward the doors. Joe Myles stood watching him, angry color in his face. George shook his head; Joe Myles could be a dangerous enemy.

Councilman Walter Tannenberg of the People's party, a short man with sharp eyes and a determined jaw, pushed in beside the acting majority leader. "Joe, how about it? What's he going to do?"

Joe Myles shook his head slightly and Tannenberg said, "That's my bailiwick. They'll raise hell, changing the name of McKeever Place."

George thought that there was considerable hubbub over a triangle of city pavement with a flagpole in the middle, a municipal embellishment which he had never heard of until that day. He glanced up. Jeff Stover was going out the doors, in the crowd, and Barbara Padgett was with him.

George turned to the back stairs and followed them. He managed to intercept Stover. "Look here, Mr. Stover, what's all this about McKeever Place?"

Stover shrugged. "I haven't the faintest idea."

"What is McKeever Place?" George asked. "How did it get its name? Who was McKeever?"

"That's a puzzle, all right," the coun-

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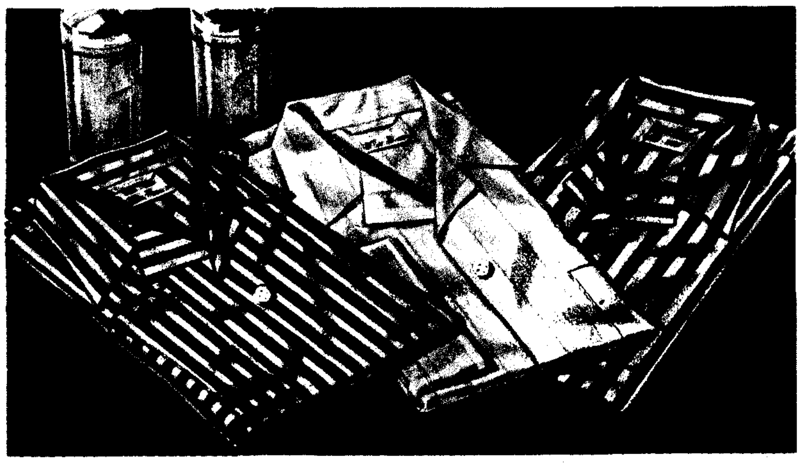

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cilman said. "Who *was* McKeever? Excuse me." He pushed past George, and the girl followed.

"See you tomorrow," George said.

She glanced back over her shoulder. "Tomorrow?"

"For lunch," George said.

Barbara Padgett laughed, and waved her hand. "Try and find me."

George returned to Room 9. Ray Martin looked up from his rummy cards and asked, "How was the Council meeting, George?"

"Dull," George said. "The new councilman named some street after old Peter Niebach. Ever hear of McKeever Place?"

"No. Maybe Tracy knows. Hey, Tracy, you know where McKeever Place is?"

Tracy opened his eyes. Whether or not he had been napping, he now looked wide awake. "On the edge of the Village," he said. "Over toward the river. Look there on the wall. It's on the map."

"The hell with it," Ray Martin said. "It's only worth a paragraph. Right, George?"

"Right."

THE next day's edition of the Record-Star, spread on George's desk in Room 9, disclosed in two paragraphs all that was newsworthy in the previous day's activities at City Hall. Today, George decided, promised little more. And then there was a minor explosion.

"Where is this guy, that's what I want to know? Where'll I find him? What do councilmen do, anyhow, crawl into their holes and just come out on Tuesdays?"

Ray Martin jumped. "This is no reception desk. This is the press room. Who do you want?"

"This punk, Jeff Stover."

George looked up and saw a huge man, with big, spread-fingered hands, a red face, and a cowlick of hair plastered to his forehead. George said, "Who wants to see Mr. Stover?"

"Me," the big man said. "McKeever is the name."

George's eyebrows lifted.

"This Councilman Stover ain't in his office. Where will I find him?"

"Try his law firm," George suggested. "Padgett & Padgett."

"Okay, Mac," the big man said, and walked out.

Ray Martin grinned, and said, "What a character! George, what's in your mind? You think there's a story in McKeever Place?"

George glanced up at the wall clock; it was ten minutes to one. He put his manuscript away in the top drawer of his desk and said to Ray, "Cover me, will you? I got a date."

Ray's eyes widened. "Not that redhead from yesterday?"

"That's right," George said. "I hope."

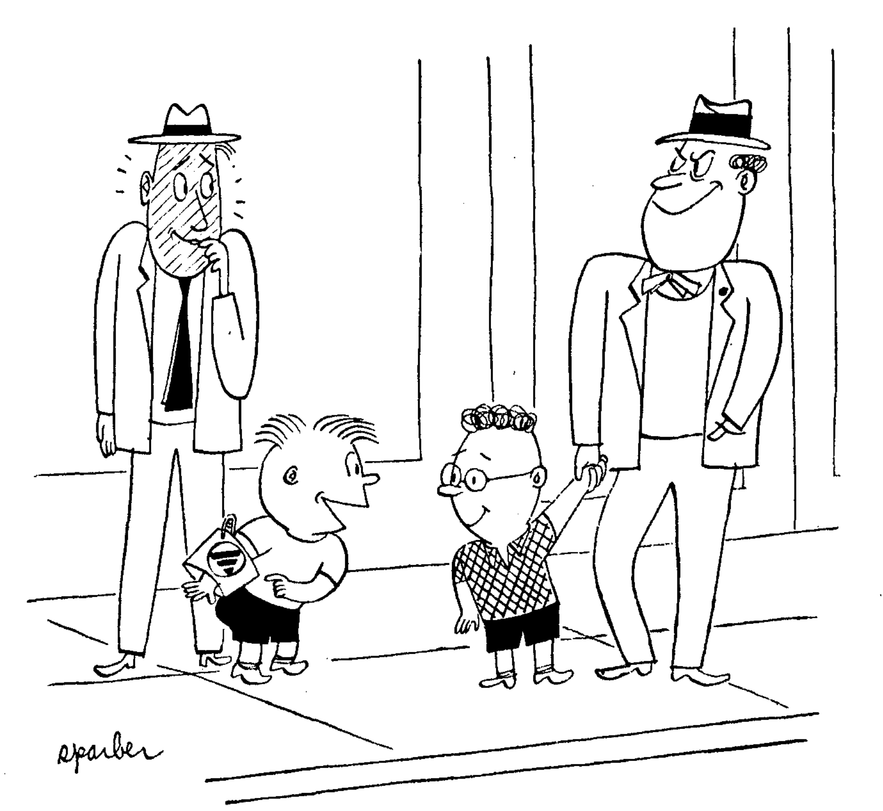
He put on his hat and walked out into City Hall Park. George always found the place restful, with its curving walks and casual pigeons just a step from one of the busiest sections of the city. But as he walked to the State Supreme Court building, there was no confidence in his stride, and on the steps of the building he hesitated. Certainly Barbara Padgett had given him no encouragement; the only opening was the casual "Try and find me" that she had tossed over her shoulder to him as she left City Hall. But he had awakened that morning thinking of copper hair in the sunlight, of gray eyes that should be as serene as dawn, of lips that would be sweet and gentle if the puckers of worry were removed.

In the Supreme Court building, George interrupted a poker game in the press room long enough to learn where Justice Westerfield was presiding that day, then went to the courtroom. As he pushed the door open he heard a clear voice saying, "Do you mean to tell this court that, although it was five o'clock in the afternoon and you were tired from a full day's work, and you were facing west, into the setting sun, you could see—"

The voice broke off, and across the courtroom George met startled, long-lashed eyes. He saw color come into Barbara Padgett's cheeks, and as they stood facing each other the situation was not improved by the jury, which craned its neck, or by Justice Westerfield, who said, "The witness is waiting, Counsel. So is this court."

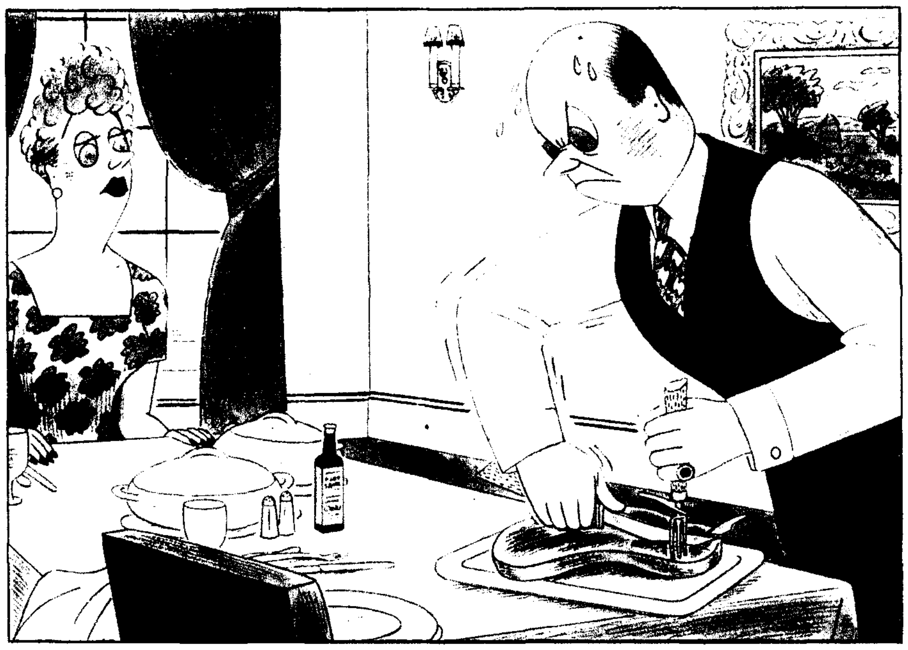
George sat down on a bench, and Barbara faced the court, still blushing, and begged His Honor's pardon. She completed the question, after the court reporter had read it back to her. It was an accident case, and apparently the plaintiff's principal witness was on the stand

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"The President gave it to my daddy for winning the war"

COLLIER'S



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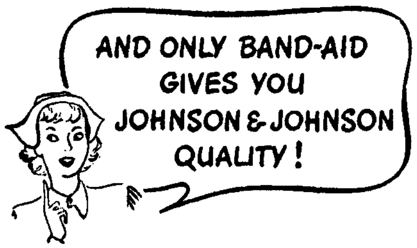
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or cross-examination. George was asonished at the way Barbara Padgett vent after him. It was almost venomous. 'he man squirmed uncomfortably on he stand, and George felt sympathy for im. This was an unrelenting side of ier character that he was glad to have vitnessed.

When Justice Westerfield declared a ecess until two o'clock Barbara renained at the counsel table fumbling vith some papers. George waited on the ench until she snapped her brief case hut and turned. Then he rose to meet ier.

"What do *you* want?" she said, trying o pass him.

He held the door for her. "You said ry and find you," he reminded her. "I ound you."

"You're trouble," she said. "Look vhat you did to me. The judge almost aughed, and he generally reserves his musement for imposing maximum ines." She shrugged. "I must say I lidn't think you'd find me. I left word vith my secretary not to say where I vas."

"Then you knew I'd try."

"No, it was just a precaution." She let im take her brief case, saying, "Well, all right. Where are you taking me for lunch? I only have until two o'clock."

"Over to Mulberry Street. Spaghetti all right?"

"Fine." She walked beside him with a preoccupied air, and after they had walked a hundred yards she said in a low tone, "Really, I don't have the time for this sort of thing. I'm a busy woman. Usually I pick up a sandwich somewhere, when I'm trying a case. I like to be alone, so I can plan."

"All right," George said shortly. "You can sit and plan."

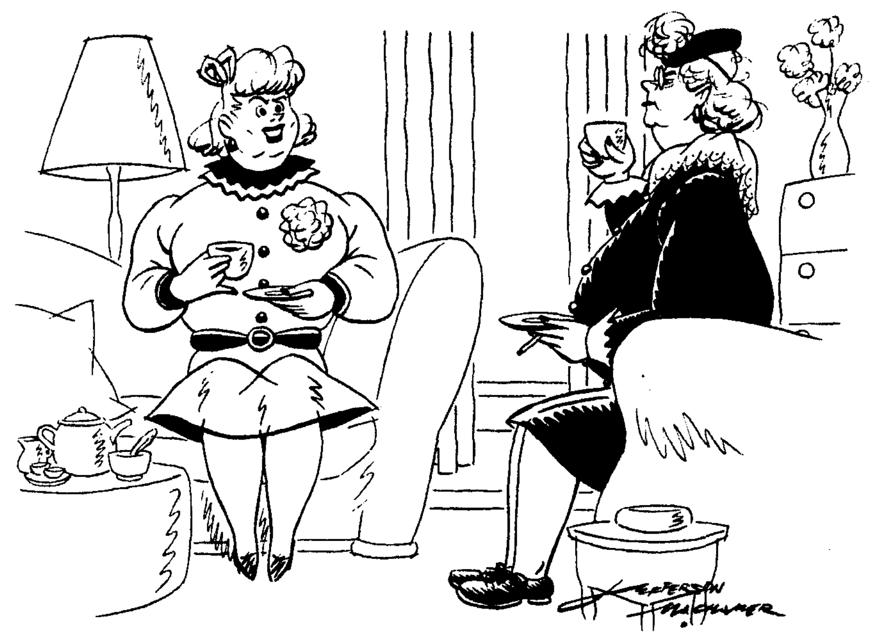
Her eyes flicked up at his face. "You're sensitive, aren't you? I thought you people were pretty hard-boiled."

THE spaghetti was served them with red wine in a booth of a small Italian restaurant. George had often waited out jury verdicts here when he was covering criminal courts.

Barbara sat sipping her wine thoughtfully, and as he looked at her, George doubted that she was planning her cross-examination. She was frowning slightly and again anxiety dominated her expression. He leaned across the table and said softly, "Let me ask you something. Do you resent me because you like me, or do you begrudge me these few minutes because you can't stand the sight of me?"

Her gray eyes opened wide. "Oh, it's nothing like that. Not either of them."

"What is it, then?"



"I just wonder if there is anything to that rumor I started about her!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

For a moment she turned her glass on the tablecloth, gazing at the ellipse of color where sunlight struck through the wine. At last she sighed and looked across at him. "I shouldn't be having lunch with you at all," she said. "I told you I was a very busy woman. I am, and . . . well, as a matter of fact, it's a secret, but I think I'll tell you. I'm going to be married."

George said, "Congratulations." He glanced at the bare fingers of her left hand. Quickly she said, "I told you it was a secret. That's why I'm not wearing my ring. Jeff wants it that way."

"Jeff? You mean your cousin?"

"He's not my cousin, by blood, I mean. He's the nephew of Uncle Dobbs' wife. So, really, we're not related at all."

George leaned back in his chair. The first stab of disappointment had passed, and now he was curious. He said softly, "Well, I must say that's a surprise."

"Why should it be a surprise?"

"I don't know. I just didn't receive the standard emanations, that's all."

She smiled. "You'd hardly expect a couple of lawyers to act giddy, would you?"

"I knew there were undercurrents, but this one took me by surprise."

Her gray eyes met his, and he thought their expression was anxious. "What do you mean, undercurrents?"

"I mean the three of you," he said. "You, your uncle and Jeff Stover. You don't seem like a big, happy family to me. I'm not being inquisitive. I'm talking about McKeever Place. What is all this hocus-pocus about McKeever Place? After all, I'm a newspaperman, and it's a story."

"I don't know anything about it."

"There seems to be a political angle," George said. "I'm wondering who McKeever was, or is. Do you know?"

"Jeff didn't say. He's been pretty secretive about it." She looked thoughtful. "You know, I told you he had a tough time in the war. He broods, and he does have conflicts with Uncle Dobbs. I suppose that's the undercurrent you were talking about. There's nothing to it, really. It's just a phase he's going through, and he'll snap out of it. He'll be all right." She smiled. "But I'm sure there's no story in McKeever Place. Jeff has made up his mind to withdraw the bill, I think, because there's been so much protest. Why, Ed Leary called up Uncle Dobbs this morning and talked to him about it."

"Ed Leary?" George said. "The district leader?"

"Yes. Uncle Dobbs had served as his counsel, you know, and they're old friends, even if they do belong to different parties. Mr. Leary wanted Jeff to pick out another street. There are a lot of McKeevers, he said, and each one is good for two or three votes on Election Day." She glanced at her watch. "Golly, I have to run."

"You have fifteen minutes yet."

"Yes, but I want to look over some papers." She stood up. "Thanks a lot for the lunch, Mr. Wright."

Together they walked back to the Supreme Court building. Looking down at her hair ruffling in the breeze George thought that he would like to take her by the hand and say, "Look, are you in love with this guy? What the devil are you marrying him for?" Everything in her manner, he thought, told him that she did not love Jeff Stover, told him that she had imposed a steely restraint on her emotions.

GEORGE telephoned City Hall from the Supreme Court press room and asked Ray Martin to cover for him, explaining that he would return late in the afternoon. Then he took a taxicab to McKeever Place.

"I been hacking this town for fifteen years," the taxi driver said. "I never heard of it."

George told him how to get there, and the cab crossed town and moved toward the river, passing through Greenwich Village streets interlaced like veins on a leaf. Ahead George saw a triangle of concrete with a bare flagpole in the center.

"Here you are," the driver said. "McKeever Place."

George paid the fare and stood on the curb, inspecting the shabby, forlorn neighborhood. Across the triangle from him was a barroom, and his eyebrows went up when he saw its name: McKeever's Place. The triangle was fringed by chipped brownstone and limestone houses, most of which had stores on the street floors. On the corner nearest George a stooped man sat on a crate in front of a grocery store reading a newspaper. George went toward him, noticing the lettering on the plate glass: Gus Steinhardt, Groceries. He said, "Mr. Steinhardt?"

The grocer put his paper down and nodded. George said, "I'd like to talk to you."

The grocer turned his head. "Get down, Mac, you lazy beggar. Get down and give the gent a seat." He reached out one hand and pushed an enormous tabby cat from the crate beside him.

George sat down on the crate and said, "I was wondering how this McKeever Place got its name."

The old man gave his head a violent shake. "It's a shame to change that name," he said. "I tell you, we're pretty proud of McKeever Place. Old man McKeever was a fine man."

"So I hear," George said. "Just who was McKeever?"

"Why, Rudolph McKeever," Gus Steinhardt said. "Born and reared right here. Been McKeevers here ever since I can remember, and Rudy was the best of the lot. Say, when they took and named it McKeever Place we sure had a party, right out there on that slab of concrete."

"When was that?" George asked.

"Quite some time back. It was 1932."

"But what about this McKeever guy?"

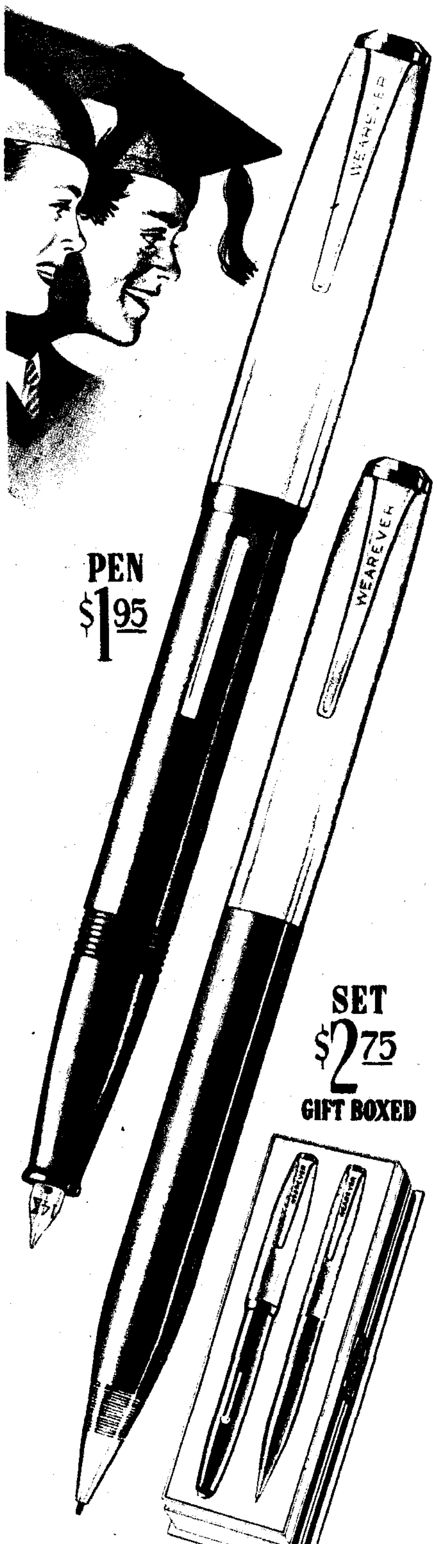
"Rudy, we all called him," the grocer said. "It's kind of hard to tell you about Rudy McKeever. Any kid broke a toy, he took it around to Rudy for repairs. Anybody got into trouble, Rudy always found a way to fix it. He was a good man and a wise man. We've missed Rudy around here."

"A friend of the neighborhood, sort of?" George asked.

"He was that. Best neighbor a man ever had."

"But how did the City Council happen

(Continued on page 48)



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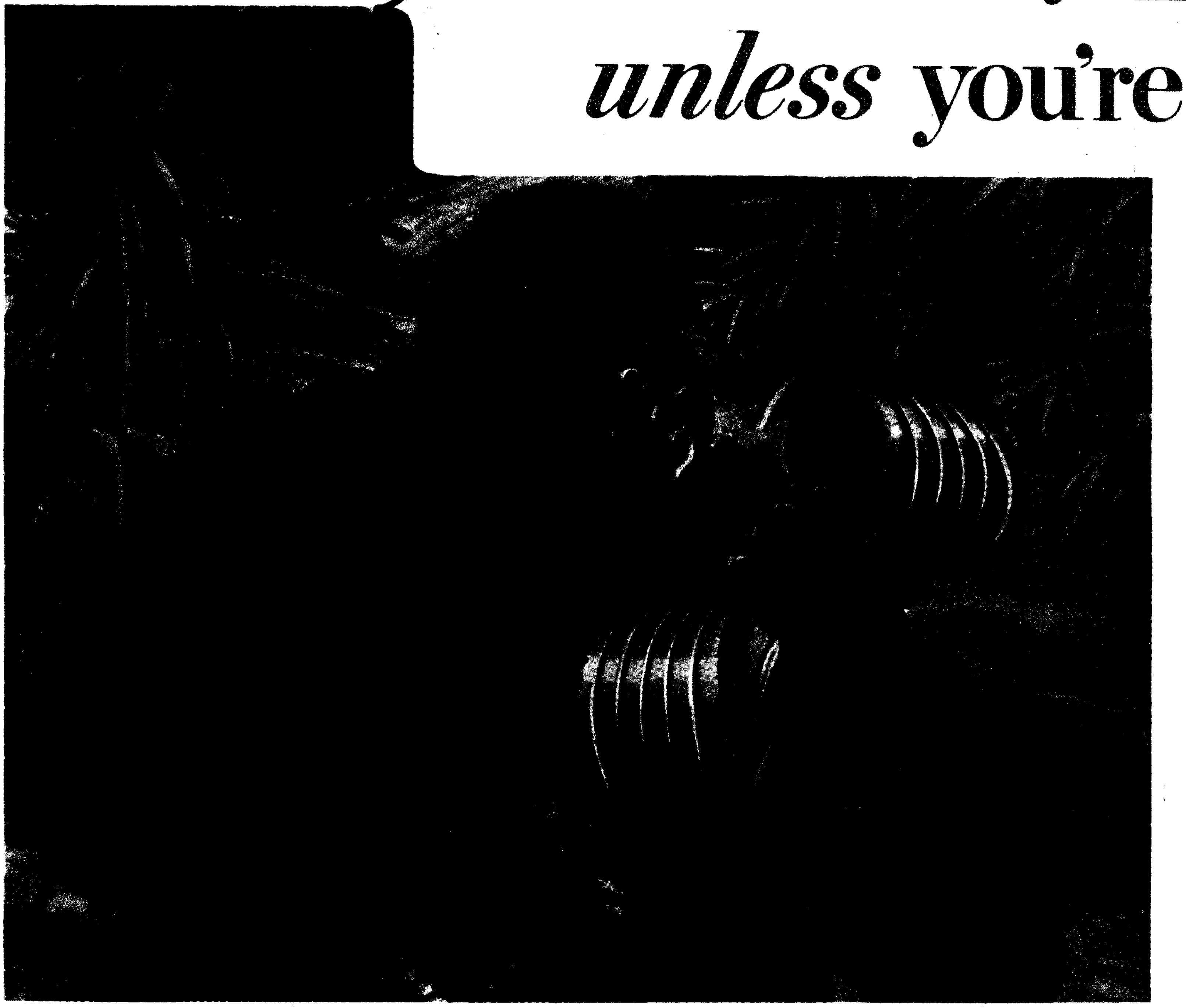

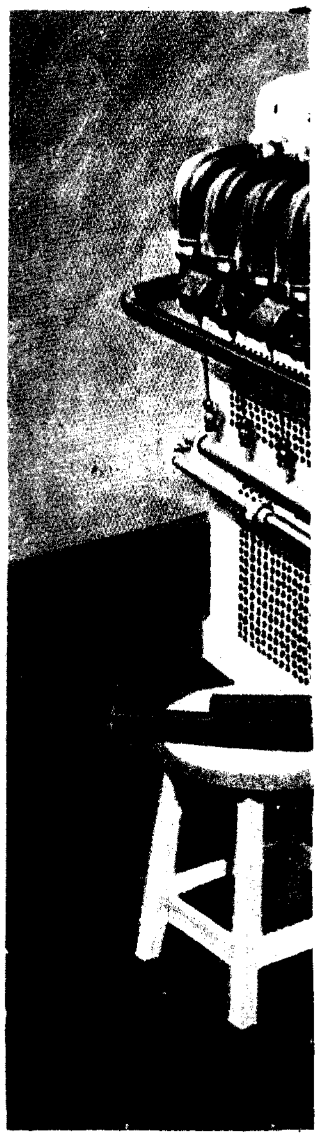

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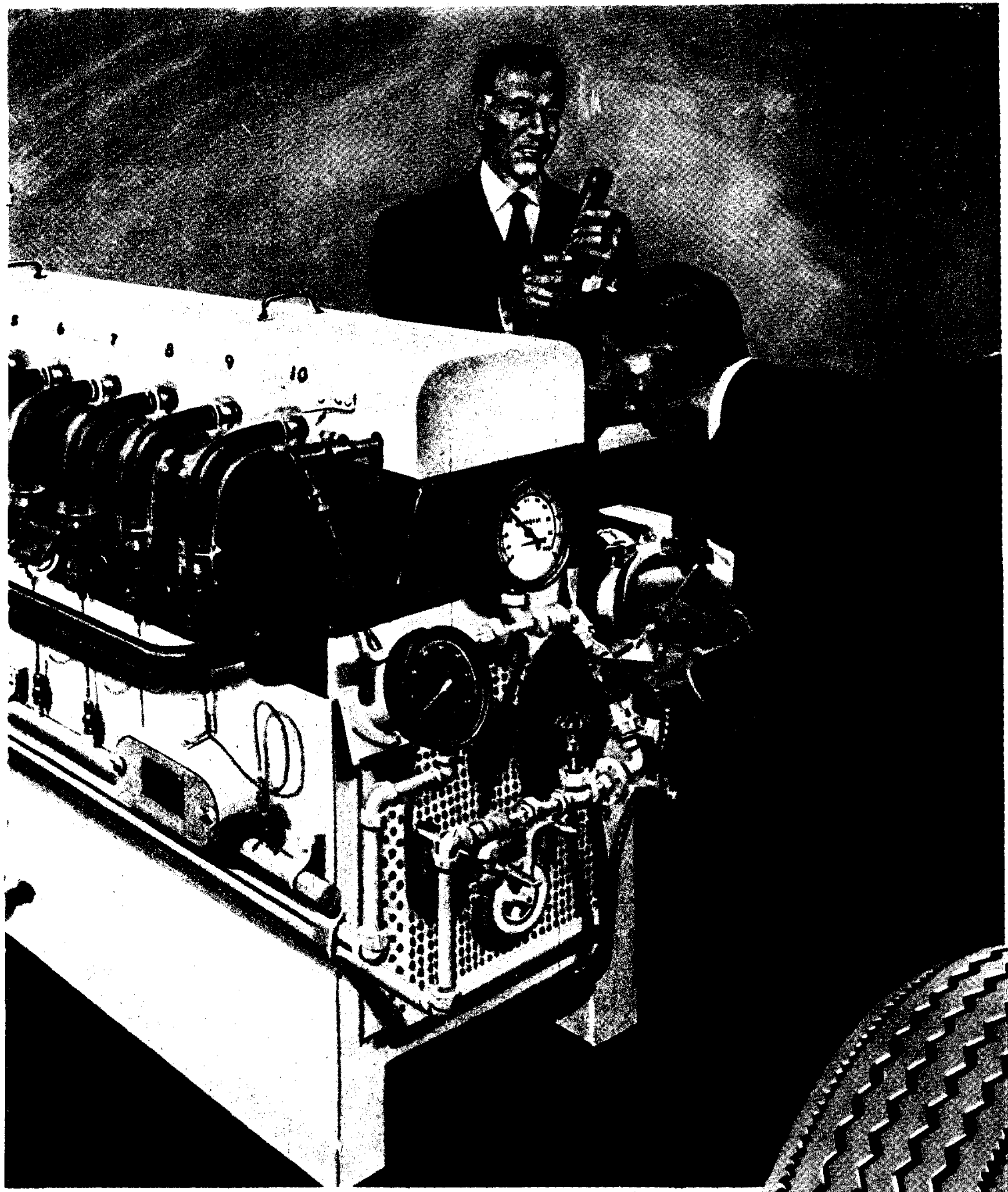

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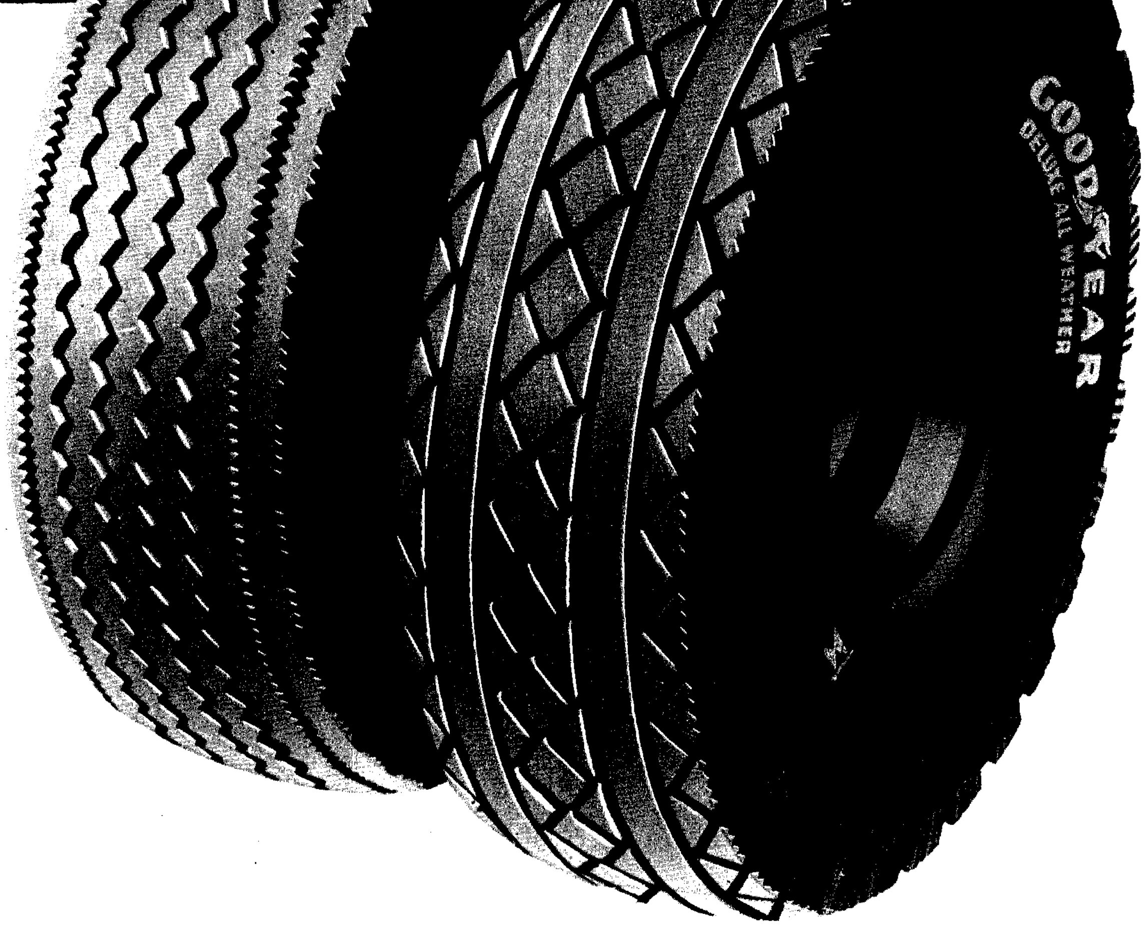

'EAR

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Those Dream-Home Plans Made Easy

Any hopeful home builder can now draw up his own preliminary plans, to scale, so complete and accurate that any architect or contractor can work out detailed blueprints from them direct. A kit has been invented that includes small-scale drawings of everything about a house—walls, windows, doors, stairs, pictures, furniture. Like a new game, you assemble these on a table and jockey them around till you get just the arrangement you want. Then you lay over them a transparent sheet divided off into squares, to the same scale, and figure out the over-all practical dimensions of your house. Finally, you trace the whole thing on the "gel," repeat for different floors and elevations, and there's your house.

Watch Strap for Keeps

Made of flexible plastic, it looks like leather, but there the resemblance ends. It will outwear leather many times. It is strong enough to stand a 70-pound pull; it does not get limp and soggy the way leather straps do, and perspiration and body acids do not rot it. It can't stretch and the buckle holes won't elongate or pull out. Yet this plastic will not cause skin irritation or discolor your wrist. Various designs, such as pigskin and alligator, can be stamped into the surface for ornamental effect, or the material can be made in plain colors or transparent.

Electric Range With a Range

Now you will have a new type of time switch for the top-of-the-stove plates on your electric range, giving you an "infinite" number of temperature settings. Instead of the usual "High," "Medium" and "Low" switch, you have a continuous scale, marked off in degrees. Set the pointer for any cooking speed you want and the heat will be automatically regulated by a tiny clock motor that switches full current on and off at just the right intervals to maintain the heat you need.

Find-It for Golf Balls

This department has a friend who runs a private golf course and who makes more money reselling lost golf balls than he does on green fees. But a clever metalworker in an airplane plant has invented a retriever that will help unlucky players recover the balls for themselves, out of water holes or in the rough. The device is a thin aluminum plate with a turned-up edge and several holes just smaller than a ball. Snapping it in place over your midiron, you push it along the bottom of a water hazard or through tall grass or leaves, and if the ball is there at all you will quickly recover it.

Save That Bait

Ingenious is the word for the latest wrinkle for bait-casting fishermen—a small, bright red float that looks like a little bomb. You thread your line through a hole in its base, put on hook and sinker, then knot the line so that the hook will drop to the depth you want. In the boat you bait the hook, then pack bait, hook, sinker and the "drop" length of the line into the hollow interior of the float. When you cast, the whole assembly goes out as a unit, lands on the water and lowers the bait without losing it.

First Aid for Stains

A "medicine kit" for spots and stains, consisting of six numbered bottles of chemical solvents and directions for "treating" practically everything from argyrol stains to spilled wine, is here. With the kit comes a chart showing what solution numbers to use for more than seventy kinds of spots, as well as the proper combination of soaking and rubbing to avoid damage to the fabric. Unknown stains can be attacked by a special procedure. All the chemical first aids that can safely be used at home are included.

Easy-Emptying, Dustless Vacuum Cleaners

The bothersome dust bag, used for so long on vacuum cleaners, is giving way to a metal container the size of a small hatbox, that fits snugly against the cleaner body. The dirt, instead of being blown into it and caught by a filter, while the air goes on, is thrown into it by centrifugal force. Thus the air flow has nothing to impede it and the cleaner won't choke up and lose its suction when nearly full. When the container needs emptying, you merely pull out the bottom section and dump it as easily as you do a dustpan. ★★★

POLITICS IS MURDER

Continued from page 45

to name a street after him?" George asked.

"It was Joe Myles done that," Gus Steinhardt said. "I guess you heard of him. Head man in the City Council now. He was an alderman then."

George sat up straighter. "Was this Joe's district?"

The grocer shook his head. "Nope. Joe got to be a friend of Rudy's down at City Hall. Rudy was custodian of City Hall for a long, long time."

George leaned thoughtfully against the wall of the building. He understood it now. Jeff Stover had abused not a political toe, but tender sentiment. There was a solid thump on his knees and a big, purring lump of fur settled on his lap.

"McKeever," the grocer said. "Get down from there. Don't bother the gent."

"It's all right," George said. "I like cats." He stroked the cat's fur. "What was that you called him?"

"McKeever is his name," the grocer said, and chuckled. "You know, there was a time when all the cats around here was named McKeever, and I guess we still got a dozen or so. Old Sachem McKeever done that." Gus Steinhardt grinned. "Rudy was a great one for cats. He was custodian down at City Hall and he had him a cat there. It was the City Hall cat. Rudy brought him home and that cat sired about every kitten for ten blocks around. Old Sachem's been dead a long time now, but some folks still name their cats McKeever. Kind of sentiment, and kind of habit, and of course there's a little strain of McKeever in 'em all. You walk over there to McKeever's Place," the grocer said, "and you'll see him, up back of the bar."

"See who?"

"McKeever. They got him stuffed."

"Oh," George said, wondering if cat lovers were quite sane, "the cat. I believe I will." He gave the tabby cat in his lap a gentle push and it jumped down.

GEORGE crossed the street to McKeever's Place. Inside he put his foot on the brass rail and stared at the big, mounted cat behind the bar. Sachem McKeever was tiger-striped and had a ferocious air. His glass eyes gleamed in the light, tawny as beer.

"What'll it be, mister?"

George looked up into the face of the big man who had blustered into Room 9 that morning.

The barman seemed puzzled, and scratched his chin. But apparently he had not placed George.

"A beer," George said.

As he drew the beer the bartender went on talking to two men who were leaning on the bar not far from George. "So I went in there," he said, "and I took him by the two lapels of his coat and I gave him a shake and—" He put the beer down in front of George. "Ten cents, please."

George paid. The barman turned back to his friends. "I had my fist cocked and I was set to paste him one. I says, 'I don't care if you're a member of the City Council. I don't care if you're the mayor hisself. You expect me to change the name of my joint to Niebach's Place?' I says. 'Like hell I will,' I says. 'You're gonna find yourself another street, Stover,' I says, 'out in Brooklyn, maybe. Out in Queens. You're gonna name that one Niebach Place,' I says, 'or I'm gonna haul off and kick you smack on Stover's Place from here to Jersey.'"

"That's the stuff, McKeever," one of the men said.

George grinned. The proof of McKeever's lie stood in shadow at the far end of the bar. The proof of McKeever's lie was Councilman Jeff Stover himself, and it was obvious that McKeever did not know him from Adam.

George picked up his beer and moved along the bar. Jeff Stover looked at him hard, and George said, "Lucky they don't know who you are."

Stover's hand closed hard on his glass, and his lips were stiff with anger. He whispered harshly, "Why are you following me around?" The councilman paused for a moment, staring at the mounted cat behind the bar. "My activities are no concern of the public, outside City Hall, at least."

"I think they are," George said. "You introduced a local law changing the name of one of the city's streets, and the public is entitled to know why. Was it mere happenstance that you picked out McKeever Place, or wasn't it?"

Stover's eyes met George's briefly. He said, "I've got nothing to say to the press. Please forget that you saw me here."

George finished his beer, considering, then he said softly, "I know there's something going on. I don't know what it is. I'll lay off, provided you give me first crack at it, whatever it is."

STOVER'S bleak eyes met George's briefly, then he nodded.

"However," George said, "from the way people talk around here it will just about blight the neighborhood if the name is changed. I'm going to write a feature story about it."

Councilman Stover murmured, without turning his head, "That's your privilege, but leave me out of it."

George walked out of the bar. He took the subway uptown, and in the office of the Record-Star he reported to Brickell, the city editor, that he had worked up a feature story.

"George, you're assigned to City Hall," Brickell said. "If you know a good feature, tell the city desk, and a man will be assigned."

"Brick," George said, "do you know what happens to City Hall cats when they retire?"

A wary gleam came into Brickell's eyes. "City Hall cats? Well, what does happen to City Hall cats, Mr. Bones?"

"Do you know that there are a couple of dozen cats named McKeever?" George said. "One of 'em is stuffed. The custodian of City Hall used to be a man named Rudolph McKeever. When he retired he took the City Hall cat with him, and—"

"Okay, okay, don't tell it to me, if I have to read it anyway. Go ahead and write it."

The library files had no clippings on Rudolph McKeever, so George asked for the clips on Councilman Joseph Myles. The librarian brought him a folder, and George quickly found the clipping he wanted, dated February, 1932. In two paragraphs it reported the naming of McKeever Place after the late custodian of City Hall and quoted Joe Myles, sponsor of the local law, as saying that McKeever had met his death at the hands of an unknown robber only a short time after his retirement from the City Hall job. It was curious, George thought, that this was the first he had heard of the manner of McKeever's death.

George went to his desk and thoughtfully tapped out the feature story on McKeever Place. When the first take reached the city desk Brickell called, "Okay, George, let it run about a column."

"Whimsey and all, Brick?"

"I hate it," Brickell said. . . .

In Room 9 the next day George met restrained indignation. Why the devil hadn't he said what he was up to, Ray Martin demanded. And then Tracy

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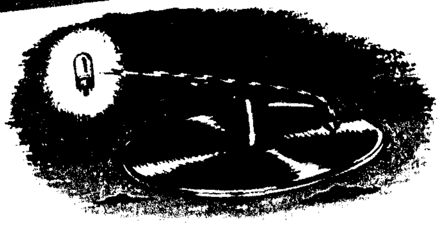

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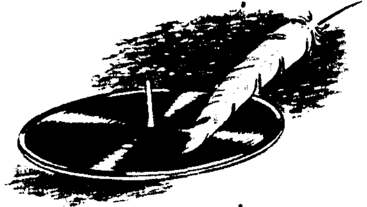

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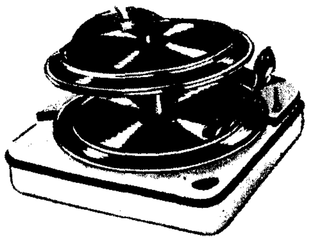

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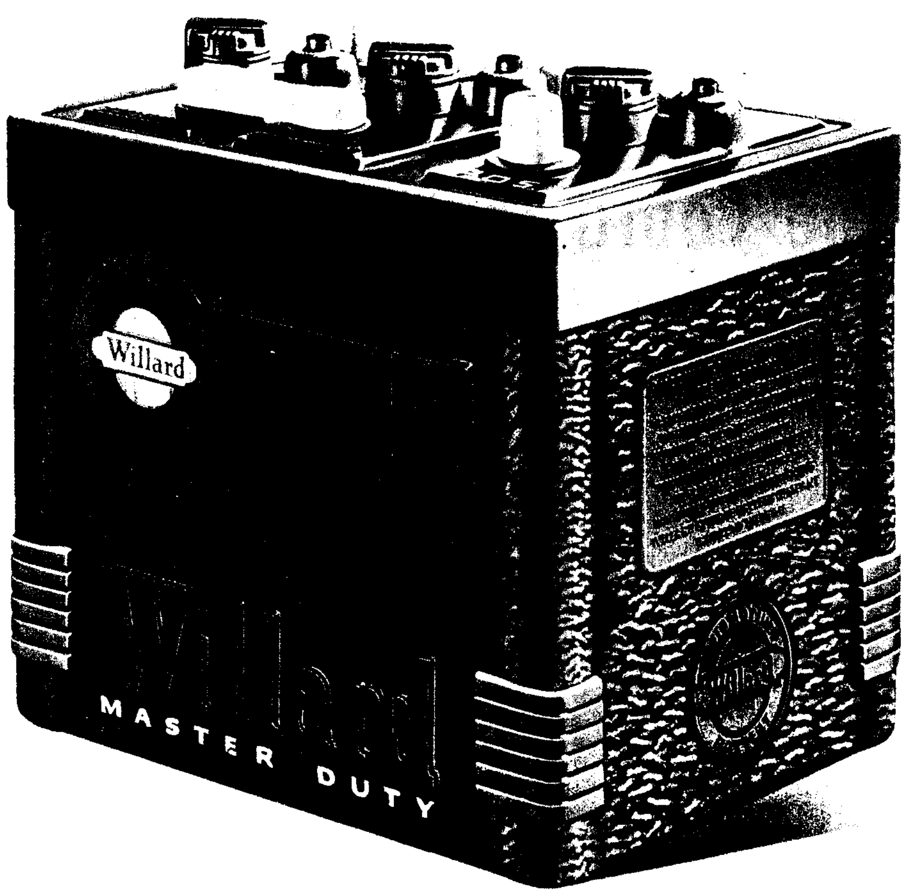

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pulled a chair up beside George's desk and said, "Look, George, you know I'm not as fast on my feet as I used to be. I'm not so young any more."

"Why, you're not over fifty, Trace," George said.

"You know I'm past sixty, George. My office had me on the carpet for not tipping them off to that feature."

"I'm sorry, Trace." George sighed. "I took a cab up there on a hunch and the story panned out. I don't see how they can blame you. It's certainly outside the City Hall beat."

"I know," Tracy said. "That's what I told 'em, George. I wonder what the guy's got in mind, anyhow. I guess he'll withdraw that local law."

George gazed out the window. "There's something in all this that doesn't meet the eye," he said. "I'd like to know what it is."

He turned and met Tracy's shining eyes; it always seemed to cost Tracy an effort to concentrate. "What makes you say that, George?"

"It's the way Stover acts," George said. "He walks around like he's got something hot in his pocket. I can't think what it could be. I can't see how it ties in with McKeever Place, but it does. He was snooping around there yesterday."

Tracy's eyes opened wider. "Where? McKeever Place?"

"Stover was?" Ray Martin broke in.

"Yes."

"What was he doing there?"

"He wouldn't say. I braced him and tried to get him to promise that if there was a story brewing he'd let me know."

"If he does, you better cut Room 9 in," Ray said.

"What would it be?" asked Tracy.

"I couldn't guess," George said.

That afternoon Joe Myles came into Room 9 and sat down by George's desk. "Good story, boy. It ought to make that meathead change his mind. But if it doesn't I'm going to amend that local law on the floor and send it back to committee. Old McKeever was a good guy."

"Joe, what's the story about his being killed?"

"Holdup." Joe Myles scowled. "Rudy McKeever put up a fight. That's the kind of guy he was. It was just a block from his home."

"They ever catch the guy?"

"It was a stormy night, George. Nobody even heard the shot. The milkman found Rudy next morning, dead, with his pockets turned inside out."

And then the acting majority leader waved his hand and was gone.

BY FRIDAY morning George had progressed past page 400 of his study of municipal government. On page 401, he started writing the less-savory aspects of his subject, municipal graft, when the city desk of the Record-Star called, and told George to work up a follow on the McKeever Place story.

He telephoned the office of Padgett & Padgett, but the operator told him Jeff Stover was not in and had not been in all day. On the point of hanging up, he asked, "How about Miss Padgett? Is she in?"

Miss Padgett was in, and a moment later her low voice said, "Hello, where have you been?"

"Did you win your case before Justice Westerfield?"

After an instant's pause she said, "You're an unpleasant man, Mr. Wright. I suppose you've already looked it up in the Law Journal."

"I swear I didn't," George said. "But I think I know why you lost. It was the way you badgered that witness. You had a male jury there, and it's a pretty devastating sight for the average male to see a pretty young woman lawyer beating the brains out of a helpless man on the stand."

"I read that story of yours in the paper," Barbara said, with an edge in her voice. "You're actually literate."

"Thanks," George said. "That's why I called. I wanted to see if there was anything new on McKeever Place."

"I don't know anything about McKeever Place."

"Your fiancé does, though," George said. "Where is he?"

"Down at City Hall, I think."

"Thanks, I'll look around."

George went immediately to the minority room in the basement, but found it locked. Later in the day he tried Padgett & Padgett again, without result, and that night he reported to Brickell that he had been unsuccessful in working up a follow on the McKeever Place story.

Saturday and Sunday were George's days off. He took his manuscript home with him and worked over the week end, and when he carried it back to City Hall on Monday it was fifteen pages thicker. He left it on his desk in Room 9 while he went to the east wing to attend the mayor's morning conference.

WHEN he returned with the other reporters he found Barbara Padgett sitting at his desk by the window, apparently absorbed in what she was reading. It was George's manuscript.

His face was flushed as he walked quickly across the room. She glanced up, met his eyes and smiled, "A scholar, too?"

"I see you have a lawyer's scruples." George dropped the manuscript into the top drawer of his desk.

Leaning back in the chair, with a careless indifference that infuriated George, she said, "Really, I'm impressed."

He pulled up another chair and sat down. "I'm sorry that the only thing that impresses you about my character is that I've been banging away at a typewriter in my spare time."

She smiled. "Got a cigarette?"

He produced a package and struck a match for her. She blew out smoke and said, "I'm looking for Jeff."

"I haven't seen him at all. I've been looking for him myself, but he hasn't been around City Hall."

Her eyes met George's for an instant, and in that instant he saw that her light manner had been maintained with difficulty, that it concealed a deep worry. She said hesitantly, "He hasn't slept in his room at the Hotel Westbrook since Tuesday night."

"Since Tuesday? Say, you'd better call the cops."

"There's nothing to worry about." She glanced out the window. "He's not missing or anything, because he's telephoned the office several times and talked to his secretary."

George thought that her tone lacked conviction. "Didn't he ask for you?"

"No."

"That's a peculiar way for a fiancé to act."

The reaction was immediate. "I think we are the best judges of our relations with each other, Mr. Wright," she said angrily, then stopped short and spread her hands. "Oh, well, forget it. I only thought I might catch him here."

"The last time I saw him was in McKeever Place," George said. "Last Wednesday."

"I wonder . . ." she began musingly.

"You wonder what?"

"Where is his office?"

"In the minority room. Come on, I'll take you there."

They went down to the basement, a wide, arched corridor tiled in black and white checkerboard design, and George led the way to a door marked Council Minority, just inside the east entrance. He tried the door, found it unlocked and opened it without knocking. There was a reception room, with three small offices opening from it. Two were empty but, in the third, Councilman Oliver Nathan was reading his mail.

The councilman had served in the war with the Corps of Engineers, and above his desk hung a souvenir Japanese ceremonial sword, and a variety of Japanese invasion money framed under glass. Councilman Nathan was a slender man with immaculate clothes and the air of a boy playing tag in his Sunday suit. His was the sort of lean face, with deep-set, half-lidded eyes, that is associated with colonial portraits. It was easy to visualize him in a powdered wig.

"Mr. Nathan, we're looking for Councilman Stover," George explained. "This is his cousin, Miss Padgett."

"How do you do." Nathan stood up. "I'm sorry, I haven't seen Jeff since the meeting of the Council last Tuesday. Quite a lot of people have been here looking for him."

"McKeevers?" George asked.

Councilman Nathan smiled. "I assume so. With one exception, at least." His smile broadened. "There was a very handsome young woman looking for him. A blonde. She didn't give her name."

George noticed Barbara's flush. "Do you know who the blonde might be?"

She shook her head.

"She was looking for him, too," George said. "So she doesn't know where he is, either." They climbed the steps to the rotunda. "Sometimes a man likes to drop out of sight, just to rediscover that he has an identity and isn't just a composite of what people think of him and what he thinks he ought to be. Who *did* Stover talk to when he called in?"

"His secretary."

"Listen," George said, "if you're holding anything back because I'm a newspaperman, don't do it. I won't print a story. I want to help you find him."

"I'm not holding anything back." She turned to him with a smile. "But thank you, Mr. Wright."

"The Council meets tomorrow," George said. "If he doesn't show up for that, you'd better do something about it."

"I'm really not at all concerned." She put out her hand. "Thank you, Mr. Wright, and keep up the good work."

"The good work?"

"The old scholarship." She gave him an impish grin and ran down the steps.

George returned to his desk in Room 9 and sat down to think. What was going on, anyway? What was all this nonsense about Councilman Stover? Would any normal male let several days pass without seeing his fiancée, particularly if she was a redheaded Portia such as Barbara Padgett? And Barbara was worried about Jeff Stover—she had been worried from the first day he met her. Was she covering up? Had Councilman Stover disappeared altogether?

Finally George picked up his telephone and called the Hotel Westbrook. He asked for Lew Gibson, the hotel's press agent, a co-operative, sharp-witted man, and asked him to check on Jeff Stover's absence from the hotel.

"Spell Westbrook right and I'll do it," Lew said.

"W-E-S-T-B . . ."

"In your story, dope," Lew said.

George waited for several minutes before Lew returned to the phone and told him, "The housekeeper's department reports the bed in Room 1012 hasn't been slept in since Tuesday, George, but the mail clerk says he sent for his mail. A fellow came in with a note from Stover, a written authorization to pick up his mail. That was yesterday."

"I suppose the clerk knew Stover's handwriting?"

"He didn't have any doubts about it, George. What goes on? A snatch or something?"

"No," George said. "It begins to look like blonde trouble."

AFTER he had hung up George lay back in his chair and smoked a cigarette. His thoughts were interrupted by a telephone call.

"Hello?" Brickell's crisp voice came over the wire. "George, I have something here you might work into a story. It's in your bailiwick. There was a robbery last night down in McKeever Place."

"Who was robbed?"

"Remember that bar you mentioned in your feature story the other day—McKeever's Place? The bar that had that cat in it, the old City Hall cat?"

"What about it?"

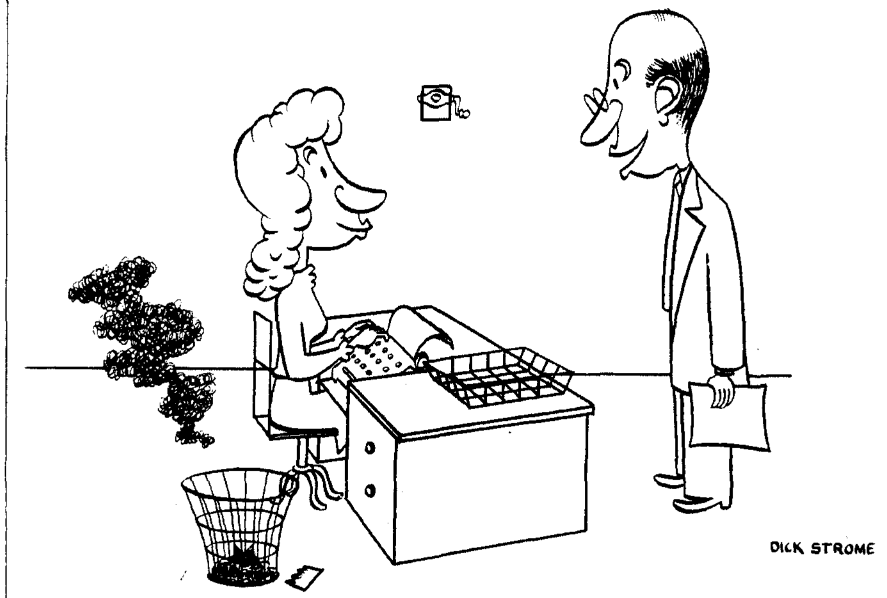
"They've got a slip down at police headquarters on that cat, and I sent Charlie Connors to check up," Brickell said. "Somebody broke into the bar last night and stole it. Didn't take anything except that cat." Brickell's voice rose. "Why in hell would anyone want to steal a stuffed cat? Oh, the hell with it. Forget it. I hate whimsey."

"Wait a minute, Brick," George said. "There's more in this than whimsey."

"Then you find it." The city editor hung up.

George lighted another cigarette and paraded the sequence of events in his mind. Stover had introduced a local law to change the name of McKeever Place to Niebach Square; he had been seen at the bar in McKeever Place; he had disappeared. And now a mounted cat had been stolen from the bar. George thought that it would be interesting to talk it all over with Councilman Stover.

Ray Martin sauntered into Room 9,



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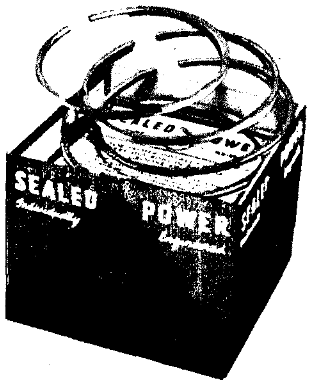

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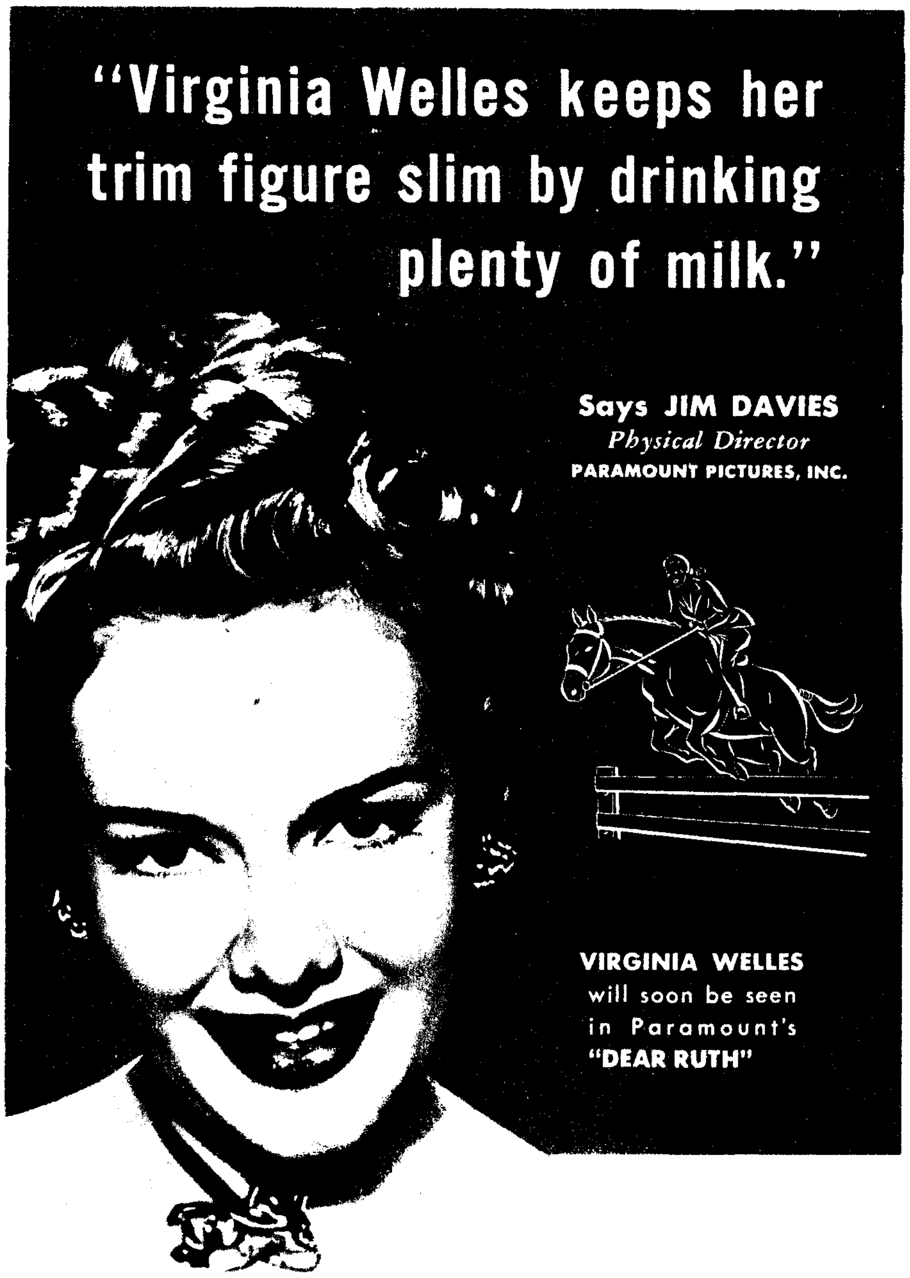

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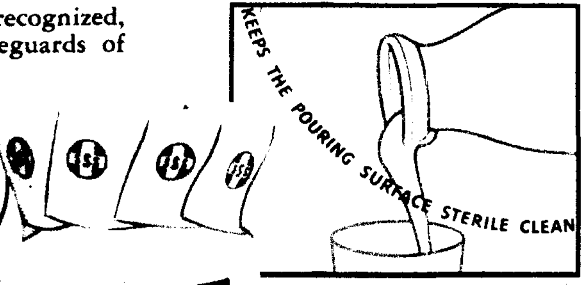
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said casually to George, "Saw that redhead of yours coming in the Hall a few minutes ago."

George sat up. "Looking for me?"

"I doubt it. She went down to the basement."

George jumped from his chair. "To the minority room?"

"I suppose so. What else is down there?"

George started for the door. If Barbara had returned so soon to City Hall she must have heard from Stover, and the councilman must be in the minority room now. He hurried down the stairs to the basement, and as he emerged upon the checkerboard tiles he heard voices coming through the open door of the minority room.

"You can't, Jeff!" A woman's voice was saying. "You just can't do it."

George stopped short. It was Barbara's voice, and it was raised, he thought, in despair. He knew that he should go on to the minority room at once, or else turn back to the stairs. But he hesitated. Stover's harsh voice said, "I intend to do it, Barbara. I've made up my mind. If I can make it hot for him, I will. I've taken all from him I'm going to, and this time I'm going to kick fat little Humpty Dumpty off the wall."

"If you do, Jeff," Barbara's tense, unnatural voice said, "I'll . . ."

"Yes? You'll what?"

"It will be all over between us, Jeff, that's all."

"It never began between us, and you know it," his angry voice said. "That was Humpty Dumpty again, up to his old tricks."

"Jeff, please, you're not behaving normally about this. Think it over. Go away for a week or two. Go fishing or something."

"I'm fishing now," Jeff Stover said. "And I'm going to keep right on."

George began backing away toward the stairs. He was frowning, but his heart was pounding, too. He had not yet reached the stairs when Barbara appeared in the doorway, her back toward him. She held out her hand and said, "It *is* over now, Jeff."

She whirled and came blindly toward George, her heels ringing on the tiles. She saw George, swerved to pass, then recognized him and stopped short.

She stared at him accusingly. "What are you doing out here?"

"I'm on my way to see Stover," he said. "I heard he turned up again."

"Yes." Barbara hesitated an instant. "There's some litigation pending and he's been down in Philadelphia, taking depositions."

"Was that it?" George said. It was a patent falsehood, he thought. She did not meet his eyes. He saw Jeff Stover emerge from the minority room and close the door behind him. Stover started walking quickly toward the east door and George called his name. Quickly Barbara caught George's elbow and her urgent voice said, "Wait, I want to talk to you."

Jeff Stover hesitated at the door, shrugged his shoulders and went out. Barbara still clung to George's arm, and he looked down at her. "What do you want? What the devil's going on?"

Her gray eyes questioned him; her voice was low: "You eavesdropped, didn't you?"

"That's not the word for it," he said. "I was on my way to see Stover, that's all. I couldn't help overhearing a few phrases."

Her fingers pressed his arm hard. "You've got to tell me how much you heard."

"I'm terribly sorry," George said gently. "I didn't mean to break in on you, and whatever I heard, it's forgotten." He turned his head away. "I saw, of course."

"Saw what?"

He met her eyes again, apologetically. "I saw you give him back his ring."

Her eyes blazed at him, and her face showed white and furious in the dim basement light. "It's about time you learned to mind your own business, Mr. Wright."

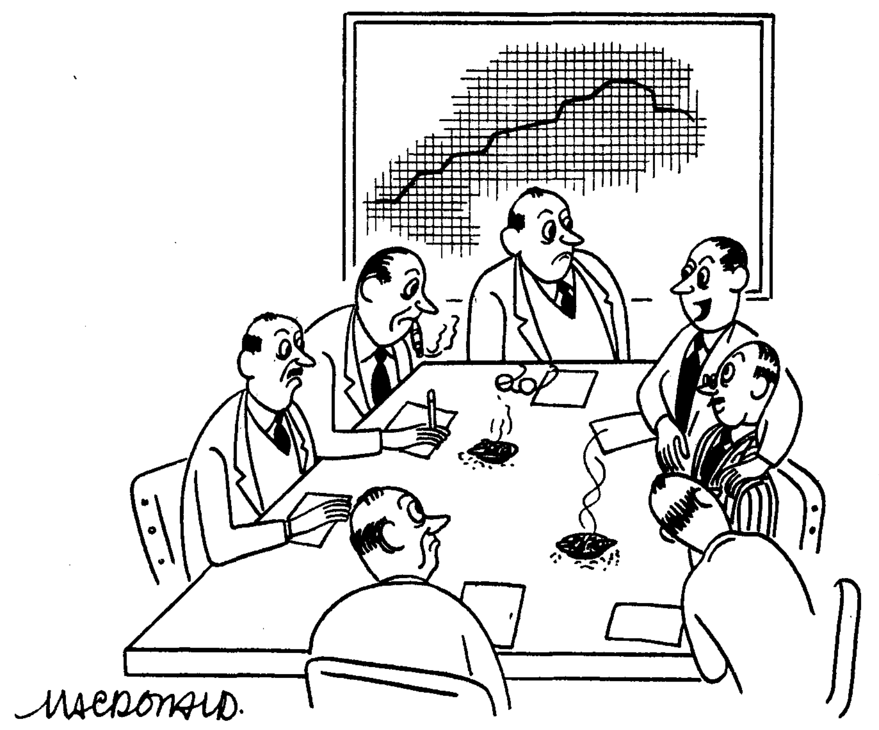
She pushed past him and started running up the stairs, but before she reached the landing he heard sobs break uncontrollably from her throat.

GEORGE returned to Room 9 and found his receiver off the hook. Tracy said, "Call for you, George. It's Charlie Connors."

George picked up the telephone. Charlie Connors was the veteran West Side man of the Record-Star, and his voice showed that he was a little disgusted with his assignment of tracking down the story of a stolen cat. "George, there ain't much to it," he said apologetically. "They had this here stuffed cat up back of the bar and they was kind of proud of it because it was the City Hall cat and their old man stuffed it himself. But it wasn't worth nothing. Maybe twenty bucks. It's only petty larceny."

"I know, Charlie. What else?"

"The bar is run by a big mug named



"Hastings here has an amusing suggestion —he says why don't we reduce prices?"

COLLIER'S J. S. MACDONALD

Arnie McKeever and his brother, Leo. I lidn't get very far with them two brothrs. When Arnie opened up today the at was gone. There wasn't a window roke or a door busted in. The cat was ust gone, like he walked out into the lley. The cops figure some customer got locked in last night, passed out somewhere, maybe, and when he come to he ook the cat with him for a gag."

"Who was there the night before?" George asked.

"Just regular trade. Arnie and Leo was both there, and they got a kid brother, name of Francis Joseph. The kid brother had been playing a game of chess with a guy over in the corner, Leo said."

"Chess, eh? Who with?"

"A customer named Jefferson," Charlie said. "Tom Jefferson, I got it. Leo says the guy is new around the neighborhood, but he left early last night, so he couldn't of done it."

"What does he look like, Charlie?"

"I don't think he done it, George," Charlie said. "He don't drink much. I'm calling from the bar, though. Hang on and I'll get a description."

George glanced over at Tracy and called out, "Hey, Trace, what's Councilman Stover's full name, do you know?"

"He just calls himself Jeff Stover," Tracy said. "His full name is Thomas Jefferson Stover. Why?"

Charlie Connors returned to the phone. "Leo says the guy is a long drink of water with a worried look, like he forgot to pay up his insurance before he jumped off the bridge. That help you any?"

"Yes, Charlie. Thanks."

GEORGE hung up. Another piece of the puzzle had fitted into place, but it did not go far toward solving anything. He picked up his hat and left Room 9. There was a chance that Jeff Stover had gone on to the Hotel Westbrook, and he took the subway uptown. Pinned against the wall in the vestibule of the car by the rush-hour crowd he thought that somehow the conversation between Barbara and Jeff fitted in. Both had been angry, and Stover had spoken vaguely of someone he called Humpty Dumpty. That must be Dobbs Padgett. Somehow the puzzle concerned Dobbs Padgett, concerned him so deeply that Barbara had broken her engagement with Jeff Stover. And it all came back, George thought, to McKeever Place.

He was swept out of the subway with the crowd at Grand Central and walked to the Hotel Westbrook. The room clerk told him that Mr. Stover had come in half an hour ago, and he went on to the elevators. He got off at the tenth floor and knocked on the door of Room 1012.

Councilman Stover opened the door, and frowned when he recognized George. "You again? What do you want?"

"You're a lawyer," George said. "Maybe you can tell me something. Is the theft of a stuffed cat from a barroom petty larceny or is it illegal entry?"

Stover gazed steadily at George. "I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," he said. "Whatever it is, you're becoming pretty obnoxious, Mr. Wright."

"A simple explanation is all I'm asking," George said. "Why have you been hanging around McKeever Place all week, for instance?"

"McKeever Place?" The councilman raised his eyebrows. "I've been in Philadelphia for the past five days."

"No you haven't."

Stover's lips tightened.

"I'm getting a little bored with you, Mr. Wright."

"I'm sorry to hear it," George said. "But I'm a curious man. That's my job. I'm curious to know why a member of the City Council drops completely out of sight and turns up in a bar under an assumed name—a bar from which a stuffed cat disappears. I want to know what the hell is going on, Mr. Stover, and I've got a right to ask. You can't play games with the city's streets, changing their names for your private amusement."

Stover stepped back and started to close the door, but George got his foot there in time and braced himself. "Let me in," he said. "Let's talk."

With his foot wedged against the door, George was off balance. He saw the councilman's fist coming, but could not jump back. All he could do was bring his arm up to block it. The blow struck his left forearm, and George tumbled backward into the corridor. Instantly he was on his feet again. The door had swung wide and Stover stood waiting, his fists cocked.

"Stop it!" a voice said. "Can't you boys be nice?"

George saw a girl behind Stover, a tall, shapely creature in a mauve evening gown. She was blond, with a shoulder-length bob, and had the chiseled unassailable perfection of women who exist for prettiness alone.

George said, "This is pretty silly, Mr. Stover."

The councilman dropped his arms and the girl moved up beside him, looking curiously at George. Suddenly Stover smiled, "I think it *is* rather silly," he said.

"Let's talk it over," George said. "I'm working on a story, that's all. I don't want to pry into your private affairs, unless they do concern the public."

"Suppose we come to an agreement," Stover said. "I'll admit that I'm engaged in an—well, a line of thought that may lead to something you can print. But as it stands now, I haven't a thing for you. I particularly do *not* want anything in the papers at this time."

Stover had not introduced the girl, and she stood by the door, silently watching them. George asked, "What line of thought?"

"If I have taken no one at all into my confidence," said Stover, "why should I open my thoughts to you and all the readers of your newspaper?"

"Because I already have a good deal that I can print," George said. "A guess about who took that cat, for instance."

Jeff Stover gave the blonde a quizzical look. "Can you figure this man out, Marcia? I can't. A stuffed *cat,* did you say?"

George heard the blonde's high, unnatural laugh—a mirthless, grating sound—and looked at her. Stover said, "Pardon me. Miss Blaine, Mr. Wright."

"How do you do," she said, and almost immediately, "really, what is this talk about a stuffed cat?" It seemed to George that a little interest had come into her voice, that her face seemed less blank.

"There's been too much talk," Stover said quickly, and took George's arm. "Will you excuse, us, Marcia? I'm going to walk Mr. Wright to the elevator."

"Of course," Marcia Blaine said.

THERE was an urgency in the councilman's pressure on his elbow, and George went with him along the corridor. As they walked toward the elevator Stover said, his tone very low, "If I cooperate with you, Mr. Wright, I'll expect you to play this my way."

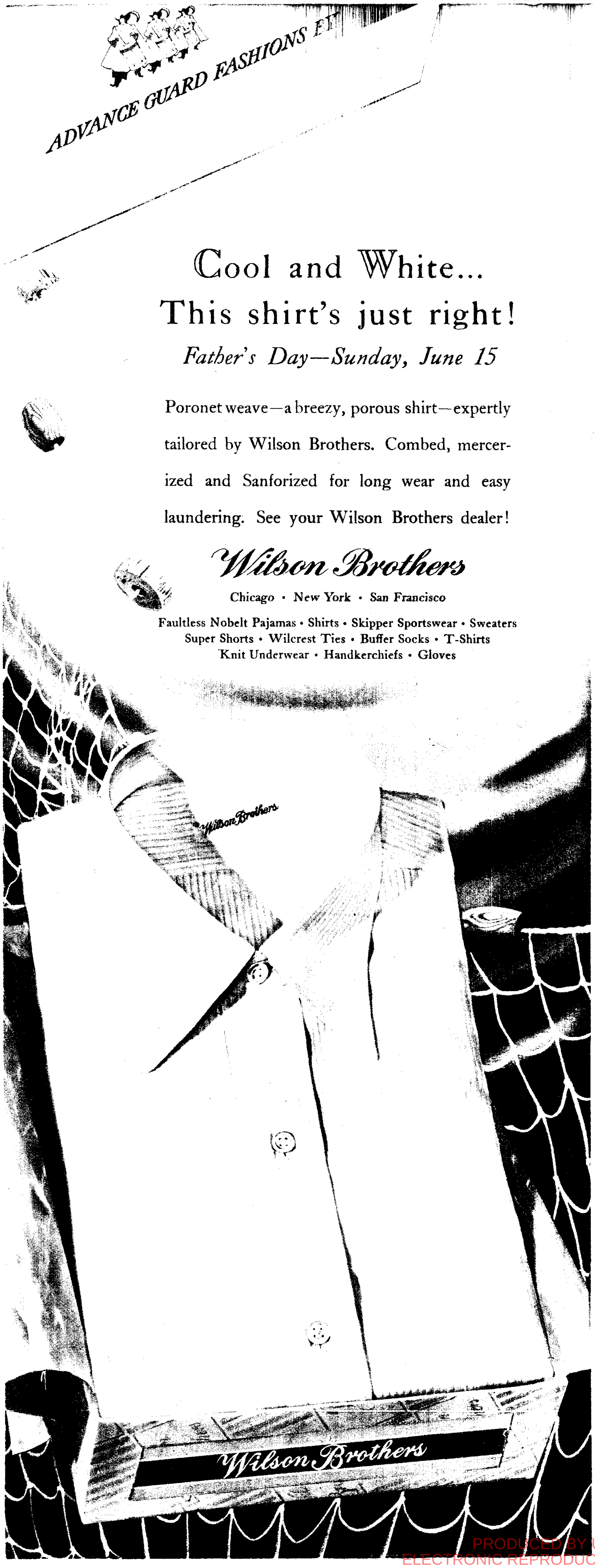
"That's fair enough."

"If there's a story in it, I'll call you in," Stover said. "You have my word on that."

They reached the elevators, and George pushed the down button. Stover still held his elbow, and George looked into watchful blue eyes. "This may be pretty big," Stover said. "I really don't know what I've got, but it's big. That's all I can tell you. It's bigger than I thought, and I'm in it up to my neck. That's all I can say. I'd like to get it off my chest, Wright, and as soon as I can—" His voice broke off as the elevator doors opened. . . .

Late the next morning, George reached

PEPSI-COLA
O. SOGLOW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City Hall. A glance into Room 9 showed him that no reporters were there. Apparently they were in conference with the mayor. He went to his desk to get copy paper, and as he bent to open a drawer, a voice said, "Hello, Mr. Wright."

He turned. Stepping out of the first telephone booth was an immaculate creature in a gray tailored suit, hatless, with blond hair falling to her shoulders. "Remember me?" she said.

"Miss Blaine."

"That's it. Marcia Blaine." She smiled carefully, as if solicitous of her make-up. "So this is what a press room looks like?"

George dropped the copy paper onto his desk, and decided to pick up the mayor's conference from the other reporters.

"I suppose all the papers have men assigned here?" Marcia Blaine smiled at George. "You know, this is my first visit to City Hall. I thought I'd like to hear Jeff make a speech."

"The Council doesn't meet until one thirty," George said. "That means nearer two o'clock."

"What time is it now?"

George glanced at the clock on the wall. "Half past twelve."

"Is it past noon already?" Her smile was vague. "You know, last night I thought you were a little bit crazy. I mean standing there with that wild look in your eye talking about stuffed cats."

"Did you?" George said.

"But this morning, when I saw a newspaper, I knew what you were talking about. At least you're not crazy. Not that I object to people when they're a little fey, you know. After all, what would show business be without them?"

"So you're in show business," George said.

"I'm a singer." She smiled. "Stop in the Club Pigalle some night and I'll sing for you. What's your favorite number?"

"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," George said.

"Now you're making fun of me."

"I think it's the other way around."

"Honestly." She made a graceful gesture with one hand, palm toward him. "I don't understand you at all. I mean taking pokes at people and all that. You're pretty violent, aren't you? You know, I actually believe you think Jeff stole that cat!"

"I wouldn't say that," George said. "That would be slander. You didn't see the rest of the press room. We have rooms downstairs, too. A shower room and a handball court. And we have some good poker games. What makes you so curious, Miss Blaine? I mean what's your interest in poor little me?"

The green eyes widened and there was fire in them. Her voice for the first time had a genuine inflection. "You go to hell!"

"That's better," George said. "Now let's talk. Did Stover send you to sound me out?"

"I came in here to make a telephone call."

"No," George said. "Stover didn't send you. He could have answered all those questions himself. Much better than I could, in fact."

"I was right about you the first time," said Marcia Blaine. "You're as crazy as a waterbug. A person just can't talk to you. No wonder Jeff took a poke at you last night."

A VOICE called from the doorway, "Where is everybody? Oh, hello, George." Joe Myles entered the room. "Patty, is that you?"

Marcia Blaine turned slowly to face the acting majority leader, who came forward with a campaign-poster smile. "Glad to see you, kid. What are you doing down at City Hall?"

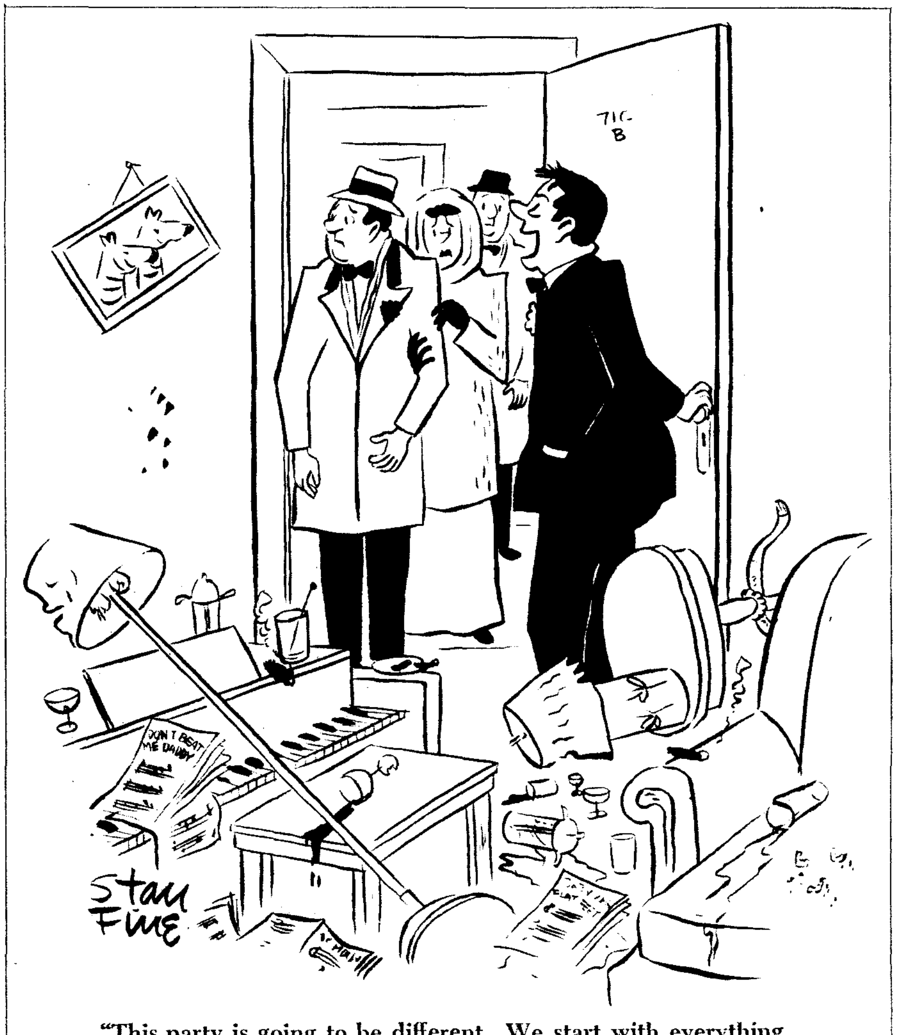
"Just thought I'd catch your act, Joe," the girl said.

"Well, fine, Patty. That's great. How about lunch?"

"I'd like it, Joe." She turned to George, her chin lifting. "Goodby, Mr. Wright."

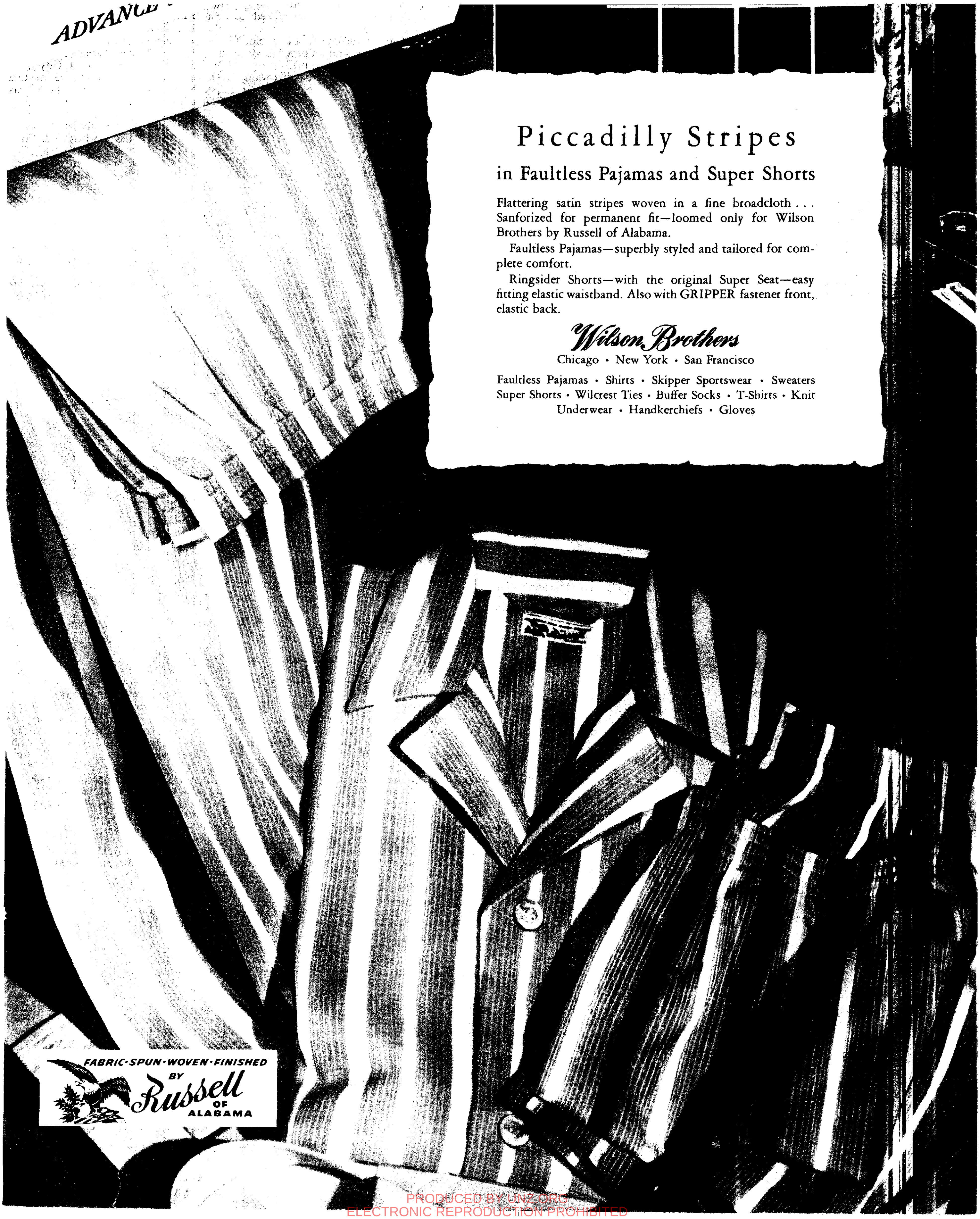
"I'll drop in the Club Pigalle sometime," George said.

He watched the girl walk out the door with Myles, then sank into his chair. But



"This party is going to be different. We start with everything messed up, and end with the house in perfect order"

COLLIER'S — STAN FINE



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he had no time to muse about Marcia Blaine, or why Joe Myles had called her "Patty," before the Room 9 regulars returned from the mayor's office.

George listened and made notes as Ray Martin telephoned his story to the Courier. When he hung up Ray said, "Quite a story about Sachem McKeever, George. Did you promote it? I mean was it you who made off with that cat?"

Tracy grinned when he heard this. It was not often that a smile enlivened his drooping yellow face. His grin showed stained, broken teeth.

"Seriously," Ray said. "Why do you figure it was stolen, George?"

"I could make a wild guess," George said. "Councilman Stover has been hanging around McKeever Place, under a phony name. At least I think so."

"You mean you think *he* stole the cat?" Ray demanded. "George, you're punchy."

"Maybe I am," George admitted. "But it's peculiar. Stover told me that he was on the trail of something hot. He wouldn't say what it was, but it must have something to do with McKeever Place. That damned cat fits in somehow."

"How?"

"Dammit, I don't know. Maybe they stuffed that cat with greenbacks. Anyhow, I've got Stover's promise to let me know if there's a story in it. Meanwhile, keep this under your hat."

"It's crazy," Ray said.

Tracy moved away, his angular, stiff-jointed body stooped. He picked up his hat and Ray said, "Going to lunch, Trace?"

"Yep. At the Advocates Club. They set a pretty good table at their Tuesday meeting."

"Well, take care of the old appetite," Ray said.

GEORGE went to his desk and resumed work on his manuscript. It was quiet in Room 9. The Brooklyn Dispatch man was playing gin with Marcus, the cop. Three reporters were talking national politics at a desk in the corner.

Ray glanced up. "Had lunch yet, George?"

"I just had breakfast."

"Think I'll go out and eat. Take my calls, will you?"

George went on working. From time to time, as he glanced up from his typewriter, he saw men and women moving up the steps of City Hall, apparently toward the Council chamber. A guided tour of school children trooped up the steps, about thirty kids in charge of two teachers, and passed along the corridor. They crowded at the door of Room 9 while a teacher explained the workings of a press room.

At one twenty the Brooklyn Dispatch man paid off his losses to Marcus, who belatedly hurried to his station at the steps of City Hall. The reporter sighed and said, "Guess I'll go up and take a look at the Council."

George continued to type. His thoughts were flowing well and he forgot about the Council meeting. At quarter to two he was still contentedly absorbed in his work, alone in Room 9, when his name was called from the doorway. He looked up and saw Barbara Padgett smiling at him.

"Improving the shining hour?" she asked. Her smile was serene.

"That's right." George got to his feet.

The girl opened the gate in the barrier and came toward him. "I owe you an apology. I was angry last night, but not at you. You just got in my way—and at first I thought you'd been eavesdropping."

"You don't need to apologize."

"You see, it wasn't the sort of scene anyone would want overheard. Breaking an engagement, I mean."

"I can see that," George said. He thought that the lack of reticence was unusual in her, and that the mask of worry had partly lifted from her face. He said, "I had a little talk with your cousin last night, Miss Padgett."

Her eyes widened. "You talked to him?"

"The City of Brotherly Love didn't make much impression on him," George said. "He took a swing at me."

"Jeff hit you?" She was frowning. "Why?"

"We made up. We're pals now."

"But *why* did he hit you?" One moment she had been friendly; now she looked at him as if he were a hostile witness on the stand. "You *did* hear us last night, didn't you?"

"I told you all I heard. I was asking him about a story, and he lost his temper."

She hesitated, then said softly, "Jeff has a quick temper, Mr. Wright, but actually he has a very gentle nature." Her manner was serene again; her gray eyes seemed friendly. George asked, "Nothing on in court today?"

"No."

"Well, then—will you have dinner with me tonight? There are some things I'd like to talk over with you."

Her nod came without the usual hesitation. "I'd love it."

"I thought we might drop in a night club," George said. "I don't like night clubs, particularly, but there's one I'd like to try. The Club Pigalle. Ever been there?"

She shook her head. George said, "I'd like to hear their vocalist, Marcia Blaine."

"Is she good?" The casual indifference of the question showed, he thought, that she had never heard of Marcia Blaine.

"We'll find out. Suppose I pick you up about half past seven."

"All right." She looked at the clock. "Seven minutes to two. Don't you think the meeting must have started?"

"Just about."

He accompanied her up the spiral staircase to the second floor and left her in a chair near the railing, behind the desks of the councilmen. Then he went along the wall to the press section. The roll had already been called, and as George slipped into his seat he noticed that the acting majority leader's chair was vacant; apparently Joe Myles was still at lunch with Marcia Blaine. He glanced toward the minority side and saw one vacant desk in the People's party row. Jeff Stover had not yet arrived.

The clerk began reading the calendar. There were only three reporters in the press section besides George. Ray Martin had not yet returned from lunch, and Tracy apparently was still applying himself to his solemn trencherwork at the Advocates Club. There was no urgency in City Council meetings for a reporter these days.

The clerk had progressed far through the calendar when Joe Myles came striding through the room from the double glass doors in the rear. George glanced toward the back of the chamber, but he did not see Marcia Blaine. Apparently the blonde had business at City Hall other than listening to Jeff Stover make a speech. For that matter, where was Councilman Stover?

TRACY dropped heavily into the chair beside George and whispered, "Has anything happened?"

"Not a thing."

Tracy reached in his coat pocket and brought out an unsealed envelope. He pushed it at George. "Got a note here for you."

George took the envelope and withdrew a sheet of paper. There were two scribbled lines: *Come see me in the minority room. I have something for you.* It was signed *Jeff Stover.*

George glanced at the clock. Ten minutes past two. He murmured, "Must be something pretty hot, if Stover passed up the Council meeting to talk to me. Thanks, Trace."

He shoved the note into his pocket and hurried to the basement. He crossed the black and white tiles of the corridor and pushed open the door of the minority room. Councilman Stover was sitting in a swivel chair at his desk, and Barbara Padgett was bending over him.

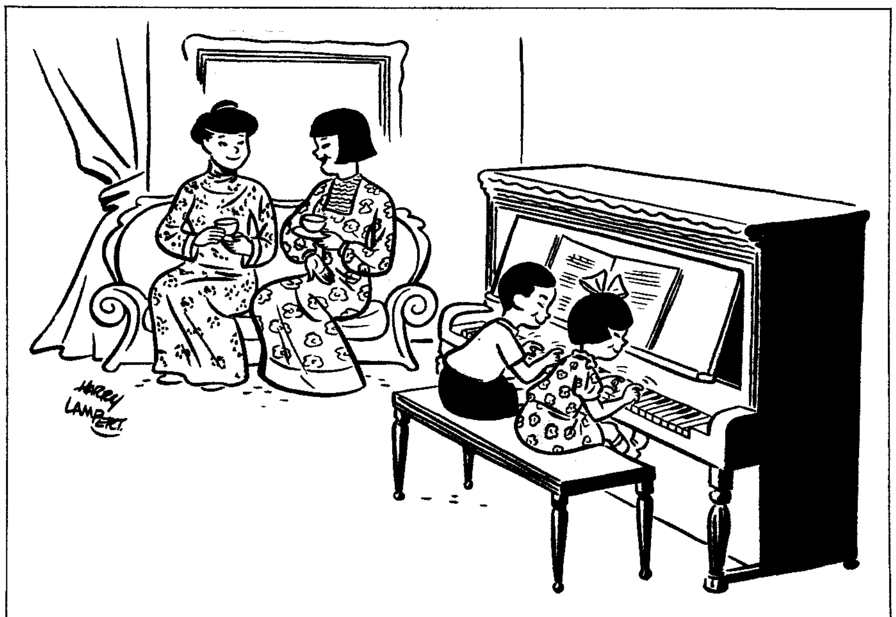
Instinctively George drew back; he did not want to eavesdrop a second time on Barbara and Jeff. He was about to close the door, but the knob clicked, and Barbara jerked her head around. Then George saw her eyes, staring out in horror from a ghastly, rigid face.

He crossed the reception room in three strides.

Barbara did not speak. Her eyes held his for an instant, and then George looked down at Jeff. He was near enough to touch Stover, near enough to put his hand on the gaudy hilt of the Japanese ceremonial sword which had hung in Oliver Nathan's adjoining office. The hilt protruded from the stained cloth of Jeff Stover's double-breasted suit.

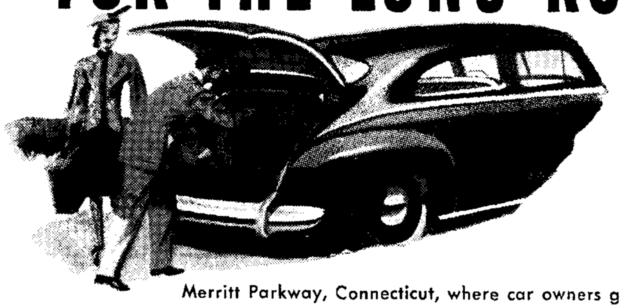
George drew in a deep breath. Councilman Stover had enjoyed the shortest term of any member in the history of the Council. He had attended one session; now he was dead. He heard a gasp behind him and turned his head. Barbara stood with her right hand held before her in a clutching gesture, palm turned toward her staring eyes. She was dabbing at it with a handkerchief. The hand was covered with blood.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "It's called 'Knife and Fork'!" HARRY LAMPERT

FOR THE LONG RUN . . .



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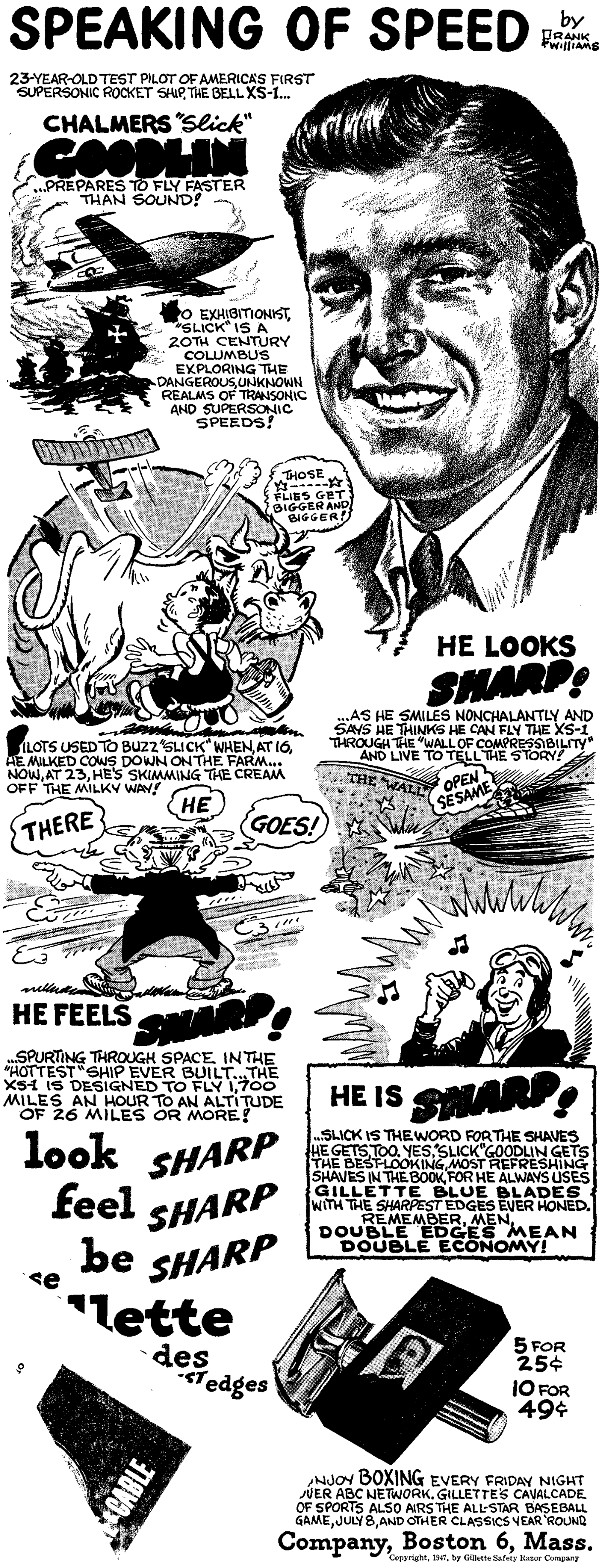
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TEARING OUT THE WILDERNESS

Continued from page 11

through, busy mending or knitting or fixing fruit for preserving.

There had been a time when she tried to call him Asa; she managed it once—on the breathless evening when they put up at an inn. They had eloped; the marriage ceremony was performed by a minister up at Bentree. She remembered the softness of his hair under her hand, that night; she had whispered his name once, furtively, in the darkness—"Asa—my own . . ." But fear came back.

"I thank God for your safe return, Mr. Kimball," she said, and went into the house.

Asa sat on the veranda, nursing the musket, his hand over his eyes. Old Noah, still in his field clothes, more bent than ever with rheumatism, approached him once and set something on the porch beside him. "We all mighty glad t'see you back, Marse Asa. I found one bottle down in the bin. And the mint patch still doing business."

Then, with soft-footed diplomacy, Noah shuffled off and left the ragged, unshaven man alone. When evening fell and the whine of mosquitoes grew louder, Asa stirred, tossed off the drink, and stalked stiffly out to the barn. There he bedded down in the hay loft, moldy now and rat-ridden. Old Noah, standing motionless in the dark beneath the loft, heard a man crying; he shook his head and went back to his cabin.

NEXT day Asa Kimball was up with daylight. He took an ax from the shed and strode down to the bay shore, where all day the sound of the ax and the crashing of second-growth timber alarmed the crows.

A shanty took shape. It was low-roofed, for he would call on no help in raising the beams; it had a dirt floor. He roofed it with brush and clay, and it was autumn before he made a door for it. But that was where he lived. When the wild ducks came over, the boom of the muzzle-loading rifle would sound from the bay. One day he took a sack over his shoulder and walked five miles up the road to Gene Selby's general store, where he silently filled the sack with a side of bacon, flour, a coffeepot and a few more essentials. He walked out again without a word. Mrs. Kimball sold another piece of timberland which had been her father's. She kept the bills paid, and waited, rocking until the weather turned cold and then sitting at the upstairs sewing-room window, from which she could see the grass of the family burial ground slowly turning brown with the coming of winter.

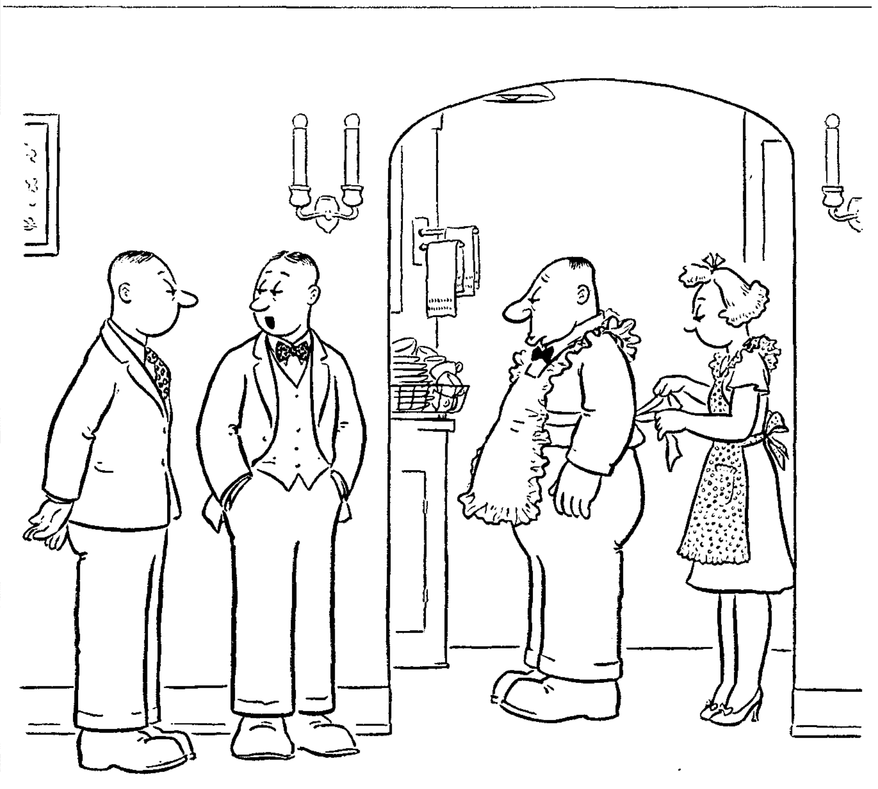
Late in autumn a stranger on horseback rode up, a man with hair falling to his shoulders and bone buttons on his gray uniform coat. He knocked and asked politely if this was Captain Kimball's residence.

"You'll find Captain Kimball down by the bay," Martha told him, when he had declined an invitation to step in and rest himself. From his saddlebag the stranger took a folded square of bright red cloth; one of its corners showed a patch of blue and white. He tucked it under his arm and set out for the clearing. He stayed down there a long time, and there were sounds of singing in the night. Before daybreak he had ridden away for good, but the blows of Asa's ax next morning made the woods ring.

Then, slender and white, a flagstaff rose over the bare branches of the willow trees. Asa had cut and peeled a pine sapling with his ax; he raised it laboriously and bolted it to a stump in his dooryard, facing the lapping waters of the bay. But there were no halyards. A flag was fastened to the pole with nails; when the autumn wind tore it free of its folds and set it whipping and snapping, Martha could see what it was—a red flag, two crossed bars of blue with white stars in them; the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy flying nowhere now except from a peeled sapling in the dooryard of a log-and-mud shanty.

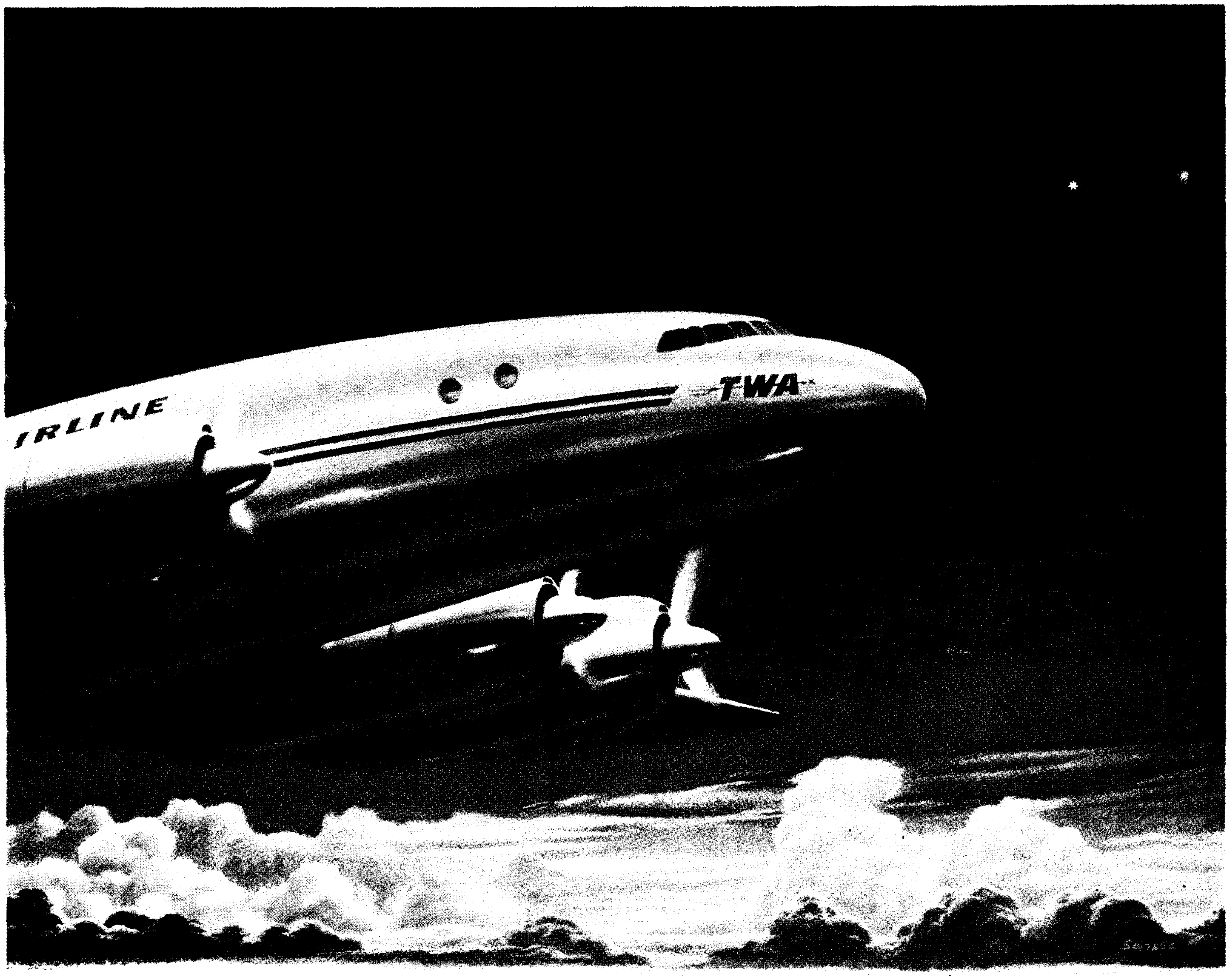
Beneath it Asa Kimball sat as the years went by. The cloth frayed and faded, but the nails held. Asa watched the morning mists clinging low to the bay. Often sunset would find him still there, staring at water glassy smooth,

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred never seems to learn what women have in mind when they ask if some big strong man would like to help them for a few minutes"

COLLIER'S



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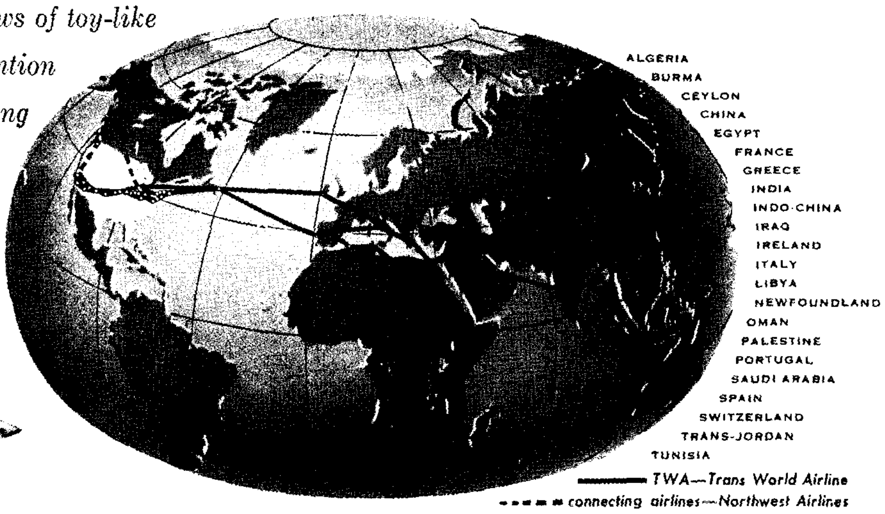
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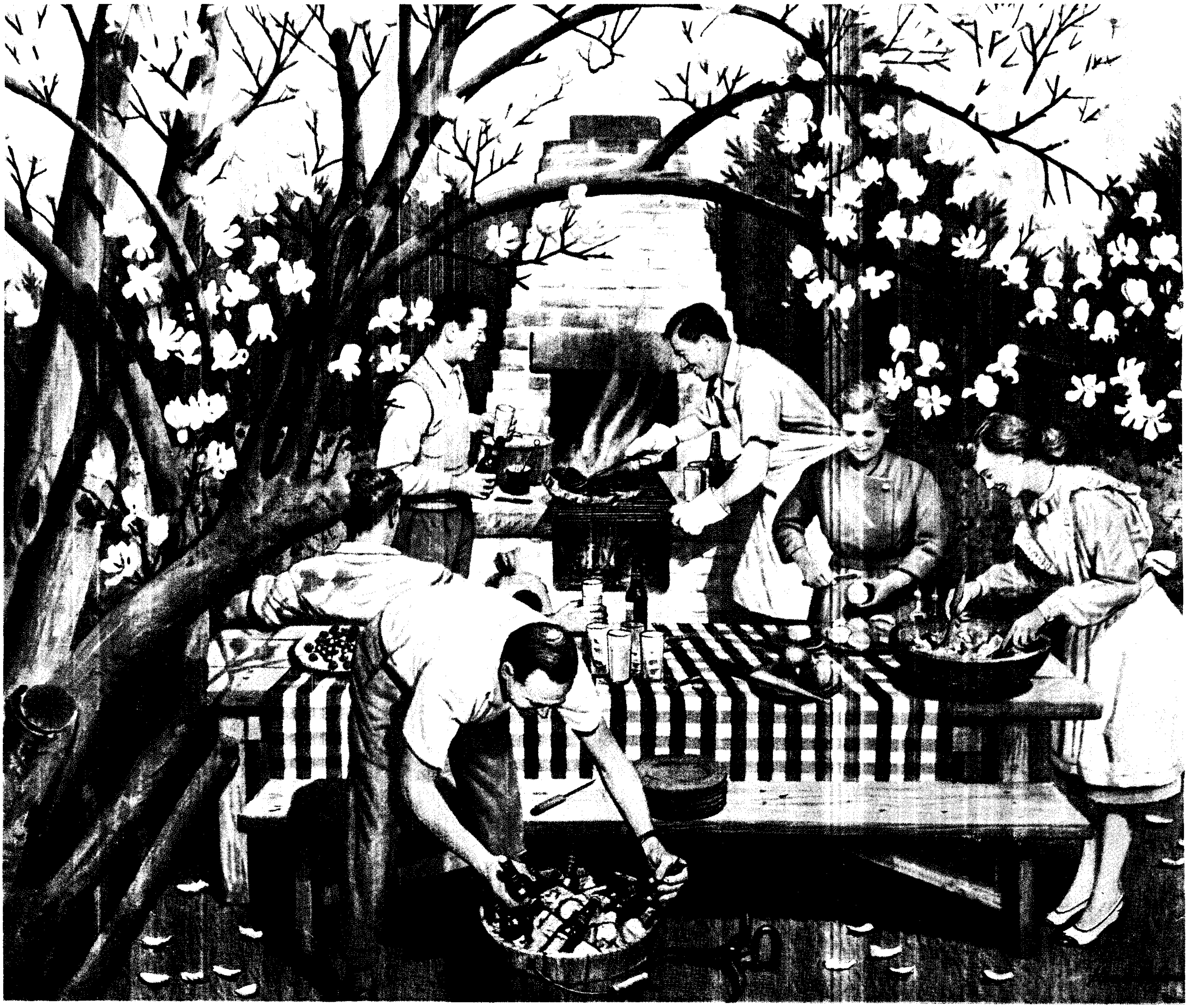
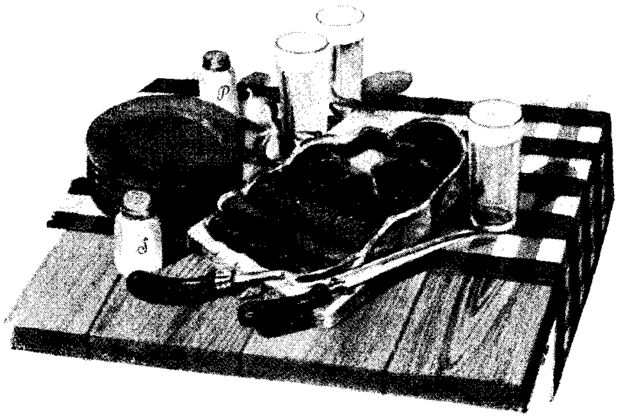


"BACKYARD BARBECUE" by Stevan Dohanos. Number 4 in the series, "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

broken only by a leaping fish or a muskrat's cautious wake.

Sometimes Asa would go to town and have a drink with a few men, Confederate veterans all. The talk centered on old battles, with a streak of whisky on the bar to mark a river; glasses and bottles to represent our boys and theirs, cigars for artillery. Again and again they fought over the engagement of Kane's Ford, where Asa's company had been destroyed. There were men in the village who had served with the Union, for ours was a state divided, but my father said that Asa never spoke to them.

ONCE a year, always during the first week of June, Asa got drunk. He started on a jug at sundown, June third. By early morning of the fourth he was drunk. He would stick the powder horn in his hip pocket, take his muzzle-loader in the crook of his arm, and set out for town, walking long-strided and unhurried.

The first time he did it, Lige Paine was startled by a sudden crack and a splintering of wood. Lige was the postmaster; he came running out to be enveloped in the folds of the United States flag, which had been flying over the post office. When he had clawed his way clear of the bunting he looked up and saw Asa Kimball kneeling a hundred yards down the road, smoke still pouring from his rifle. Lige gathered up the flag and burst out, "Ace, you blamed fool, we was honorably defeated and we done our damnedest. Now you put up that gun before somebody gets hurt . . ." But his protest died.

Kimball, moving with that liquid speed a drunken man can sometimes manage, was pouring powder down the rifle. The sun winked on the ramrod as it slid in and out, leaving its load of wadding. This time, instead of shot, Asa dropped in a lead ball.

Lige hurried into his post office-pharmacy and locked the door. Asa kept on down the street, his red-rimmed eyes swiveling left and right for any sign of opposition. There was none. He had Edensville all to himself.

He was a tall man, lean, with a domed forehead and black hair. His face was long, his nose small and hooked; he had hot black eyes. He walked easily and moved quickly, drunk or sober. And there was nobody in Edensville who cared to stand in his way.

When he got to the schoolhouse at the north end of town he raised his rifle and sent the leaden ball flat against the bell in the cupola. That one frenzied note, wrung from the bell, seemed to loosen something in his soul, for he smiled ever so gently, then turned back and walked through the town, down the road south to the Kimball place and into his shanty.

The next time he came to town for groceries he never mentioned his assault on the nation's colors, and nobody brought the matter up, or called attention to the bright lead splash on the weathered bronze of the bell. He had a dozen drinks in the saloon and left, his sack of provisions over his shoulder, barefooted, bearded, ragged, still one of the wealthiest men in the county when it came to land and timber, but a shantyman by choice.

Women called on Martha Kimball to advise her and to help her with the cross she had to bear; but she sat straight on the edge of her chair until they had gone, needing no advice and no help mortals could give her. As the men came back she had put in fields of corn and melons, later some tobacco. She sold timber judiciously and she had the house painted. The lean seasons had left their mark, though, for she still canned the strawberry crop and sold the homemade jam to shops and private customers in the county seat and even up in Baltimore.

Old Noah died in his sleep. His oldest boy, Bishop, inherited the cabin and enlarged it to make room for his wife and their children. Time went over the county with the silent brooding of a buzzard's wing, and men who had fought one another with clubbed rifles began to speak when they met. But Asa still sat under the Stars and Bars by the bay. The sack he brought home from town always held a jug now; in the spring night, loud with frogs, the bellow of his voice roaring out in song would drift up through the woods. His rifle would thunder again and again, fired no one knew why; at what target, no one knew. Perhaps at the stars.

Every year his annual foray was a little wilder, a little more red-eyed. Once he shot a mule which had been left standing partly crosswise of the road; another time his victim was Deacon Griswold, who had fought for the Union and who didn't see Asa coming soon enough. Standing in the middle of the street, Asa held the deacon at arm's length by the collar while he shouted out the details of all Griswold's family scandals; then he half drowned the deacon in the horse trough and finished by throwing him through the new glass window of his own hardware shop. On both occasions Martha Kimball promptly paid the damages. But children who passed the lane leading to the Old Kimball Place began to speed their steps.

In the saloon, talk frequently came around to Asa in his drunken solitude. One evening Simon Gurney, the barkeep, said darkly, "Someday Asa's going to kill himself a man. I been studying him. Can't no man live by himself thataway, year in, year out. . . ."

He stopped, for the door had opened. Simon quickly placed a bottle and glass on the bar and said, "Howdy, Captain. Drink your fill."

ASA was wearing a pair of old blue jeans with a length of rope for a belt. His shirt was torn at the shoulder, and he was hatless, his long hair beaded with the fine rain which was falling outside. He tossed off a drink, then two more, and turned, leaning with casual grace, for all his rags, against the bar.

"Gentlemen," he said softly to the dozen customers, who had all fallen quiet. "Gentlemen, you are corpses. You are the walking dead. When Marse Robert handed over his sword he did it from the purest of motives ever to stir a human heart. A knight without fear and without reproach, gentlemen. Is there any man here who disagrees?"

None.

"Very well. But mind you, gentlemen, with the act of surrender our hearts ceased to beat and the breath stopped at our lips. We are the unburied dead, the faithless comrades of those now sleeping their eternal sleep in the shallow graves among pines where their bones lie at rest. They are our mute but unforgiving brothers, gentlemen."

"That's right," someone whispered halfheartedly.

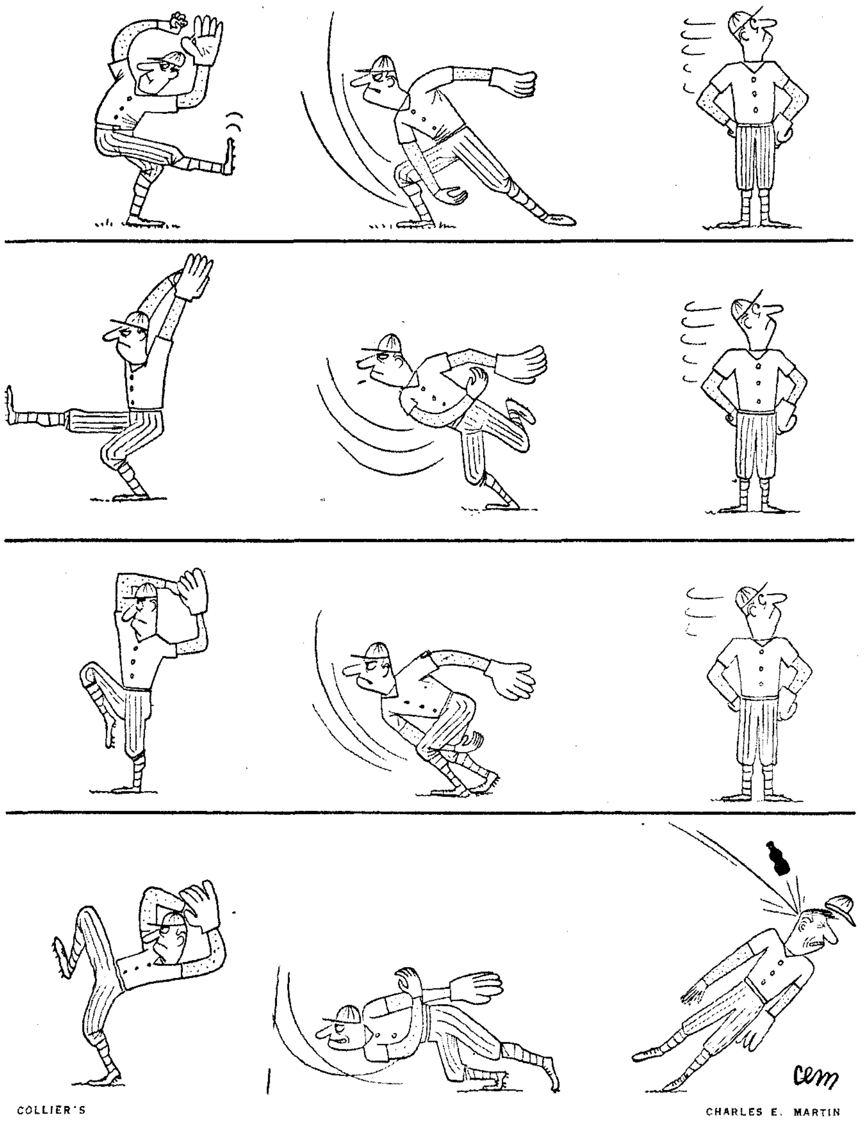
"Reckon it's so," agreed another.

Asa turned back, picked up the bottle and held it to his lips, working his Adam's apple for a long minute. When he lowered it he set it on the bar with a crack which made them all jump. Wiping his bearded lips on his sleeve, he smiled thinly. When he spoke again it was in the local idiom.

"See that, gents? Ain't got no more fancy manners 'n a wild hog. Want to come back to my shanty and eat with me? I'll give you parched corn. I'll give you coffee—made out of burned peanuts. I reckon you can recall it, gents."

They shifted their feet and snickered and somebody brought out an old, moth-eaten soldiers' joke about a camp cook. Asa laughed in a high key, slapping the bar.

Outside in the street a girl was passing by with a click of heels, holding her skirt carefully in one hand as she stepped off the board sidewalk. It was the new schoolteacher, a girl named Eleanor Parks, who had studied in the North and



COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

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The Nicotine and Tars Trapped* by The VICEROY Filter

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"YES!" advise 19,293 dentists, "Smoke Viceroys!" The nicotine and tars trapped by the Viceroy Filter *can never stain your teeth.* No unsightly bits of tobacco can lodge between your teeth, cause more stain. Smoke Viceroys! No other cigarette gives you such a blend of rich, mild, *luxurious* tobaccos. No other gives you this *exclusive* Viceroy Filter.

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The Golden Throat

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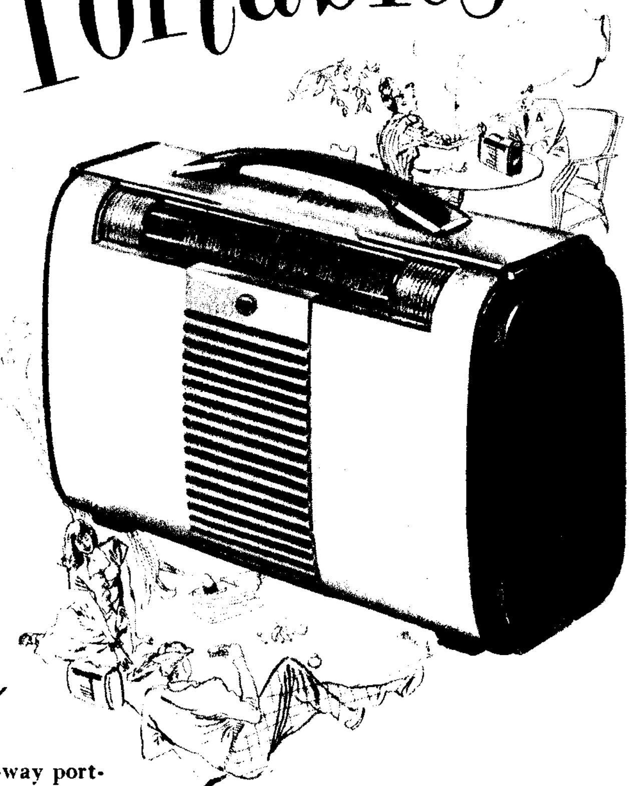
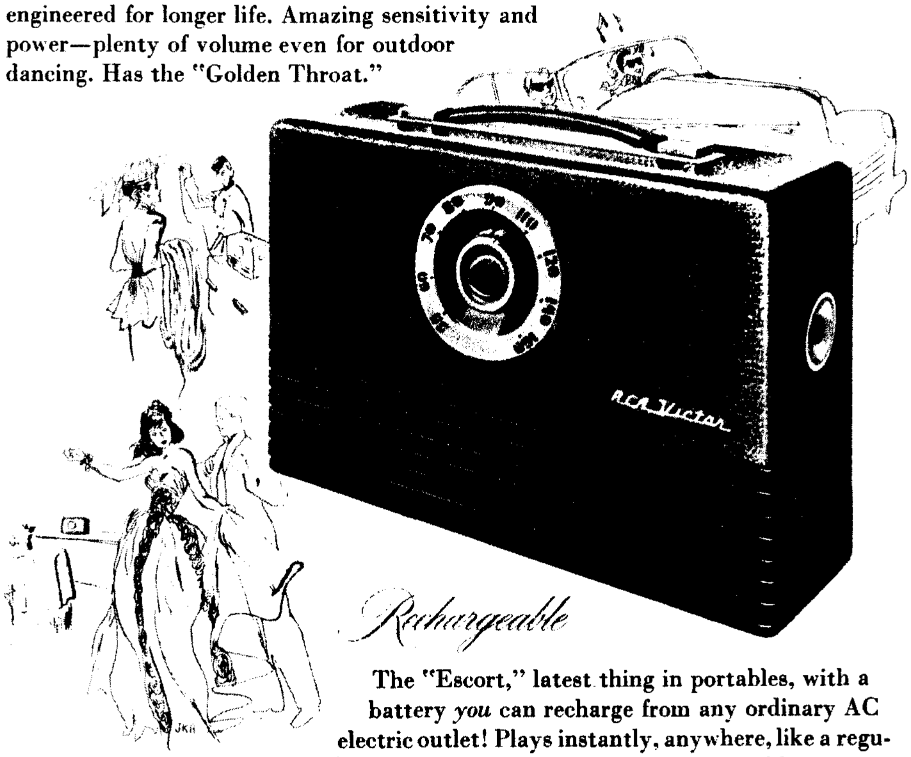
This symbolizes the "Golden Throat"—RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical system. This thrilling development is explained technically in an illustrated booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.



Weatherized

The "Globe-Trotter," 3-way portable in a stunning, weather-resistant aluminum case. *Plays anywhere*—on house current (AC or DC) or batteries. Turns on instantly when you lift the dial cover. Compact RCA battery-pack is radio-engineered for longer life. Amazing sensitivity and power—plenty of volume even for outdoor dancing. Has the "Golden Throat."



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DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

come to Edensville when old Professor Stebbins retired. She was a good schoolteacher, my father always said.

Asa swept to the door, pushed it open, and stood watching her boldly, heedless of the drizzling rain. The girl caught a glimpse of his hot eyes and went on without varying her pace; she held her head a bit higher, and her face was crimson, but she gave no other sign that she had seen him. Asa turned to the others and added scandal to the list of his offenses.

"That's a right nice piece of baggage, gents," said Asa speculatively.

After a few days they began to take him seriously. He made no effort to mend his ways; he was as unkempt as ever, and as sweat-stained. But he was oftener seen in town, and he took to loafing in the general store, waiting for her to come in.

She never acknowledged his presence; she never spoke to him. Frequently, though, as the spring days lengthened, the last of the children would leave the schoolyard, pushing and screaming with delight at freedom; then Eleanor Parks would lock the door and primly descend the steps, only to pause for a fraction of a second at the gate, aware of a shadow in the woods opposite. The gaunt form of Asa Kimball was there, watching her. She would set off briskly down the road to the house in the village where she boarded. That was in May.

A COMMITTEE of ladies called on Martha. They glanced apprehensively over their shoulders toward the patch of brush with its flagpole and its tattered flag, until they were safe inside the house.

". . . and we implore you, Mrs. Kimball, for the sake of a worthy, respectable girl who is devoted to our children and who has earned their deep respect and affection, to do all that lies in your power to influence your husband. . . ."

Martha heard them out. They rose and so did she. "I am sorry if the girl has been frightened. My advice to her is to place herself in the Lord's care. As I have done. Good afternoon, ladies. I am sorry that my husband is not at home to receive you properly."

Martha slowly went upstairs and closed the bedroom door. She did not come down until Bishop's wife knocked the next morning; but by that time her plain, drawn features were illumined by some inner light. The brown girl said later to her husband that Mis' Kimball looked mighty peaceful, considering.

The ladies meanwhile had called on Eleanor Parks. She cut through their preliminary talk, shocking them a little with her bluntness.

"I am aware that a certain gentleman has mentioned my name in public in a certain way. This casts no discredit upon me, ladies. I shall continue to do my duty until the term is finished. During the summer vacation I shall be visiting kinfolk up in Bentree. I am not in the least mortified at a public insult from a gentleman who is of unsound mind."

But when they left, her eyes were wide and too bright and they could see that a pulse had begun to throb in her throat.

One man determined to talk sense to Asa. The next time word went round that Asa Kimball was drinking in the saloon, Lige Paine stuck his pepperbox pistol in his hip pocket, made sure that it was hidden by the tail of his coat, and hurried to the saloon.

He paused at the door and then walked in slowly, like a man carrying a great weight on his shoulders, and took up his position next to Asa at the bar. Lige was a small man; his head barely came up to Asa Kimball's chin.

He had a drink and a swallow of water to wash it down, then he turned and spoke his piece: "Ace, you and me fit the Yankees together and we're brothers and comrades, ain't that right?"

The tall man nodded, his black eyes narrow.

"Well, I want to tell you, Asa, that if you don't quit carrying on the way you've been going, you're going to get called on some night by a bunch of fellows and if you won't come out of that shack they aim to burn you out. And when you come out they're going to be ready for you. You can shoot up my flagpole if you're a mind to; we all figured you're just crazy-mad and we been staying out of your way. But if you make any trouble for—for Miss Parks—you're —hell, Asa, don't look at me thataway! I'm just telling you for your own good."

Kimball saw the druggist's hand slip under his coat, but the little man stood firm, trembling, yet holding his ground.

Asa laid one streaked, grimy hand on the other's shoulder and whispered in his ear, "You think you're talking to Kimball, don't you? Kimball. But he's dead, Lige. All that's left is stuffing for rags, same as hay for a scarecrow. No more heart, no more honor than a catfish."

He turned around then and walked out of the saloon, taking the bottle with him. Simon Gurney never did send a bill to Martha Kimball for that bottle.

The fourth of June was unusually hot that year. Over in the schoolhouse the boys, my father among them, were drowsing through their last day of lessons, wishing they could get out to see what Asa Kimball was doing; everyone said he was liable to bust up the town for fair this year. Edensville itself lay dreaming in the lush early summer of the tidewater country, when a frightened colored boy, urging his mule into a trot by bare-heeled kicks and prayer, came racing in from the south. He slid from the mule and ran into the general store, where he stood with his straw hat mashed against his belly, too shy to talk and too scared to keep quiet.

"Speak out, boy, what's the matter?" Gene Selby urged him from his throne behind the grocery counter.

The boy jigged with excitement. "Mis —Mis—Mistis Kimball say, tell everybody Marse Asa come atearing out the wilderness agin!" He ducked out; the mule's hoofs thudded away, muffled in summer dust.

Gene Selby placed his pipe carefully on the shelf behind him and got to his feet. "You boys give me a hand with the shutters," he said to three neighbors who had been enjoying the cool darkness of the store. "Ace will come awalking. Mrs. Kimball must have sent the boy soon as she seen him cross the open space in the road leading up from his shanty."

He spoke calmly, but his breath whistled as if he had been wrestling in a barrel of sugar. One of the loafers bolted without apology. He had recently married a pretty girl; the protective instinct was strong in him.

THE little town came alive with an explosion of energy as the word spread. Women dragged in toddlers from the yards, dogs were chained up to kennels or shut into outhouses. Business, such as there was, suspended operations. "Ace's going to kill himself a man," said Simon Gurney.

But Lige Paine sniffed with an attempt at disdain. "I ain't afeared of any Kimball ever walked on shoe leather. Or barefoot, either. I went to school with Ace Kimball. I fought three years of war with him—right from Manassas when he got winged and I kept fresh lint on his shoulder while it festered and healed—"

No one was listening to Lige, though. A woman customer hurried off before he had finished his speech. Lige stood in the doorway of the drugstore for a moment, looking up the road toward the south. He took a bit of cloves from his waistcoat pocket and chewed it thoughtfully. Around him the town had settled down to wait. There wasn't a face at a window. Doors which had not been cked for a year were locked now; some, hose keys were lost, had been hastily iled shut.

The druggist finally turned back into s shop, took out his pepperbox, examined its loads, and put it in his hip ocket. He came back to the door, and ter a minute's indecision drew it shut ith a slam and locked it. Then he went ostairs. The American flag hung from a ole outside his bedroom window. Lige arefully took in the flag.

In the dark saloon, its windows now rotected by shutters of heavy planking, e town constable stood at the bar with bottle. It was cool in the silent room, ut the peace officer kept running a red ocket handkerchief around his collar. bove him a pendulum clock ticked off e time. The constable was unarmed d too frightened to care if anyone knew e was frightened. To arrest a tramp or e town drunk was one thing. But to y hands on a Kimball— And Asa imball, mad drunk, was more like a ob than a single man.

It seems incredible now that no one ought of the obvious thing that Asa imball would do this time. My father sed to say that no matter how long people have been prophesying trouble, they lways manage to be surprised when they et it. He himself was over in Miss arks' schoolroom, making spitballs with reads on them. He'd fire them at the eiling and watch the long tails wave in e breeze from the window. The idea as to see how many you could stick to e ceiling before Miss Parks found out ho was doing it.

Tomorrow, the first day of vacation, eemed an eternity away. Miss Parks ad started to hear my father's row in eir multiplication tables when my ather—young Steve Kimball—saw her ace go suddenly white. She was looking ver their heads to the door; when the hildren finally turned, one glance was nough. Even the ones who had bragged hey wanted to see Asa Kimball come tearing out the wilderness forgot all bout it then.

They burst out of the other side of the choolroom, girls jamming and squealing bout the cloakroom door which led out nto the yard, boys sailing through the wo rear windows, never stopping until hey were safe in the woods. In a few econds the room was empty; Miss Parks ad not moved.

Now for years no one in town ever new what happened in that schoolhouse. They didn't know, and my father saw no eason to tell them, that young Steve Kimball sneaked back into the cloakroom and hid behind its door. It was his Uncle Asa, after all; and he wanted to see.

Asa Kimball was still standing in the doorway, his rifle at order arms, a jug swinging from a crooked finger.

His eyes traveled up from the hem of Miss Parks' skirt to the bodice trimmed with black piping; they finally came to rest on her face under its smoothly brushed hair, on her straight eyebrows, her small mouth. My father always mentioned that she was a very pretty girl.

She met the man's eyes, not defiantly, not shrinking, but with the same compassion Steve had seen in her face when he brought her a wounded rabbit which came to and wriggled before it died.

ASA was the first to speak. What he said made cold ripples run down the boy's back: "I'm not afraid of hell, you know," said Asa Kimball. "I'm there now. I'm not afraid of damnation. I'm damned."

Eleanor Parks shook her head slowly; and when her voice came, it was strong. "You're wounded, Captain Kimball. Sorely wounded." For a time that was all she said.

Asa shut his eyes, snapping his head this way and that like a man having a wound cauterized. Then he set the jug down carefully inside the door. He closed the door, moving as lithely as a cat, and stood the rifle beside it.

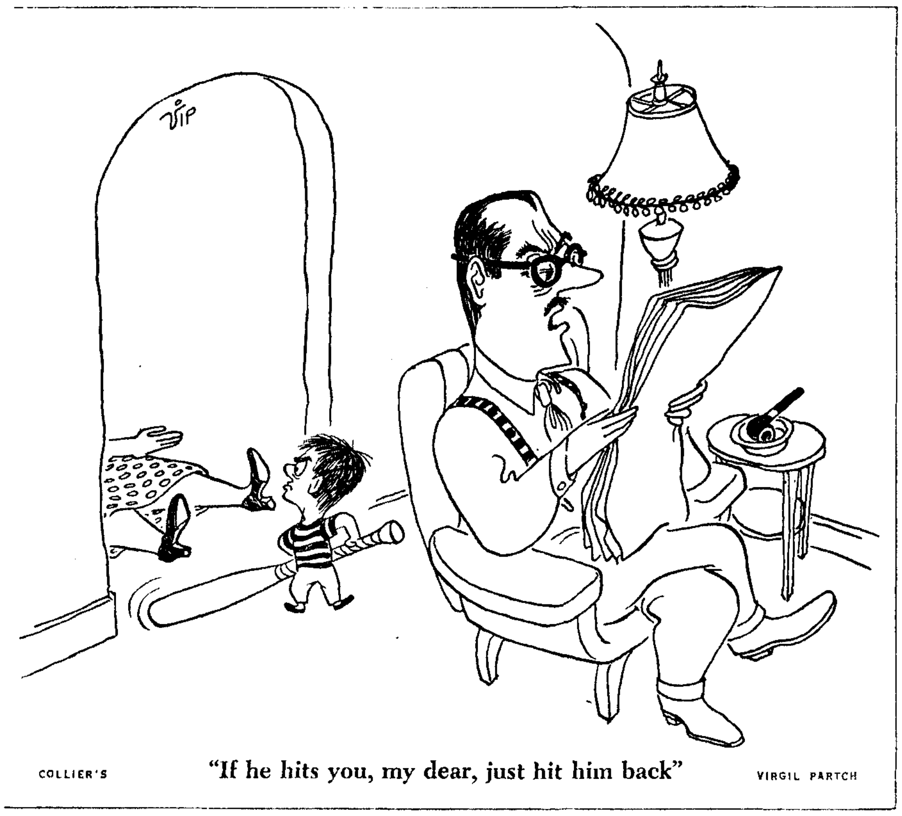
His bare feet made a soft scraping sound on the boards as he came near her. She stood without moving except for her head, which bent farther and farther back as he drew near, for she never let her glance waver from his eyes. More softly she said, "You're wounded, Captain. And the wound is in your soul."

He made a move as if to reach for her; but his hand stopped. His eyes kept running over and over her face, his breath coming quick and hard. Even behind the cloakroom door the boy could smell the whisky on it.

"I'm not condemning you, Captain Kimball," Eleanor Parks went on. "Because I know that you fought with your whole heart in it. And they were long and terrible years. I had two brothers with the Union army. They are dead now. And I know their hearts were in it. I know how they would have felt if they had lived—and had the Union lost."

Asa let out a cry like a hog being slaughtered and raised his hands with the fingers curved as if to grip her shoulders. But her eyes stopped him.

"You won't hurt me, Captain Kimball,



COLLIER'S "If he hits you, my dear, just hit him back" VIRGIL PARTCH

Why take harsh laxatives?

If you have trouble keeping regular, think twice before you resort to harsh laxatives *—which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition!*

Lemon and Water is probably all you need—

Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily *first thing on arising*—insures prompt, *normal* elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system *regulate itself.*

—and it's healthful!

It aids digestion—supplies vitamins—and alkalinizes too.

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C; and supply valuable amounts of B1 and P. Over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

KEEP REGULAR THIS HEALTHFUL WAY!

Lemon and water helps the system function *normally.* It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Take it every morning—*first thing on arising.*

California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

Too Good For Words!
O.C.
CHOCOLATE
PECAN FUDGE
The Ohio Confection Co., Cleveland 4, Ohio . . . Since 1910

because—because I think you love me."

The boy, Steve, mashed against the wall of the cloakroom, had been watching through the crack of the door; but now he turned his head away and tried to shut his ears, for he felt that he was hearing things no boy had a right to hear.

There was a rattling sound that might have been a sob; then the noise of something falling; when he dared another glimpse through the door crack he saw that Asa Kimball was kneeling before Miss Eleanor Parks. Her hand lightly stroked his matted hair just once. Asa's face was in his hands and his shoulders were jerking.

"Captain—tell me one thing: What happened on June fourth?"

"Drunk!" Asa got to his feet and sat miserably on one of the desks, his head bowed. "Drunk. Hog-wallowing drunk while they were dying!"

"Tell me, Captain Kimball."

One hand, with its black nails, slid over his eyes. "I knew we were licked that summer, ma'am. I couldn't let on, even to myself. But I knew. At Kane's Ford I knew it was death for our boys to try and hold it, but we tried. That was the first day. I'd found a jug in an empty cabin, hid up in the rafters. That night I started working on the jug. I got lickered up. All the next day I was lying drunk under a log in the woods while the last of the old bunch were taking it—out there in the grass and the shallow water.

"When I came to, it was moonrise and the retreat had started. I stumbled over that flat by the creek, turning them over and recognizing them, one after another, in the moonlight. At the water's edge I began coming on the Union dead. There was one, a towheaded kid, gripping his rifle. I tore it out of his hands. That's it—standing over there by the door with the mark of Springfield Arsenal on it. Yankee rifle. I took it with me. I was done with the war. No more fight left. I traveled by night, begging and robbing hen roosts and shooting a wild hog once in a while. And I got home—I got back to the Old Place. But it seemed like I could never come home."

The stillness slid back into the schoolroom, and the sound of a fly blundering against the ceiling overhead was loud and offensive in that desperate silence.

"And you could never tell anyone about it?" Eleanor Parks asked so softly that my father could barely overhear her. "There was no one you could tell?"

He groaned. "Not till I set eyes on you, ma'am. Not till I began to love you like a pine knot burning. Not till then."

The boy saw Miss Parks raise one hand as if she were wiping her eyes quickly. "You were a good fighter, Captain. Any bough will break if it's bent sufficiently. I—I shall always treasure the memo that such a man saw fit to—to speak his affections to me. If circumstanc had been otherwise I—I might, indee have reciprocated."

Asa stood up now, his shoulders bac his eyes burning again. "I think tha all I wanted to hear, ma'am. I have military duty to perform, Miss Park which I have been unable to carry out t now. Miss Parks—as a representati of the Union, will you receive my ow my personal surrender?"

She stood up straight and she said, ' accept, Captain, the surrender of a honorable foe."

He saluted her, did a silent about-fa in his bare, calloused feet, and marche to the door. Gently he picked up the ju and the rifle, pulled open the door an marched off.

MY FATHER slid down the wall an sat on the floor and began to cr stuffing his shirttail into his mouth s Miss Parks wouldn't hear him. She stoo for a long time; then she went over an very deliberately began to clean out h desk. And by the way she did it youn Steve Kimball knew that she wouldn't b coming back to teach in Edensville.

Steve crept out the back way an around the building. Then he was stoppe by something very peculiar; there was jug sitting all by itself on top of one the school gateposts. As he looked at the muzzle-loader boomed from fa down the road. The jug flew into a clou of white chips, whisky trickling down th post to make a black puddle in the dus

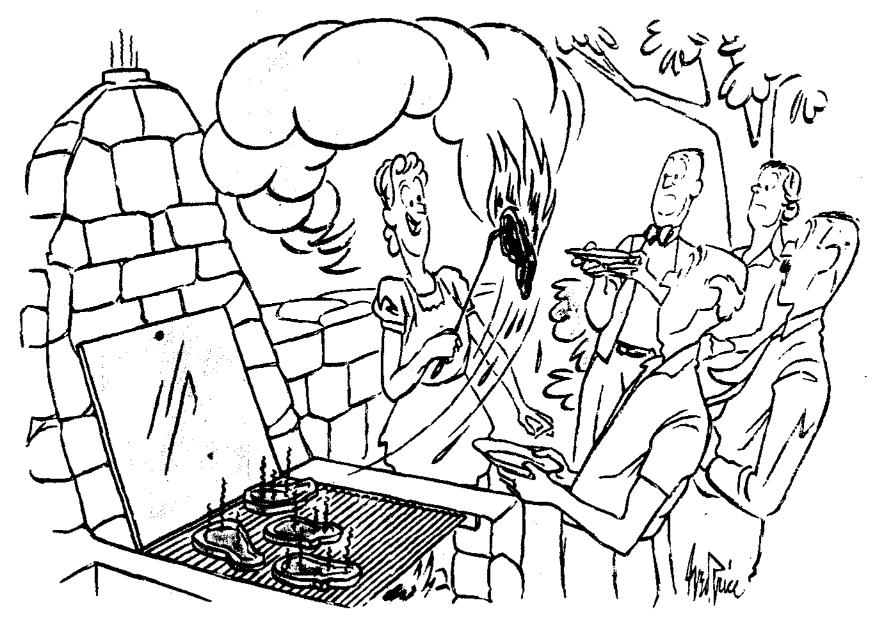
In the soft light of the June evenin Martha Kimball, Steve learned later, wa sitting on the veranda with a large sauce pan on her knees. She was hulling th strawberries which Bishop kept bringin her in basketloads. That was when sh heard the ax start to speak from th clearing, and something made her sto her work and look sharply at the tattere Confederate flag. It shook; but there wa no wind. It shook again; then the sta slanted and crashed down among th trees. Martha closed her eyes, and fo a moment her lips moved.

When Asa slowly mounted the step she was standing, calm and patient, waiting for him. "I'm mighty glad to se you home from the war, Mr. Kimball, she said.

He smiled ever so little. "Strawberr time again, Martha," he said, as if nothing had happened. "Have you any preserves left from last year? I'd surel fancy some on a piece of your bread Martha."

"I reckon I can find a jar," she said "Meanwhile—won't you come in an rest yourself, Mr. Kimball?"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Who likes theirs medium-well?" GEORGE PRICE

MURDER ON THE HOOF

Continued from page 25

and-colored shirts, white duck *bom-achas,* dark sashes and spurless black alf boots. The blue-shirted home team ppears, closely followed by the *juez,* hosen from a neutral team and carry-ng the *pato* in front of him on his saddle.

Then comes the *sorteo,* a contest to etermine which side may choose its oal. The *juez* sets the *pato* down at nid-field and reins his pinto pony aside.

Then in succession the members of the wo teams try to pick up the *pato* at full allop. The team with most successes hooses the goal.

To start the game, Number One, Two nd Three of each team line up shoulder o shoulder on their own side of the mid-ield marker, with Tres Lagunas' horses ose to nose with those of Güemes. The Number Four rider of each side is a few engths in the rear as a safety man.

The *juez* tosses the *pato* high in the ir and there is an instant scramble. From the tangle of threshing horses' legs nd twisting, clutching riders emerges a an-shirted *patero* grasping the ball and closely flanked by Güemes men. Almost immediately, he hurls the *pato* to a teammate at the fringe of the scuffle, who catches it in both hands and the brawl is on.

COLLIER'S
A. JOHN KAUNUS

The *juez* has a tough job. The decision as to when the ball carrier has offered the *pato* to an opponent and when he has refused is a tricky one. If the ball carrier shrugs his shoulder a bit, leans away from his opponent or extends the *pato* a little ahead instead of straight out to the side, it counts as a foul which the *juez* penalizes by throwing a direct pass to the captain of the opposing team.

The earliest written records of *pato* date back to 1778. To celebrate red-letter days, troops of up to four hundred horsemen were organized and divided roughly into two groups. Played mainly in Buenos Aires province, one game on record started at the city of Buenos Aires and wound up in Lujan, over 35 miles away.

The goal was usually the front door of the *estancia* house where the all-night fiesta following the game would be held. Sometimes the winning *patero* chose his goal—his own house or that of a girl.

Often when the possessor of the *pato* and one of his pursuers outdistanced the rest of the cavalcade, the 18-inch knives came out of their sheaths worn at the small of the back. The two riders clashed, each with his *poncho* wrapped around his left forearm to fend off knife thrusts. Later, a riderless horse would turn up, and if someone inquired as to the fate of its owner, the other *pateros* would shrug and say, "I wouldn't know to tell. Him I have not seen."

José I. Garmendía wrote the best account of old-time *pato* game. It was a saint's day, and two hundred horsemen waited in two groups around the *pulpería,* or general store and bar. Red plumes on the horses and matching ribbons on their riders' jackets distinguished one group from the other, which was wearing blue.

The *pulpero* emerged carrying the *pato.* Two horsemen from each group took a firm grasp on the four leather handles of the trophy, while the teams gathered around them in a jostling circle.

The *pulpero* abruptly shouted *"Vamos!"* The four riders drove their spurs into their mounts and plunged away across the plain. The four half-wild *pampa* horses slammed into one another, reeled apart, reared and lashed out with vicious kicks. A rider was overbalanced and stretched horizontally clinging to his mount by a leg hooked over the saddle.

Finally the wrenching and pulling tore the *pato* from the numbed fingers of one of the Gauchos. The two members of the blue team jerked in unison against their remaining opponent. But another red-plumed rider quickly caught the loose handle, and the *cinchada* continued, still at a gallop, toward the distant goal.

Then several riders of the blue team, having drawn ahead a few lengths, wheeled and charged the group struggling for the *pato.* The horses smashed into the center of the *cinchada,* and a charging Gaucho hooked his arm under the chin of one of the red team members. The victim went flying backward off his horse as his attacker yanked the *pato* away from the remaining three.

Holding the *pato* high, the attacker drew blood from his horse's flanks and bolted away from the milling snarl of riders. An instant later a half-dozen blue team *pateros* met him head on. More red team riders in turn slammed their wild-eyed mounts into the tangle.

Ten, twenty bruised riders went down. Those left standing rode over them, trampling the downed players when they couldn't jump them. Jammed together, ripping clothing and yelling taunts, they struggled for the duck. Three well-mounted Gauchos reached the ball carrier and hemmed him in. He shouted to a teammate, and hurled the *pato* to him.

The teammate caught it in midair and lashed his mount with the *rebenque,* or heavy-hilted flat leather flapper Argentine riders use as a quirt. But his nervous, winded horse stumbled and fell heavily. Two more horsemen came crashing down in a pile-up over him.

A blue team rider swept in and, hanging from his horse by a leg, snatched the *pato* out of the thrashing melee of horses and men. One red team Gaucho got his hand on another handle of the trophy, but the blue team rider jerked it free, spurred his horse and was in the clear.

A frenzied race across the green plain. The leading *patero,* astride a magnificent stallion, drew farther away from his pursuers. Soon he could make out the group of men and girls who waited on the *estancia* porch.

The winner pounded up to the house and sent the *pato* spinning toward the watchers. "Here's the *pato,*" he yelled. "Let come the dance!"

About half the original two hundred horsemen straggled into the *estancia,* Garmendía says, leaving behind them a swath like the path of a hurricane. The rest of the *pateros* were strewn along the way, some afoot, some with broken arms and legs; perhaps among them a dead one.

THE END

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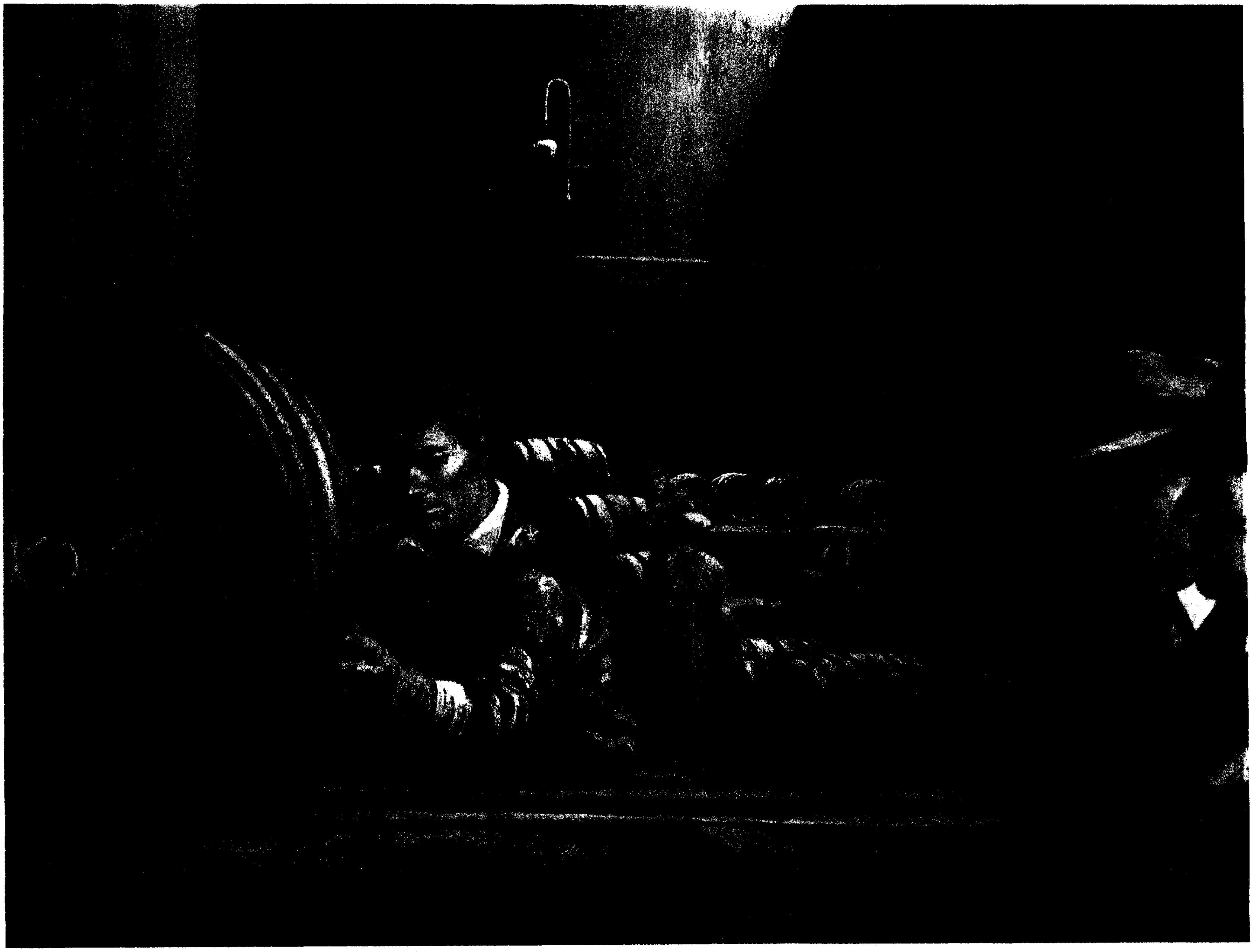

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DON'T CURSE THE NURSE

Continued from page 26

the nightly stream of gashed drunks, auto victims, suicides, poisoning cases. Most of the time there wasn't even an orderly to help wheel them into X ray or surgery. The patients piled up, sometimes fifteen to twenty in the ward, with Nurse Volpin battling her way among them and wishing she were quintuplets.

Finally Nurse Volpin gave up. Not voluntarily. Her sturdy, compact frame yielded as a motor yields to overloading. When she got up from three weeks in a sickbed she asked the hospital authorities if something couldn't be done. After all, Cleveland wasn't the Belgian Bulge. Perhaps a few nurses could attend a board meeting and tell the trustees of the hospital their problems, perhaps jointly work out a solution. "Out of the question!" a supervisor snapped.

Industry Treats Her Better

So last June the hospital nurse shortage was increased by one. Nurse Volpin quit. Today she is an industrial nurse running a trim little employee clinic for the Cleveland Cap Screw Company and getting $45 for a five-day week with a paid vacation and time-and-a-half for overtime.

Thousands, like Nurse Volpin, are fleeing from the hospitals to industrial nursing jobs. Business and industry, to their credit, have far outstripped the hospitals in giving nurses fair pay, fair hours, fair working conditions.

Nurse Mary Elizabeth Barrett, a sharp-eyed recent graduate, gave hospitals a try for exactly six months. When $33 a week was the best she could get as an assistant head nurse, she looked around. Today she is a nurse-stewardess on an overseas air line at $60 a week.

Unhappily, hundreds of the disillusioned young ladies leave nursing altogether. I met one who is now an architect, one a milliner. Another had her R. N. certificate framed upon the wall. "Just a memento," she said. "No more nursing for me. I'm working for a business firm now, making twice what I used to make at the hospital. Regular hours, no night work—and it only took me two weeks to learn the job."

The American Hospital Association, in a national survey, found the average starting salary for a staff nurse was $35.75. The average work week was 48 hours. Most of the nurses I talked to want the work week cut to 40 hours and the pay upped to $40. In short, they want a dollar an hour. (Typists average 97 cents an hour, bookkeepers $1.11, seamstresses $1.33.)

Sue Z. McCracken, general secretary of District No. 4 of the Ohio State Nurses Association, tells of hospitals in her bailiwick which pay their regular nurses $30 and hire "extras" to tide them over the shortage at $60. Two nurses may be working side by side, one knowing that the other is getting twice as much pay for doing exactly the same work. A superintendent explained, "When the depression comes, we'll just fire the $60 ones."

Quaint practices such as this are not uncommon in the economic wastelands of the hospital business. At a swank hospital in New York a head nurse was kept at $35 a week while the staff nurses who worked under her were hired at $40, due to the shortage. Salaries, as at many hospitals, had to be kept secret on pain of dismissal. But the facts leaked out and the head nurse went in to ask a few questions. "We'll raise you to $45 if you promise not to say a word to the others," she was told.

Nurses want to see the end of such horse-and-buggy personnel arrangements. They'd like to see uniform, aboveboard salary scales such as are found in the business world.

Recently in California the dietitians, technicians, janitors and charwomen at one hospital went on strike for more pay. The nurses were left to pinch-hit for all of them. When finally the nurses gave up from sheer physical strain a grand jury was called to investigate. The jurors were amazed to learn that the nurses, who bore the brunt of it all, were the only ones not asking for a raise. When the other employees went back at higher pay, the grand jury ordered a raise for the nurses—on its own initiative.

Hospitals often complain they just can't raise the nurses' pay; there's no more money in the sack. And often this is true. John H. Hayes, president of the American Hospital Association, points out that in general the patients pay only 60 per cent to 80 per cent of the actual costs of hospital operation. Ward patients pay only 50 per cent. The only patients on whom a hospital breaks even are the private patients, about 12 per cent of the total. So hospitals lose money on 88 per cent of their trade.

To get hospitals out of this financial treadmill, some observers think the patients ought to pay more. Some think the government ought to provide subsidies. Some think the answer is increased philanthropy, bigger endowments. Whatever the possibilities, there's certainly no solution in letting the girl in the starched white uniform hold the bag.

Jane Colfax, typical of thousands of young American nurses, feels wedded to her profession and entertains no ideas of getting rich at it. She would like to earn a fair wage—as who wouldn't?—but when I spoke to her it was *time*, not money, which wrinkled her pretty brow.

"It would be awfully nice," she sighed, "if nurses could just have a little time to *live*. Some people think we have no lives of our own. You know the crazy hours we work. We're held overtime, we're called in on our days off, we can never make a plan in the world and be sure we won't be stuck in the ward at the last minute."

No Recognition of Overtime

Nominally most nurses are on a 48-hour week. That's on paper. But the American Nurses Association finds 56 hours more nearly the rule. "We don't mind putting in the overtime. After all, people are sick. But when it goes on week after week with no recognition, no thanks, and no pay—well, it gets tiresome," Nurse Colfax remarked.

I asked a nurse in New York how much time off she received for Christmas.

"Two hours," she matter-of-factly replied.

"Two hours!" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, and it isn't always on Christmas. Sometimes we get it in January."

Her hospital, she explained, allowed two hours off for Christmas, New Year's, Easter, and Thanksgiving: a total of eight hours of holiday time a year. Holidays like the Fourth of July, Labor Day, and George Washington's Birthday didn't count at all. "Last Christmas I worked straight through until midnight because we were short on the ward," she said. "I haven't had a Thanksgiving dinner at home since I came out of training."

America's 315,000 nurses are not spitfires or agitators. Probably one of the reasons they're so overworked and underpaid is that they are so reticent and conservative. They are women who love their profession and may joke, like the newspapermen of the old days, that it is "the most fun for the least money." Caring for the sick, ministering to their

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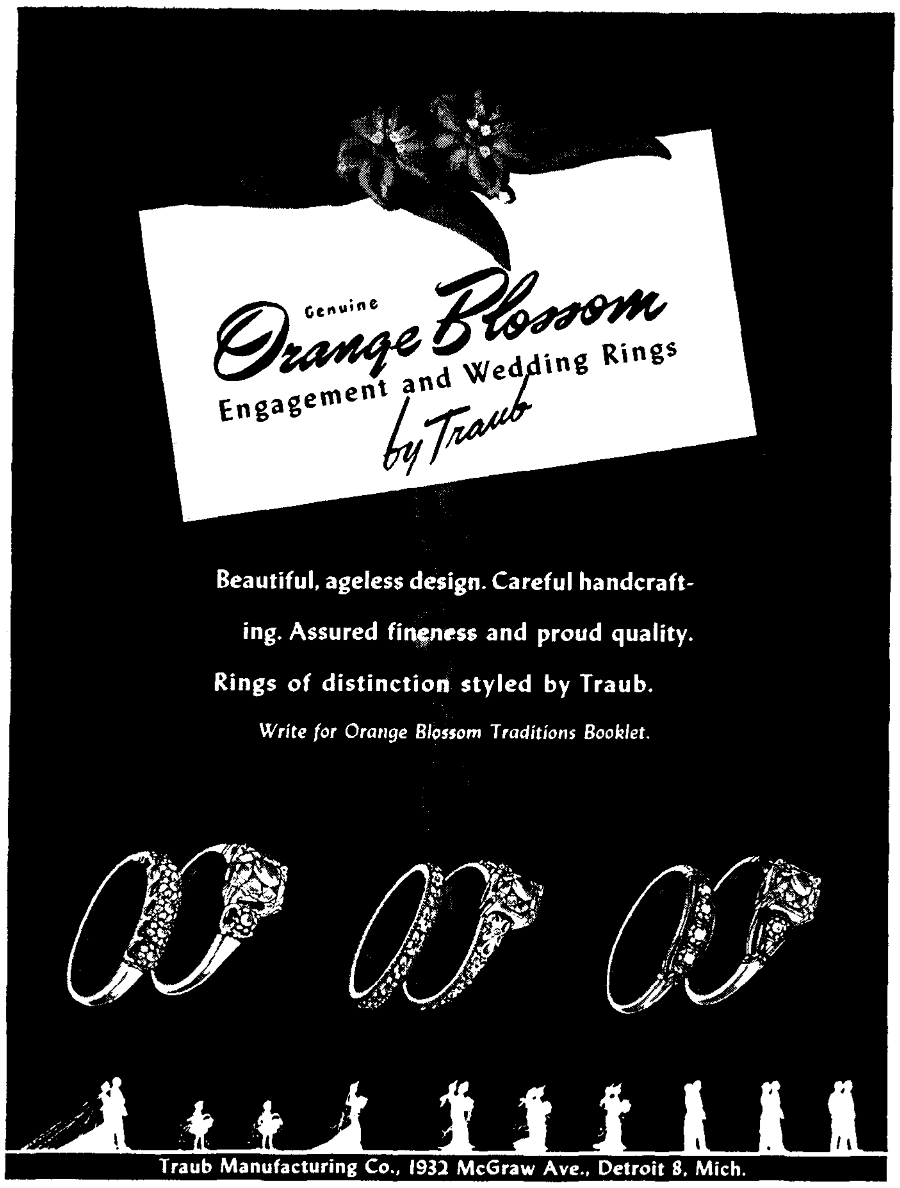

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fellow humans, binding the wounds of the injured are as much a part of them as footlights and grease paint are a part of actors.

Nursing, as they find it today, is a stark disappointment. Thoughtful health officials lament it, but the warmth and effectiveness of bedside nursing has dissolved into a mad routine of bedmaking, chart keeping, glove washing, tray carrying; a mechanical dashing back and forth with bedpans, ice bags, pill bottles, an endless humdrum known as "TPR"—temperature, pulse, respiration. Somewhere in the midst of all this lies a patient, if you look carefully.

"As far back as memory serves, the instinct of womankind has been to give succor to those in physical or mental need. Even in the pre-Christian Era ladies undertook the care of the helplessly sick, as a religious duty. Through the ages this humaneness has blossomed into scientific nursing care and comfort to those who are ill," says Dr. Paul R. Hawley, chief medical director of the Veterans Administration. He is trying to resurrect such bedside nursing—"good nursing," as the nurses call it—in the 116 veterans' hospitals.

A Kindness Is Misunderstood

But I wonder how those words sound to the nurse who had this experience: An old man was brought in from an auto accident, not badly hurt but severely upset. He was worried about his aged wife at home, kept wondering if she had enough to eat for dinner. He had forgotten all about his bumps and bruises but he badly needed emotional comforting.

The nurse stayed by the old man's bedside. She put her arm over his shoulder and talked to him in reassuring tones. The man, in his eighties, gradually overcame the shock. The hospital, however, did not. Next day the superintendent announced, "Conditions in this hospital must improve forthwith. One of our nurses has been observed with her arm around a male patient!"

In many hospitals nursing has degenerated to an exalted form of maid service. Maids are hard to get. They demand as much and sometimes more money than nurses. One hospital officer told his staff, "When there's trouble between a nurse and a maid, always favor the maid. They're harder to get than nurses."

One head nurse told me, "My patients probably wonder why I don't pay more attention to them. Well, I spend my first two hours every morning cleaning the utility rooms and washing linen. The laundresses won't touch any linen with bloodstains on it. We have to do it ourselves. Same in surgery. The maids won't touch surgical gloves. We have to wash out 150 pairs a day. I even clean the bathrooms. Our housekeeper complained that it wasn't proper work for the maids to do. Well, somebody's got to do it."

Nurses want to do the tasks they are trained for: irrigations, dressings, medications, hypodermic injections, hot compresses and soaks. They want to comfort the patient when he is admitted, to talk with him, build his confidence just before an operation and just after.

A nurse in Ohio wondered, "How am I supposed to do good nursing, with twenty-two patients to care for?" In eight hours she had sixty hypodermics to give, enough to keep her whirling in and out of the rooms like a dervish. She was lucky to learn a patient's name, let alone pause to console him. Four or five patients is the maximum for good nursing care, yet today a nurse feels lucky if she has ten or twelve.

To get her R.N. the nurse candidate picks out one of the 1,271 nursing schools throughout the country, pays a tuition usually ranging between $100 and $500, and studies for three years. Nurse Ethel Jorgensen, a recent graduate, was not voicing an unusual sentiment when she said, "Training school is a polite name for prison—with hard labor included."

Nurse Jorgensen, like most young women who enter nursing, had visions of a fine, respected profession of service to mankind. Her first shock was to learn that the school of nursing she attended, not unlike hundreds of others, had a slight touch of a concentration camp about it. For the first six months she had to be inside its walls by seven o'clock every evening. After that, for the rest of the three years, she had to be inside by ten o'clock with the special privilege—on good behavior—of one "late leave" a week which permitted her to stay out until midnight and one "overnight" each month.

"The whole atmosphere was one of iron discipline. I got so tired of signing in and signing out, of being penalized if I was just a minute or two late," Nurse Jorgensen recalls. "There were hundreds of rules and regulations, some so personal you felt your whole life was being regimented. Things like how much nail polish to wear, when and where to smoke, when to turn out the light in your room, how you could wear your hair.

"Even your social life wasn't your own. The school pried into what the girls did on their late leaves and with whom they went out. If a girl had several dates with the same boy she could expect to be called in and told, 'We think you are seeing this young man too often.'

"One night a friend of mine came home ten minutes late. She was terribly frightened. That's the way you get after a while. One of the school authorities met her at the door, gave her a stiff reprimand, smelled her breath and accused her of being drunk. Before the girl had a chance to explain she was threatened with expulsion from the school.

"The girl had simply missed a train on her way back from Wilkes-Barre. She had been home to see her brother who had returned from the war."

In addition to classwork the student nurse spends a good deal of time on hospital wards, supposedly learning her trade. Too often this arrangement ends up fantastically lopsided. I found students spending a full 48-hour week on the wards—an arduous humdrum of bedmaking and bed bathing and tray carrying—while sandwiching in their classes on their own time.

Students Pay Tuition For This

It is not uncommon to find a student nurse working a night shift of eight hours and going bleary-eyed to her classes during the day. Or cramming half a dozen hours of classes into her day off. The 70-hour week, including ward work and classes, is not unusual—with study time loaded on top of it. Many a student nurse (having paid tuition for the privilege) gives her hospital as much as 5,000 hours of laborious ward work before her three years are up.

Of this arrangement a member of the Central Committee on Nursing said, "The hospitals are using their schools of nursing as a cheap way to get labor. All their bluffs about the high cost of maintaining nursing schools are just cover-ups for the thousands of dollars' worth of free service they get from the students. Suppose they had to go out and hire people to do this work?"

The price, in the end, is inadequate nurse training. No young woman can learn so intricate a profession well if she is a marathon bedmaker and bedpan runner at the same time.

One of America's outstanding nurses, Dorothy V. Wheeler, recently named director of nursing for the Veterans Administration, hopes to see a new day in the nursing schools. It is long overdue. "Only a few of our nursing schools are *educational* institutions," she declares. "Most have become sources of free help

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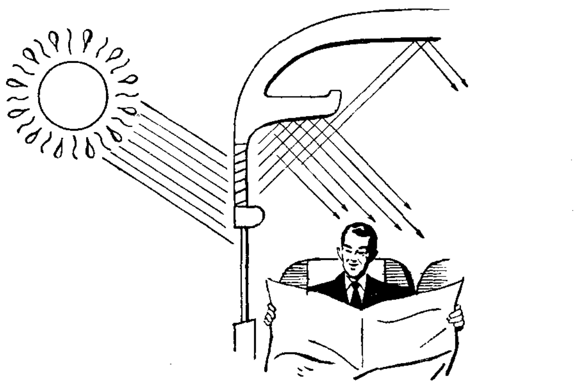

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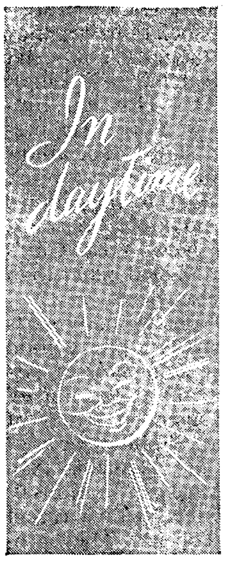

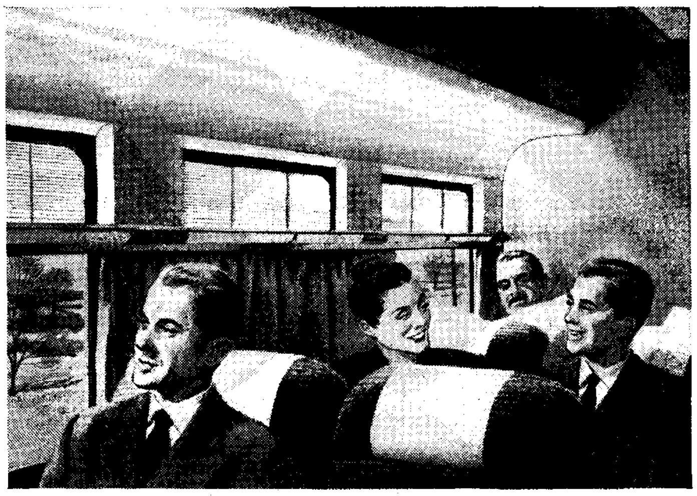

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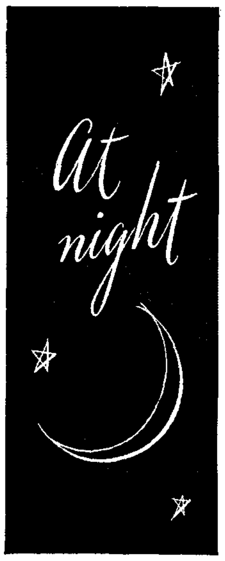
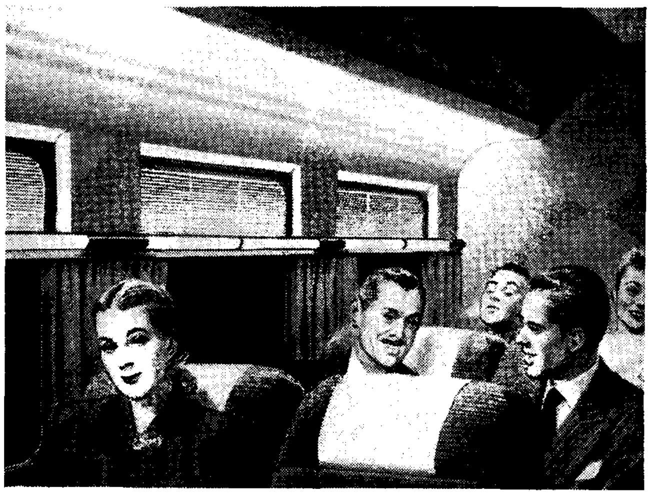
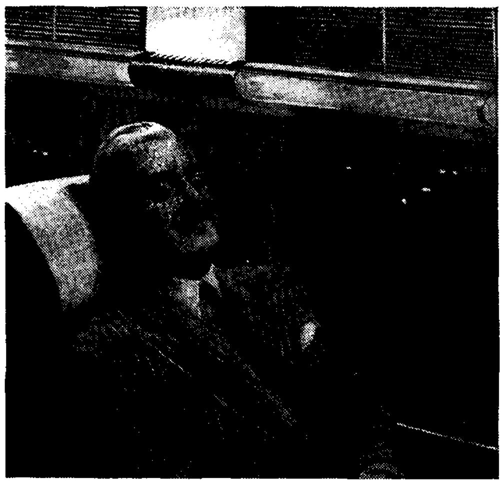




The head-high fluorescent lighting—*also* with deflecting system built into it—gives the same balance of light as in daytime.



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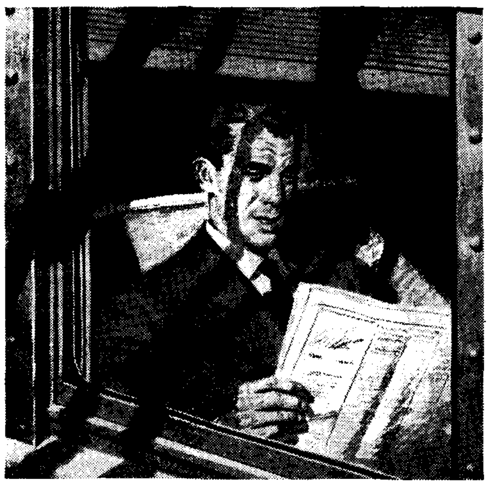
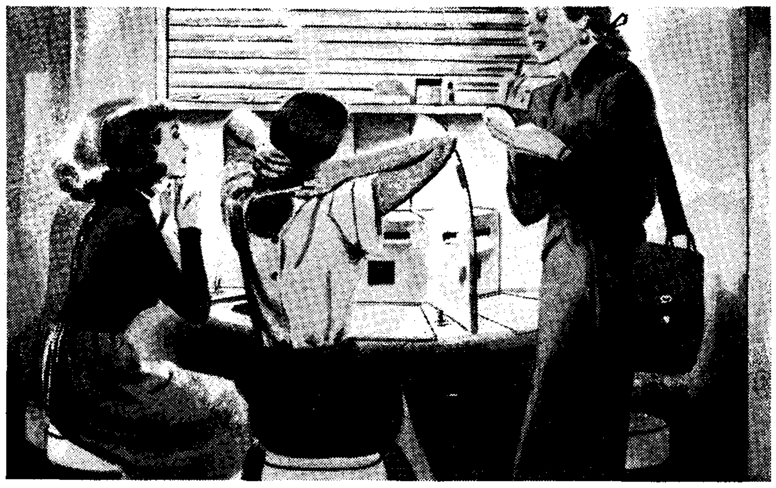


NO EYE-SHOCK from rapidly-alternating light and shadow. Draw your drape—and you *still* get full, shadowless light!



AND ESPECIALLY FOR THE LADIES . . . Wash basins are cleverly combined with vanity dressers in spacious lounges. ACF design does this *even while providing more passenger seats in standard cars!*

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for the hospitals. Nurse training becomes, actually, an apprenticeship for which the student pays in dollars, in frustration, in heartaches and in years off her life.

"Why should a student nurse spend most of her time making beds at the expense of her training? I contend that when a girl knows how to make one bed, that's as good as knowing how to make a thousand. She ought to move on and learn something else.

"Too many of our schools feel it is their duty to humble and beat down the students. If a student nurse shows a little spunk and independence the automatic response is, 'We'll break her spirit.' No wonder so many students come out resentful of authority and chafed by restrictions."

Doctors sometimes rub salt on the wounds. While most doctors have a healthy respect for the R.N., a few prima donnas seem to take delight in pushing nurses around. Nurses learned on the war fronts the value and effectiveness of working side by side with a doctor, not as an equal, but as a respected member of his team. Many have been disappointed to return and still find prima donnas stalking the wards, bawling at nurses as if they were some variety of second-class human being.

Nurses also get a little weary of cocky interns coming into the hospitals and trying to enhance their importance by lording it over the R.N.s. They get a little tired of jumping to their feet every time a doctor enters the room, like a scared private snapping to attention when the colonel parades through the barracks. They're sick unto nausea with the mechanized medicos who check up on every move the nurses make, who put them through a daily third degree, who insist on making split-second rounds through the wards and crackle orders with the sympathetic understanding of a tommy gun. "Can't we have a little faith and trust in one another—a little teamwork?" one nurse pleaded.

In years past we might have winked at the plight of the nurses and said, "Oh, well, that's their battle." But today we cannot. The dire shortage of nurses means that a hospital in your town may be forced to close, that in illness or accident a loved one of yours may have no nurse to help him through.

An Enforced Hospital Closing

In Winchester, Indiana, the Randolph County Hospital recently moved out all its patients and closed its doors for lack of nurses. In Chicago, some hospitals have closed off whole floors. Throughout the nation, 94 per cent of our hospitals are short of nurses and 75 per cent are critically short.

The demand will increase, not diminish. We have embarked, via the Hill-Burton Bill, on a $375,000,000 national program to help communities build hospitals during the next five years. Nurses will be needed to staff them. Blue Cross insurance plans are pouring more and more patients into our hospitals each day. Twenty-three million Americans are now covered. The number is still growing. Doctors, too, are committing more patients to hospitals with the increased use of rare drugs and technical equipment.

By 1950 America will need half a million nurses, nearly 60 per cent more than we have today. What are we doing to get them? For this year we set a target of 40,000 new student nurses. Only 19,000 enrolled. Last spring a large Middle West school of nursing canceled its spring term altogether because only two students applied. Average enrollment in all schools of nursing was a scant 59 per cent of capacity. And of the thousands of nurses returning from the Army and Navy, less than one out of five went back to hospital nursing.

In short, young women just don't want to be nurses. Nor will they ever want to be, many authorities feel, until the nursing profession is renovated from the ground up. There has been some talk of unionization. In fact, the A.F. of L. Registered Nurses Guild and the C.I.O. United Public Workers of America have flirted with the nurses all during the past year. A few nurses have joined.

But for the most part, nurses don't want unionization. They made that clear in their embattled convention in Atlantic City last fall. But they also made it clear that they want their prim American Nurses Association to start kicking. They want collective bargaining contracts drawn up by the ANA's state subsidiaries. They want fair pay, stabilized hours, and—most of all—a chance to do the kind of "good nursing" Miss Nightingale had in mind.

Slow Progress in Unionizing

To the nurses' hopes of achieving this through their state associations, veterans of the C.I.O. raise a skeptical eyebrow. "These nurses want to retain the professional flavor of an association, yet they want to use union tactics. You can't have your cake and eat it," says Elliott Godoff, of the C.I.O.'s Hospital Employees Union in New York. He predicts that when the state associations have had a go at it and have hit a brick wall, the nurses will flock to the unions. Right now the best Godoff can boast is a slim 10 per cent of New York City's nurses, and that's a good deal better than the C.I.O. has done elsewhere.

But nurses' associations in many parts of the country have made a pretty good start. The California State Nurses Association has set itself up as the nurses' collective bargaining agent at scores of hospitals. It has won a 40-hour week at several institutions in Alameda, San Francisco and Los Angeles. In Kansas, I saw the nurses unlimber at their recent state convention in Topeka. They proclaimed a full-blown bill of rights covering wages, hours, promotions, vacations and pensions. The New York State Nurses Association has drawn up a code of enlightened personnel practices, won its acceptance in New York City and is beating the drums for it upstate. It has set up a plan for arbitration of grievances. Other state associations are beginning to follow suit.

The Veterans Administration has done much toward bringing a new day in nursing. When General Omar N. Bradley, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, appointed Dorothy Wheeler to head the V.A.'s 10,000 nurses he asked for "a nursing service second to none in the world." Today V.A. nurses work 40 hours and start at $51 a week. This basic reform has been mildly contagious. On November 1st, New York City put its municipal hospital nurses on a 40-hour week and raised their pay to $46. Within a month the New York Hospital, a voluntary institution, raised salaries to $46 and cut hours to 44.

But in more than dollars and cents, General Bradley and Nurse Wheeler have set the pace for a resurrection of nursing as a profession.

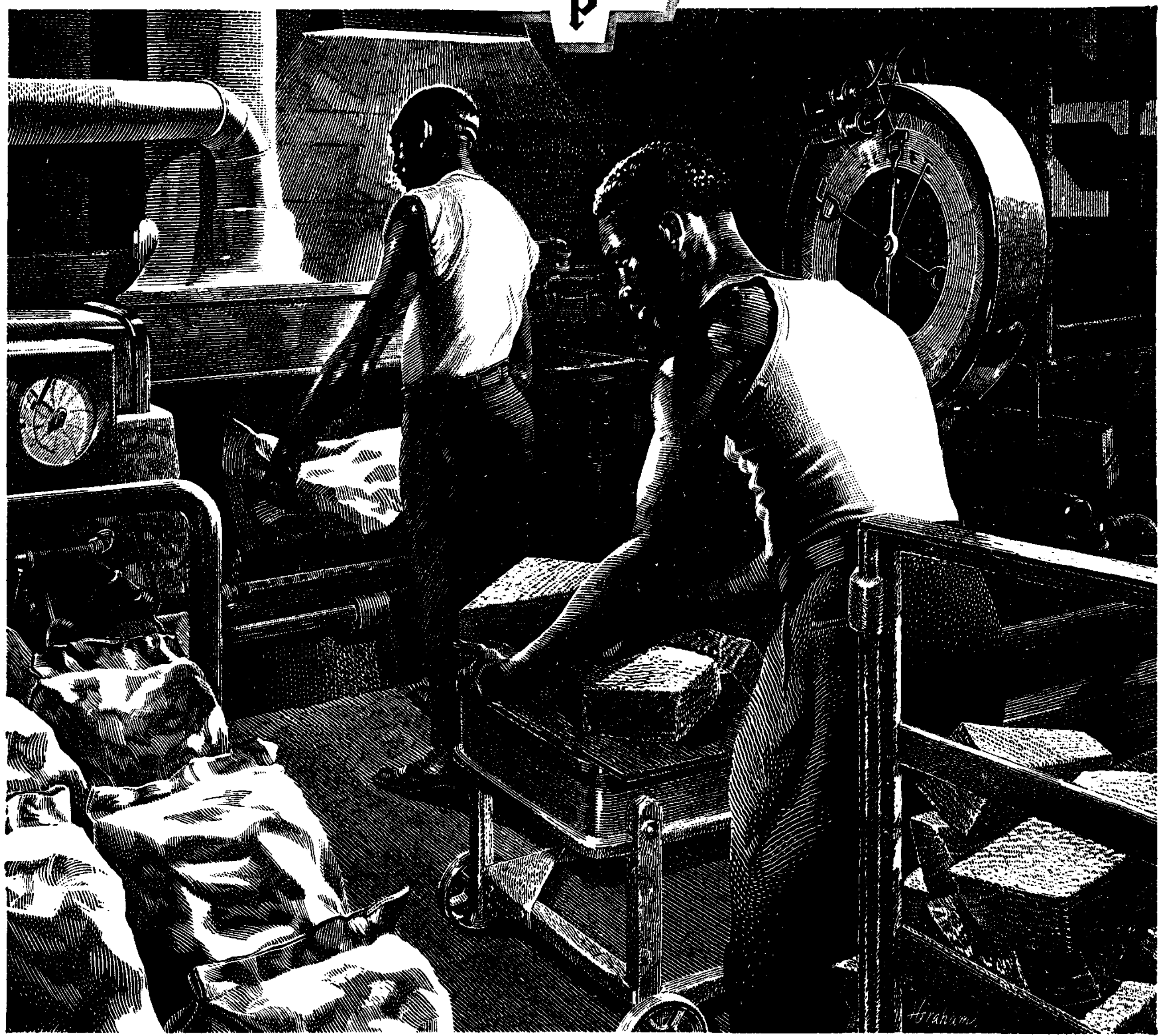
The V.A. nurse is not going to be a slave of the bedpan. She will be the doctor's teammate instead of his lackey. She will have five patients, not fifteen, and enough time to know each one as an individual, so that she may bring him the human warmth a sick person often needs.

This is more like the nurse in the colored poster. It is more like the dreams of the little girl who bandaged the dog. City, county and voluntary hospitals ought to think about it. It may be the wisest, surest way of attracting young women into the nursing profession and getting that light answered for the desolate lady in Room 206.

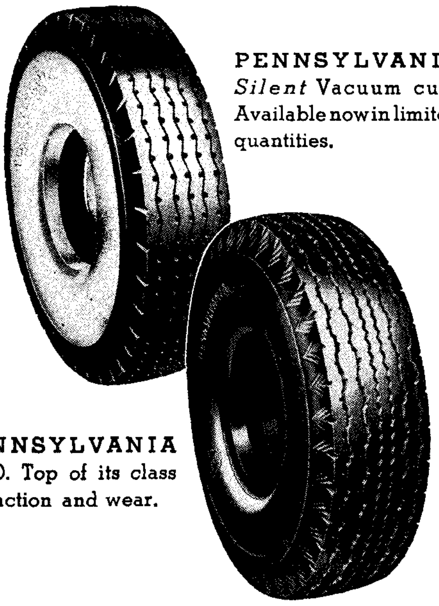
THE END

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

SCENE FROM PENN-CRAFT PARK **WHERE CRAFTSMEN BUILD WITH PRIDE**



Better Blending..Better Ending



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That's why Pennsylvania tires give you *more than your money's worth* in safety and long wear. That's why Pennsylvania dealers, each a tire expert, sell them with such confidence, service them with such care. So, whenever you need tires or tire service, head for the Pennsylvania Keystone . . . it's headquarters.

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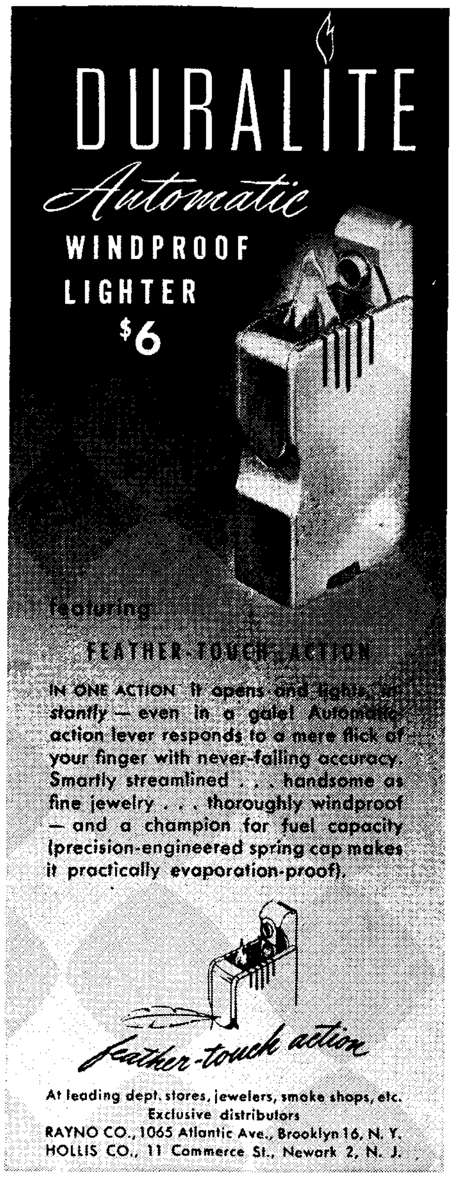

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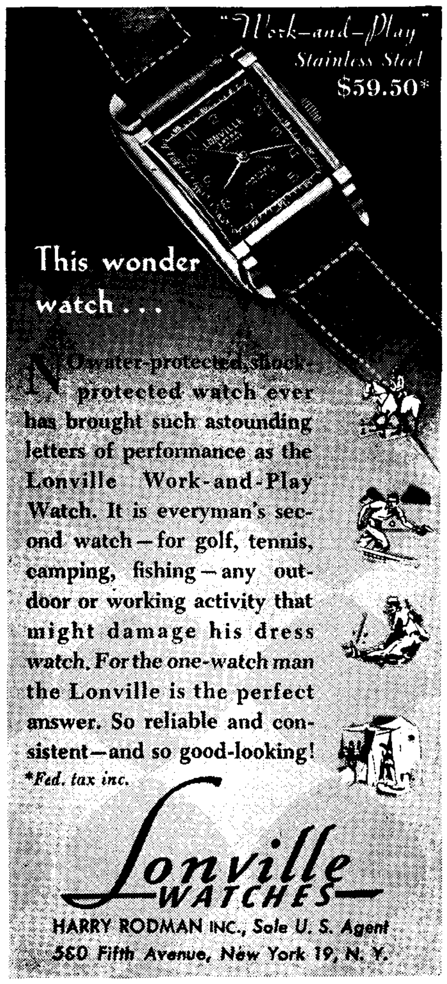

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IT ALL ADDS UP

Continued from page 23

crude than those which helped the Egyptians build the pyramids.

Like the heroine in the gangster films, we literally "know too much." We've got to "think fast"—a lot faster than the human mind can operate—to interpret and use the avalanche of factual data pouring in from all sides. To tackle it with prewar calculators would be like trying to dig the Panama Canal with dessert spoons. Now suddenly the new calculators offer applied scientists in every field a steam shovel—and they can't wait to make the dirt fly.

Take the business of designing a new aircraft. It's an expensive process involving countless wind-tunnel tests on scale models and subsequent expensive modifications to eliminate bugs which develop in actual operation. With known laws of aerodynamics, it would be possible to figure out the whole design in advance—except for the mass of calculation involved. A single turbulence problem—computing the drag on a wingtip—may involve 10,000,000,000 multiplications. But with calculators being planned to perform almost 4,000,000,000 operations a day, the plane designer can now hope to cut the time and expense of wind-tunnel testing in half and catch far more of the bugs before the plane goes into production.

Medical researchers may now be able to analyze the mysterious building blocks of all living matter—the amino acids. In their molecular arrangement may lie the secret of life—yet the closest research has come to knowledge of this is a diffraction pattern observed by shooting X rays through the substances and observing how the rays are deflected.

The same is true of the mysterious virus elements which cause so many diseases. By a process of calculation too staggering to be undertaken by human operators, it should be possible to reason back from the diffraction patterns to the molecular arrangements which caused them—much as a hundred years ago astronomers calculated the hitherto unsuspected existence of Neptune from a slight variation in the predicted orbit of the planet Uranus. In effect, scientists expect the new machines to give them a mathematical "imitation" of the way the molecules behave.

Machine-Thinking in Grooves

"Whenever logical processes of thought are employed," says Dr. Vannevar Bush, "that is, whenever thought for a time runs along an accepted groove—there is an opportunity for the machine. We may someday clock off arguments on a machine with the same assurance that we now enter sales on a cash register."

In business and government alike, at least half of the man power is engaged merely in keeping records and accounts. The machines now being produced are not designed for the routine tasks of taking inventory or counting tax receipts. But the high-speed techniques now being developed will apply to these jobs just as well.

Thus, in a large department store, a machine in the basement could record every transaction taking place in the floors above, keep constant check of sales as against supplies on hand, enter purchases on charge accounts, and make out bills on the first of the month, keep personnel records, and at any time render a complete accounting of the financial status of the company. Some experts foresee the day when banks, insurance companies and other subscribers in business and industry will plug in by teletype to huge, central calculating machines which will handle all their transactions.

In industry, the most efficient means of processing gasoline in cracking plants, or smelting ore for metals, or manufacturing automobiles or typewriters or radio sets with all their myriad operations, can now for the first time be figured out precisely every step of the way. From reducing manufacturing processes to a series of equations, it is only a very short step to feeding these calculations back into the machine and telling it to run the whole show. After all, the calculator could manipulate the controls of a manufacturing plant just as easily as it now controls relays or electronic charges on a phosphorous screen. No wonder some union leaders have been asking uneasily where labor-saving stops and labor-eliminating begins.

How do these fateful engines work? Simply by performing with incredible speed the basic operations by which you count on your fingers. Because we happen to have 10 fingers, we use the decimal system employing 10 characters from zero to nine. But that is merely an old human custom, and different arithmetical systems, like different languages, use more or fewer characters.

The binary system, which the Chinese invented 3,000 years ago, uses only two digits—zero and one—to express any number; and because a machine can represent these very simply by positive and negative charges, or open and shut switches, this is the system employed by most of the new calculators. Problems are fed into the machines and answers come out on punched tape or magnetic wire. Simple, isn't it? But wait a minute.

When you perform even the simplest multiplication or division, you have to keep certain numbers in your head to "carry over." In complicated equations, the numbers which have to be remembered very quickly exceed the capacity of the mind. The human calculator stores them on a piece of paper and refers to them as the problem requires. The supercalculators have to store them in a kind of electrical subconscious where they will be instantly available whenever the arithmetical element or "consciousness" of the machine needs to consult them.

In Mark I and II and the Bell Laboratory machines, numbers are remembered as different switching patterns in their towering racks of electromagnetic relays. Recall speed, measured in thousandths of a second, is the time it takes for the switches to snap open or shut. The RCA and MIT machines remember numbers as mosaics of tiny positive and negative charges on an insulated plate in a vacuum tube. Storage or recall will take about 5 millionths of a second. At any one time, they'll be able to store from 5,000 to 10,000 numbers and instructions.

With calculating speeds approaching the velocity of an electron beam, the human operator can't hope to anticipate all the decisions the machine is going to have to make about methods to be employed at successive stages of a problem. It's as if you phoned in a large bet on a horse race while figuring out your estimated income tax, and then had to jump from one bracket to any one of several others depending on whether your horse won, placed, showed or came in last.

The robot thinkers are built to "use their heads" in treating a problem on the basis of similar unpredictables. Thus, the operator's coded instructions on the tape may read something like this: "After operation so-and-so, disregard me entirely and pick out from your memory any one of a number of orders which are indicated by the results up to this point." Not bad for a robot. If the least little thing goes wrong, either in the instruction tape or in the mechanism, the machine promptly rings a bell.

They Give You the Creeps

The normal human reaction to such robots is wonder verging on fright. The relay models like Mark I "think" with a busy noise, like a million mice doing an intricate ballet on a slate roof. The electronic models, like ENIAC, work soundlessly. Neon pilot lights shudder for a few instants, and the solution comes out on a coil of tape. When you turn your back on these machines, it's hard to avoid the tingling sensation of being watched.

After all, aren't the machines busy figuring out your future?

"Don't worry," a young man tending the machine tells you cheerfully. "Modern man isn't obsolete—he's merely unfinished. Now that he's getting new brains, there'll be no stopping him."

Which is, of course, exactly what some others are afraid of. Our mechanical civilization is itself a machine, and running it safely requires logic. Since human nature is almost by definition incapable of logical behavior except in short bursts, what could be more sensible than to turn over more and more of the management of our machine civilization to other machines? Isn't it our only hope of eventually running our own human lives by our own human values—instead of by values imposed by the machine?

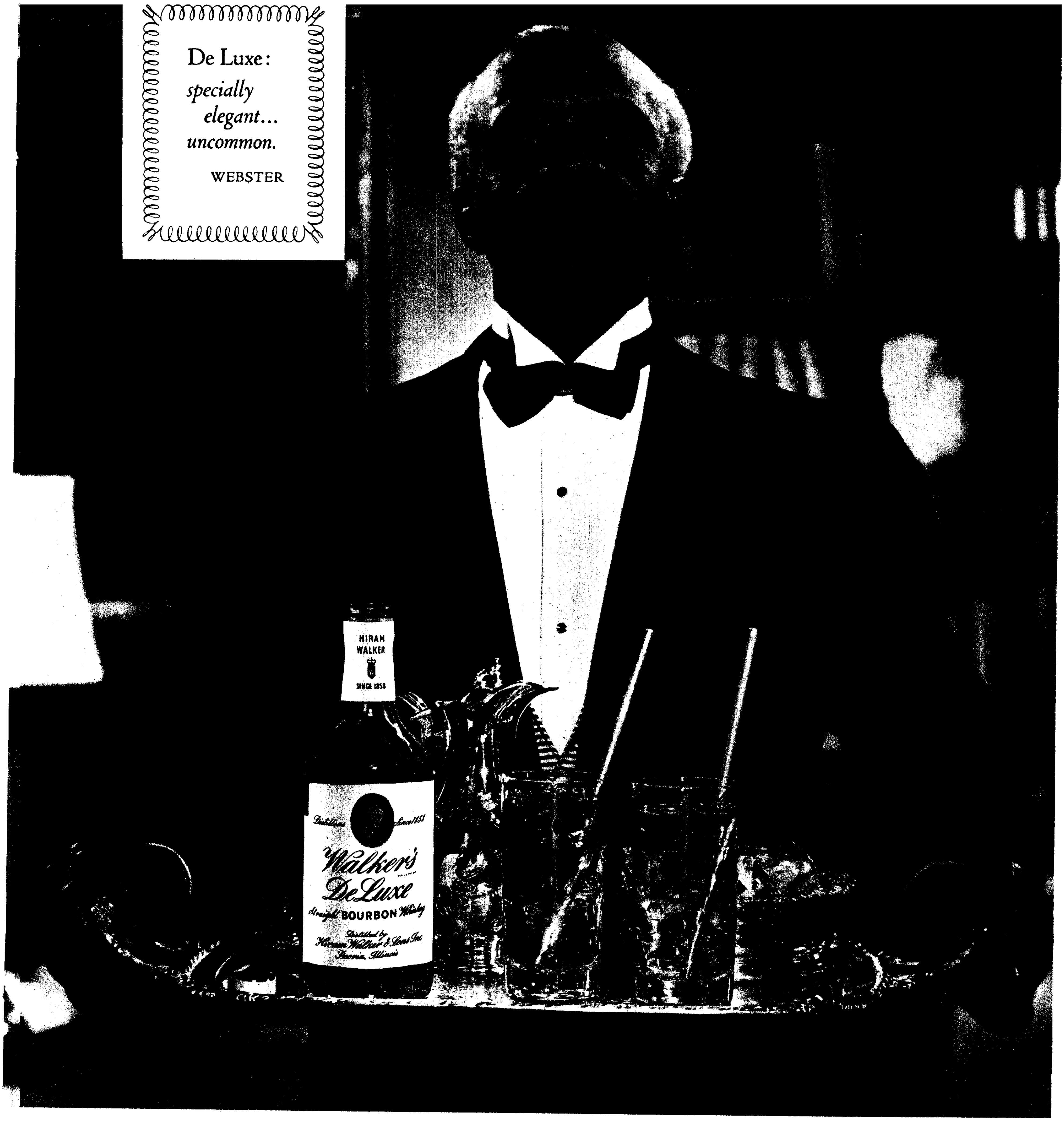
The answer would seem to depend on who runs the calculators.

THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Ethnologist, **Toronto**	**The totem pole was never worshiped by the Indian. He used it as a simple Who's Who family record.**
Chemist, **University of Maryland**	**Ozone isn't healthful. It's positively poisonous to man or beast.**
Physicist, **New York University**	**There's no such thing as wind burn; it's plain sunburn slightly accentuated by the absence of protective perspiration.**
Journalist, **Kansas City**	**Carrie Nation didn't use a hatchet in her first raid on a saloon. She threw rocks.**
Engineer, **London**	**Lightning not only may strike twice in the same place, but usually does.**
Antiquarian, **London**	**Westminster Abbey is not an abbey . . . its real name is The Collegiate Church of St. Peter.**
Orchardist, **Tokyo**	**The famous Japanese cherry trees in Washington are not Japanese . . . they come from Korea.**
State Official, **New York**	**The Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island is not in New York State, but in New Jersey.**

—W. E. Farbstein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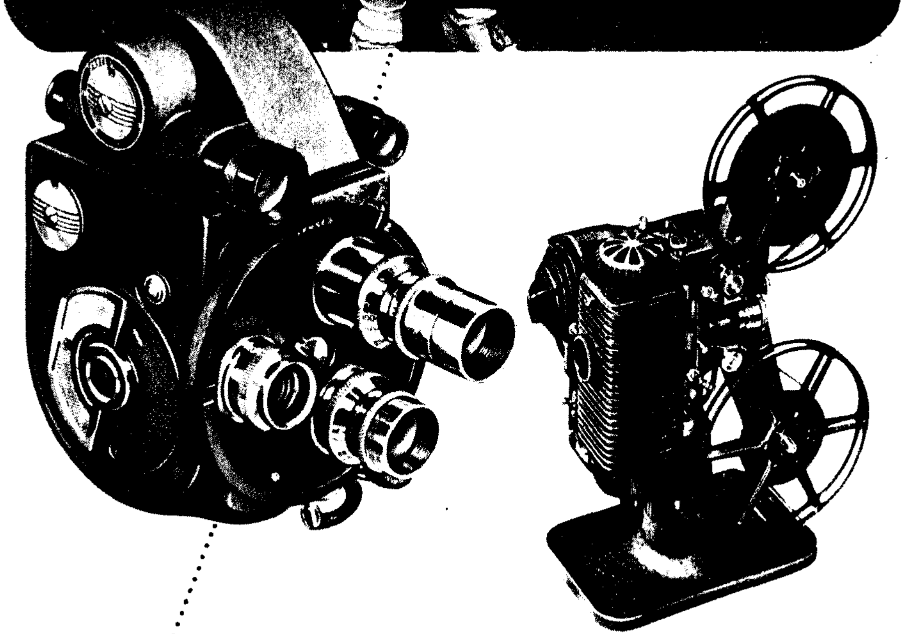

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

think I have. Your efforts to whitewash him are useless.

MARIAN KRETTLER, San Diego, Cal.

. . . You state Monsieur Verdoux is the only picture in which the tramp clothes are entirely discarded.

In A Night at the Show (apparently a film version of the Night in a Music Hall piece in which Chaplin first appeared in America) Chaplin played both a dress-suited rounder in a box and a gallery rowdy in rowdy clothes. In Tillie's Punctured Romance he wore dress clothes or equivalent throughout as I remember it. In 3 A.M. he wore dress clothes throughout. I believe the tramp clothes were not in evidence in Carmen. I can't say whether Chaplin wore them at the start in Shoulder Arms. I remember him only in uniform.

K. T. KAVANAGH, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Kavanagh is right. Chaplin discarded the little tramp character and, judging by some reviews of M. Verdoux, his soul as well. But as an artist, Author Scheuer feels Charlot needs no whitewash.

INFORMATION, PLEASE!

GENTLEMEN: It does pique our curiosity to look at a beautiful mountain scene such as on the cover of April 19th and not have the slightest idea where the picture was taken. Is there not interest enough to warrant a short paragraph of identification?

L. ROBERT MACIVOR, Hyannis, Mass.

The cover is described each week in The Week's Work, p. 8. We repeat that the photograph was taken in Kings Canyon National Park, California.

. . . Is it possible to secure two copies of the cover print, suitable for framing? This is one of the loveliest, most restful scenes imaginable. . . .

JOHN K. NORTHROP, Northrop Aircraft, Hawthorne, Cal.

So many requests have been received for this cover, our supply is exhausted. Why not frame the cover itself?

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A BULL-BAITER

DEAR SIR: John Bull may see Red, White and Blue (Apr. 12th) but our budget balancers will probably be seeing only red for some time to come . . . remember that three-billion loan? . . .

MARGARET ANPACHER, Chicago, Ill.

. . . One point I want to bring out is I want to be friendly. . . . I want someday to visit England without fear of dagger looks. . . . We have hearts, we Americans. . . .

BETTY LEE FILTZER, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I am a British soldier serving in the Middle East. . . . Governments come and go but there's always the people, and if our two countries who are essentially the same cannot stop bickering and digging at each other, how can you expect others of different creeds and habits to do so?

S/SGT. H. J. PRESTON, R.E.

. . . I enjoyed John Bull Sees Red, White and Blue. Dammit, sir, these English are grousing like regular Depression Americans. I think Britain is now ready for statehood any time she wants her star in our flag. They are plucky people and we have too much in common with them to bother with what they say about us. Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Truman singing a duet on the radio would bring harmony. . . .

TAMERLANE JONES, Los Angeles, Cal.

NASAL POWER

DEAR EDITOR: My sympathy goes out to Bill Hazen in his experience with Bruiser the Snorer (Week's Mail, Apr. 12th). Our champ, "Blaster," was a fellow member of a USO company. First night aboard ship, early in 1945, he snored like a siren. Soldiers, sailors and crew donned Mae Wests and rushed for boat stations. We turned Blaster over on his stomach, and poured spare mattresses all over him. Later in Germany he blew the remaining panes out of our broken billet window. Ceilings fell. German children went around muttering something about a werewolf. . . . Bring on your champion, Mr. Hazen, and let the big winds blow. . . .

GEORGE BLEASDALE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHO'S WHO HOOSIER

EDITOR: Just who is James Whitcomb O'Reilly (The Week's Work, April 26th)? Do you refer to our beloved Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley? Or do you refer to John Boyle O'Reilly?

CARLETON B. MCCULLOCH, Vice-President
James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Assn.

We wired Tom O'Reilly, author of Daredevils on Horseback (Apr. 26th), whose collect reply says, "WAS BORN PLAIN REILLY STOP AFTER ENTERING NEWSPAPER BUSINESS ADOPTED THE 'O' AS A FINANCIAL SYMBOL STOP JAMES WHITCOMB AND JOHN BOYLE MUST BE TWO OTHER O'IRISHMEN."

IMPERIALISTIC CONCERNATION

DEAR EDITOR: The writer of To Whom It May Concern is an open-faced liar in saying the U.S. has no imperialistic intentions, and a damned sight more than Russia. We support England's falling imperialism and are forcing our nose in Russian affairs with her own doorstep neighbors because that nation is trying to clean up the age-old political, economic and church hell that has enslaved people for centuries.

LEWIS CURRELL, Connell, Wash.

. . . Orchids to you for your splendid editorial, To Whom It May Concern. It thoroughly expresses my sentiments. Why cannot we have men in Congress who will preach and forcefully apply those truths?

HENRY FRANCE, Daytona Beach, Fla.

WOLF! WOLF!

DEAR EDITOR: In The Happy Gentleman (Apr. 12th) occurs this little gem: "Unconcerned about his clothes, but clinging to stiff collars, many women have found his elegance in white tie and tails breathtaking."

Frank Crowninshield's success with the ladies may not be so much after all, if the ladies in question are addicted to stiff collars. Does the dime I spent for Collier's entitle me to a fuller explanation?

RUSSELL COLLINS, Springfield, Mass.

Softheads may go for soft collars. Reader Collins should speak more kindly of Mr. Crowninshield's admirers. After all, these ladies might be your mother, sir!

ONCE MORE TO THE STARS

Continued from page 19

some ham sandwiches and some beer. We can't look too undernourished. They're at the Waldorf."

Jeremiah started out and came back n and put on his shoes and his coat and galloped downstairs. It was a crisp fall evening. A full moon hung over Twenty-second Street. A harvest wind whirled old newspapers in dusty corners and dried the lather on his chin, reminding him that he hadn't finished shaving. The night on Ninth Avenue was pieced together with neon signs. Jeremiah went to the bar around the corner where he bought the sandwiches and beer, and paid for everything with cash. It left him fourteen dollars and thirty cents.

He went home and found the telephone ringing again. Bessie was agitated. She said, "Answer it! If he wants me tell him I'm out drinking gin. I mustn't be too easy to see."

JEREMIAH put down the beer and sandwiches and answered the telephone. A lovely voice said, "Oh, is this Jerry? I feel that I know you. I'm Elspeth Wren. I'm trying to get in touch with Miss Odin."

"She's out drinking gin."

Elspeth laughed merrily. Jeremiah didn't think she sounded glassy.

"I'm going to ask an awful favor of you," Elspeth said.

Jeremiah hoped she didn't want to borrow money. He began to feel nervous again. Bessie was eating a ham sandwich and bending over his shoulder trying to listen.

He said, "Well, fine."

"Father wanted to give a party for you and Miss Odin tonight, to celebrate, you know, your new play. But he doesn't realize, but it's simply impossible. The doctors have told him he must stop driving himself but he won't listen, and I thought in the East he might let himself rest, and here we have just flown in from the Coast and he wants to telephone everyone he's ever known and get them here tonight. We can't let him do it. Will you mind terribly if I tell him that you and Miss Odin can't come up here, and I'll bring him to your place this evening instead, and it'll be so much nicer. I'm so ashamed to be asking this of you."

He thought she might be about to cry. He said, "Sure."

"It breaks my heart to see him so feeble. But he won't admit it. And where is your place?"

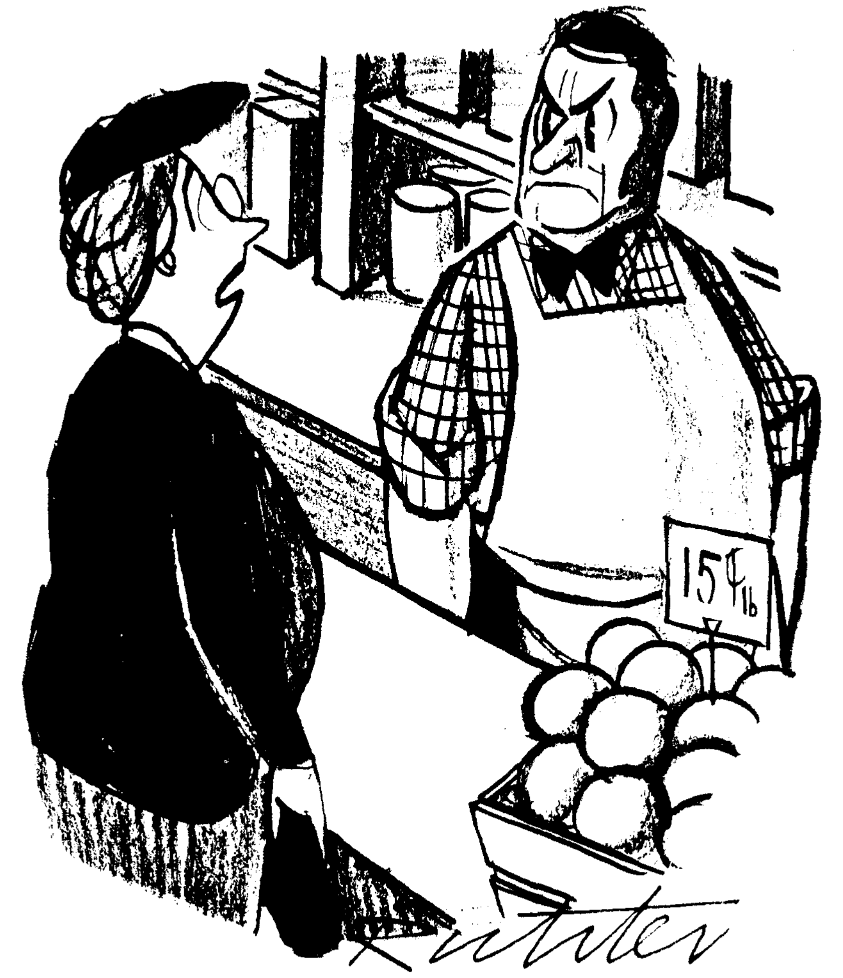
"Well, you go to Ninth Avenue and Twenty-second and ask the bartender in the Shamrock Grill. It's pretty hard to find otherwise because you have to come in through the basement. They're tearing out the front wall. It was condemned. When you get in the basement you'd better yell for me and I'll bring a flashlight. There isn't any light on the stairs. I'll leave my door open."

Elspeth said, "Oh. Will Miss Odin be there?"

"I'll get word to her."

Jeremiah hung up. Bessie said, "I'm getting old. I can't get this damned beer open with my teeth." Jeremiah brought her a bottle opener. "It's too bad," Bessie said. "You'll have to shave. And for heaven's sake, don't let them know I live here in this awful broken-down building. I'd rather gave the impression I'd bought a house in Gramercy Park. Get at least three fifths of some kind of whisky that wasn't made last week. As I remember Timothy, you won't need to buy any soda."

Jeremiah finished shaving and went out to the liquor store and purchased only two bottles. They came to eight



"You haven't got it? But they told me to ask my friendly neighborhood dealer!"

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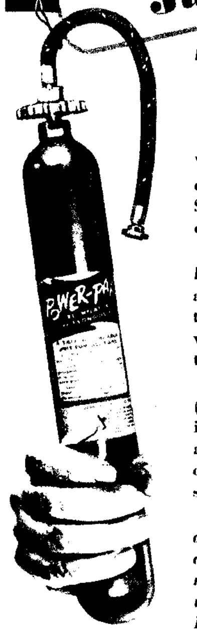

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AFTER ONIONS, ALCOHOL, TOBACCO

ninety-six. When he went back to the apartment, Bessie had finished the beer and sandwiches.

A voice began shouting below. "Bessie!" it roared. "God grant me a ray of light in this hellhole!"

Jeremiah grabbed his flashlight and ran out to the hall and threw the beam down the stairs.

"The world is mine!" the voice cried on a note of triumph. Timothy came up the stairs, clutching the handrail, and he looked as feeble as a bulldozer. A cream-colored polo coat that exuded wealth at every fiber was draped over his shoulders. He approached Jeremiah, fell off on one wing, sideslipped by him and banked through the open door of Jeremiah's flat. "Bessie!" he bellowed. "Home, home, sweet home!"

"I'm Elspeth," Elspeth said. She gave Jeremiah her hand. Jeremiah dropped his flashlight.

He said, "Bessie said you looked like a bottle."

Elspeth smiled. Still holding her hand, Jeremiah stooped and picked up his flashlight. He heard his words and was stricken with horror.

He said, "You don't to me," and led her into the apartment.

Bessie and Timothy were standing by the golden oak table in the center of the room. A bottle of whisky was open on the table. They were holding glasses aloft.

"To the breezes," Timothy said. They drank.

"Jerry," Bessie said, "darling, take your little friend and run along. I'm going to read the play to Timothy."

"It's great," Timothy said. "I'll say so to my bottom dollar. And the treeses." They drank again.

"Jerry isn't awfully bright," Bessie said, "but he doesn't much care. The trouble with this generation—"

"Oh, absolutely," Timothy said. Timothy wore a white smile in his round brown face. The smile looked alert. But his eyes looked as though they were exceedingly weary of whatever it was they saw. Obviously his mind was not much concerned with anything he might say. "Right by a mile," he said.

"They all want so desperately to be clever," Bessie said. "But why?"

"Definitely don't get it," Timothy said. "Kneeses." They drank again.

JEREMIAH led Elspeth away down the stairs and through the basement entrance to the street.

"I'm afraid Father's boiled," Elspeth said.

"He won't be able to understand the play," Jeremiah said.

"Heavens, that doesn't matter. Miss Odin's word is good enough for anyone, I should think. She said it was really your play and that she only helped you a little with it. Is that right?"

Jeremiah led her into the Shamrock. A number of customers at the bar began to whistle and he realized that he should not have brought Elspeth into the Shamrock. She was not dressed in the Shamrock style. What she had to dress was not in the Shamrock style either. She was wearing a white evening gown and a mink cape and the dress left her disturbingly nude above the waist. Her eyes were deep and warm and very friendly and also disturbing. She didn't seem to mind the clamor from the bar.

They sat down at a table.

The bartender came over and Jeremiah said, "Make those guys shut up, Mike."

The bartender turned around and yelled, "You guys shut up. I'm telling you for the last time. I apologize to the lady friend for them humpty dumpties, Jerry. If they didn't owe me money I wouldn't let 'em in. What'll it be?"

"Anything," Jeremiah said.

"Sure," Mike said. "A couple of anythings coming right up."

"I've never been out with a girl in a mink cape before," Jeremiah said.

Elspeth smiled and squeezed his hand. "Tell me about the play."

Mike came back with two highballs. "No dough, Jerry. On the house," he said. "We want to make the lady friend welcome."

"Thank you, Mike," Elspeth said. "That's awfully nice."

"A good-looking dame, who ain't?" Mike turned pink and went back to the bar.

"*Tell* me about the play," Elspeth said. "I know that's all you're thinking of."

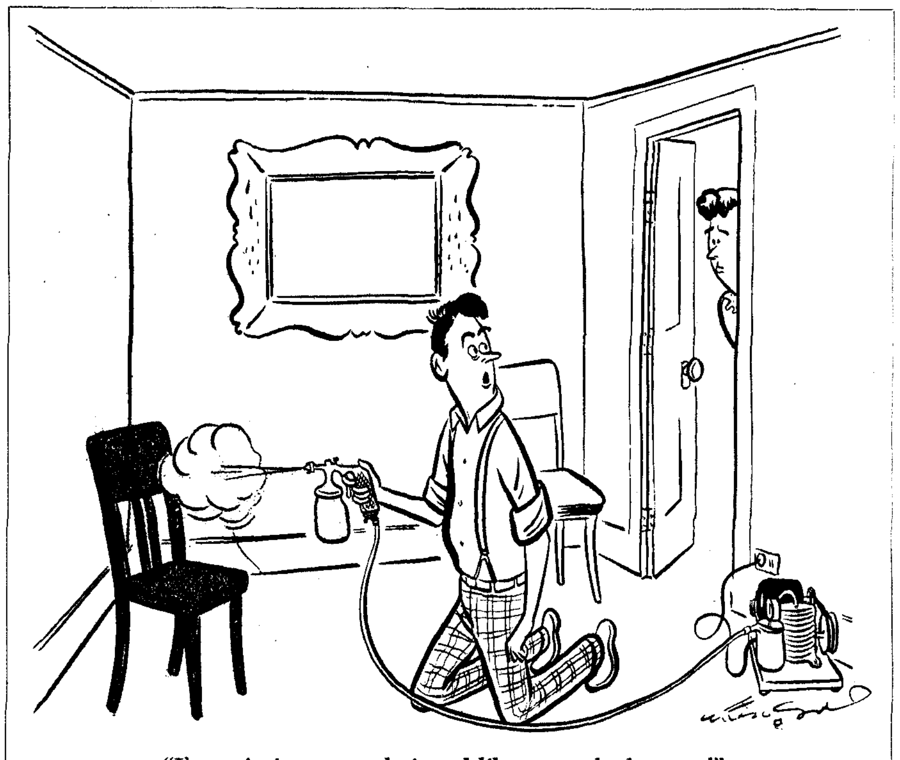
"Well, I wrote it," Jeremiah said. "Bessie Odin told me what was wrong with it. She made me write it over five times."

"What's it about?"

"Advertising. That's my job." He was still holding Elspeth's hand, so he drank left-handed. He remembered, and said, "That *was* my job."

"Well, you won't need it now, of course."

"I was fired," Jeremiah said. "I worked for Blackstone and Blue. I wrote copy."



COLLIER'S "I'm painting your chair red like you asked me to!" FRITZ WILKINSON

He had an urge to tell Elspeth his life history, his ideals and convictions, his innermost yearnings and ambitions and his deepest thoughts. He said, "Do you like Hollywood?"

"Not very well," Elspeth admitted. "I was raised there. I've always wanted to live in New York."

"A lot of people do," Jeremiah said after a silence, acting on the assumption that he ought to say something.

"Dad was in the racket for more than twenty years," Elspeth said musingly. "That's fifteen years longer than most of them last. He came all the way. Just name a job, he's had them all. But of course they finally got him."

"They got *him?*"

"I shouldn't have said that. I've got the craziest feeling that I want to tell you my life story."

"I know what you mean," Jeremiah said.

"Oh, yes, Timothy Wren, the great producer. He did get to the top. But that's the root of topple. I don't know why I'm telling you this. I keep thinking that you must be brighter than you look. I can't imagine why I like you, Jerry. I guess I just make a poor phony, even if I do come from Hollywood. But it's so cheap and ugly."

"Hollywood?"

"Lying and pretending. They really did get him, Jerry. For every shiny nickel."

Jeremiah wondered if this beautifu girl could be unbalanced. It didn't seem reasonable that she could be intoxicated on two swallows of a Shamrock highball

"I'm a heel for telling," Elspeth said "But for some ridiculous reason I simply can't lie to you."

"Lie?"

"We're broke, Jerry. Dad put everything he had in a new company he started with a family of highwaymen. We just got out of California ahead of the process servers."

"You mean you're down to your last fifty grand."

"We're so flat we're staying with friends uptown because we wouldn't be able to afford rooms if there were rooms Dad's hoping to make some money off Miss Odin, so he told her those lies about a country place and parties at the Waldorf to impress her. He thinks he might be able to get a new start with her backing."

"With Bessie's backing?" Jeremiah said.

"Dad says she's got some money," Elspeth explained, "whether the play is any good or not."

Jeremiah was silent.

"I'm glad I told you," Elspeth said. "At least we can be honest with each other."

"She sells a pearl a week for grocery money," Jeremiah said.

Elspeth picked up her drink and then put it down and looked at him in a startled way. "Oh, no!"

"She's got a string of them," Jeremiah explained.

"But she said, she said—but, Jerry, that can't be. Bessie Odin is a great actress. She's had thirty years of unbroken success."

"The last ten years in England were flops. They were called artistic successes but they cost her money. She thought she could get a new start with your father's backing."

"Why, that's tragic."

"There's still the play," Jeremiah pointed out.

"We can hope. How are we going to tell them?"

"I don't know. I can get another job," Jeremiah said.

"We can't tell them." Elspeth took her hand away from his and drew a little gold compact from someplace and looked at her nose. She said, "Let's go back. But don't say a word. If only they

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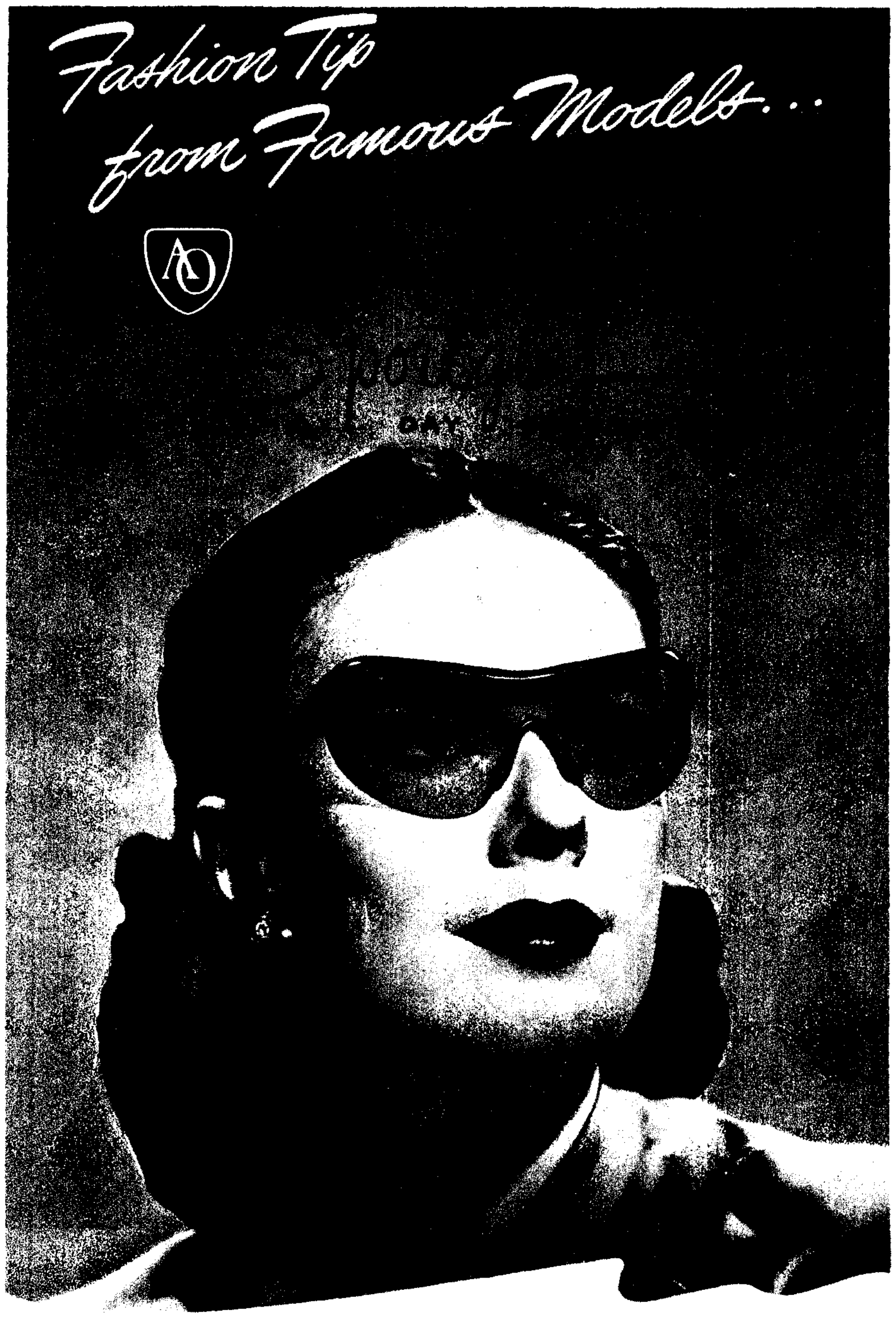
THE NATION'S MARKET PLACE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The *Only* Sun Glasses That Filter Reflected Glare!

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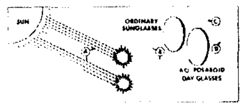

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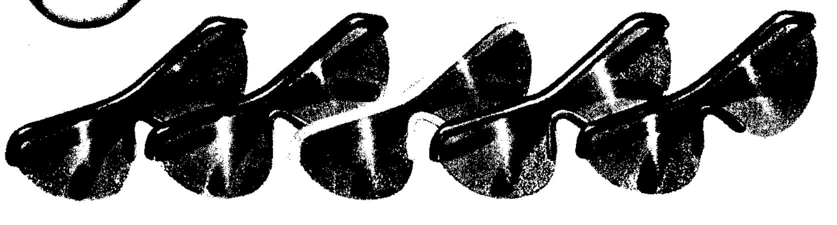

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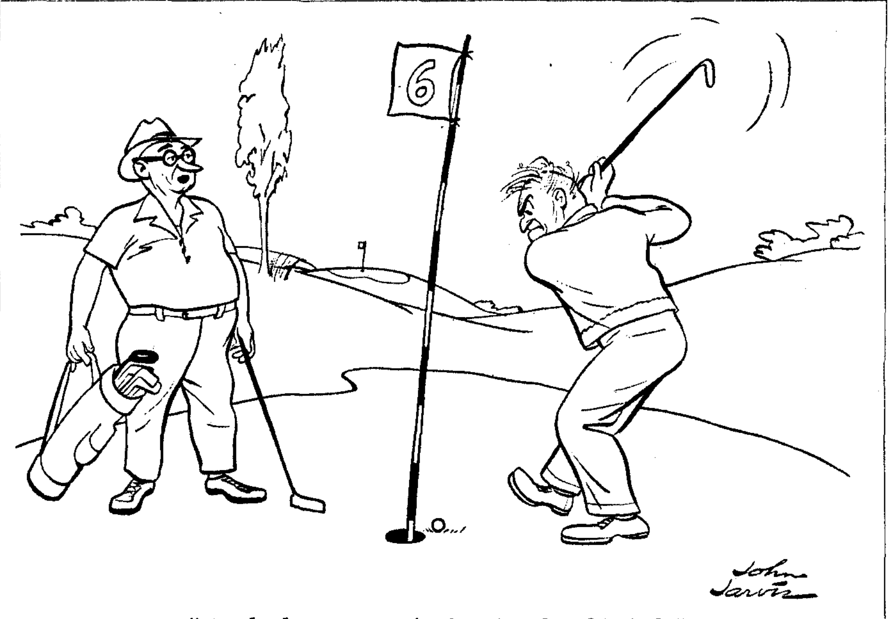


COLLIER'S "Too bad you weren't shooting for this hole!" JOHN JARVIS

weren't so young." She put her hand in Jeremiah's again and they went out.

Bessie was sitting on the floor with the manuscript of the play. Her rich voice filled the room and stirred the flakes of peeling plaster on the walls. ". . . no. I'll only say goodby."

Timothy woke with a start. "Never better," he said. "Never in this world." He poured himself a drink. "God, it's magnificent. Let me take it with me, Bess. Call you tomorrow." He poured two more drinks. "To the new hit of the year."

"Once more," Bessie said. "Once more to the stars before we die."

Timothy drank with her and kissed her on the forehead and put the manuscript under his arm and walked into Jeremiah, collected Elspeth, and went out.

JEREMIAH got up in the morning hearing sleigh bells. They were his telephone. He staggered to it and answered.

"I. B. Blue," a brusque voice said.

Jeremiah found it a foolish remark. "*Things* are rough all over," he said.

"Perhaps you have forgotten," snapped the voice, "that until yesterday I was your employer."

"Oh," Jeremiah said. "Mr. Blue." He had never before spoken to Mr. Blue. Only department heads spoke to Mr. Blue.

Bessie was pounding on the dumbwaiter shaft.

Mr. Blue said accusingly, "You are the author of a play called Onions Incredible."

"Yes, sir," Jeremiah said. Bessie began to scream. Jeremiah went to his closet and said, "I'm talking on the telephone."

"Timothy?"

"No. Mr. Blue."

"That's funny," Bessie said. "I don't know any Mr. Blue."

Jeremiah went back to his telephone. A voice began to roar downstairs, "Jerry, Jerry me lad! Hello, the house!" Jeremiah put down the telephone and pulled on a pair of pants over his pajamas and went into the hall. Timothy was executing a series of climbing turns up the stairs. Elspeth was behind him. She looked even better by daylight, although more of her was covered. She wore a gray suit and something that came to a white ruffle under her chin. Her eyes were sparkling. Apparently she had slept well.

"My boy!" Timothy cried. "My boy, I come to congratulate you!" He said over his shoulder to Elspeth, "It is he, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's Jerry," Elspeth said. She smiled. "Hello."

"Hello," Jeremiah said.

Timothy shook his hand. "I've read the play three times. I can't begin to say enough of it. Not by a mile." He looked into the apartment. "Bessie's not around?"

Jeremiah said, "Well—"

"Good as gold. Come in, come in." With a practiced eye, Timothy spied the hiding place of the half-filled whisky bottle left from the night before. He found a glass in the cabinet and poured a drink and tossed it off. Elspeth detained Jeremiah in the hall.

She said, "Jerry, I broke down and told him. About Miss Odin, I mean, not having any money either. He took it well enough, that is, he didn't have a stroke or anything. He's horribly upset about her and I thought that was sweet. He says that above all we must never let her know that we know. He says it would hurt her and he says she is depending on us. He really thinks an awful lot of her."

"Bessie said the same thing," Jeremiah said.

"You told her?"

"She talked it out of me," Jeremiah admitted.

"And so now they're concerned with keeping each other from knowing. That's what the theater does to people."

"She said something about saving his face with hope and charity."

"But what on earth are they going to do? If they could only get hold of a little money they might honestly have a chance. They do have their reputations. Dad was talking last night about organizing a repertory company with Miss Odin. They could attract some good people, and some money too, but they'd have to have some capital of their own to work from, even if not very much. I told him we might all scrape together ten dollars and start a puppet show. That made him furious."

"What about the play?"

"Not a hope. It's a ghastly job." Her eyes searched his face. "That doesn't seem to hurt you."

"I thought so myself," Jeremiah said.

"Dad says it's a smeller," Elspeth said. "He says if we find any outside money it will be from someone who is illiterate and also deaf. I did try one wild chance. I gave it to—"

"Here," Timothy said, "here, here. We came to talk business." He appeared in the doorway with a glass in his hand. He thrust out his paunch and said, "Business, business, Jimmy, my boy."

"Jerry," Elspeth said.

"Business, Jerry, my boy," Timothy said. "Plans. Plan big to work big, that's the thing."

"Is there someone on your telephone?" Elspeth asked. "It's squeaking."

Jeremiah went to the telephone and said into it, "Yes, sir."

"We were cut off," Mr. Blue's voice said. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," Jeremiah said.

"Business," Timothy said with a sigh o the whisky bottle. "Business makes he world go round. Won't anyone have drink with me?"

"I can't refuse," Bessie said from the hall. She came in, puffing slightly from her climb up the stairs. "So fortunate I dropped by. Tim, darling."

"My dove," Timothy said.

The telephone said, "Elspeth Wren gave me your play to read. She and her father are stopping with friends of mine in town. I found it a splendid piece of work."

Jeremiah turned the telephone around and put it to his other ear. He had spent the war alternately riding in an airplane and sleeping and he had a growing belief that sack-happiness had affected his hearing.

"Business this morning, my dear," Timothy said, pouring drinks. "Plans and policy. The play is remarkable but I've been, ah, thinking past it. We need scope, Bess, scope. We shouldn't limit ourselves to the one-shot."

"I know what you're going to say," Bessie said. "I've been dreaming of it for years."

"Repertory," Timothy pronounced.

"Of course. It is the only real theater left in the theater. A chance to do something fine. And so few of us left who are capable."

"Limitless vistas," Timothy said. "Absolutely limitless vistas."

They drank.

The telephone said, "Miss Wren pointed out that the jingle jungle in the second act was an interesting program idea for radio."

"That was satirical," Jeremiah said.

"Really," Mr. Blue said. "Well, it might sell in radio. I think we might be able to use it. As a matter of fact, I think I might just have the spot where I can use it. But is the piece available? I understand some other people own an interest in it."

"The coauthor and the producer are here," Jeremiah said. "I can confer with them."

"Well, this is purely a venture," Mr. Blue said. "I don't want you to think in terms of bales of scratch. However, I am willing to offer you, say, two or three thousand for an option on the property."

"Two or three thousand," Jeremiah said.

Timothy dropped his glass.

"I might be safe in going to four."

Jeremiah looked over the telephone at Elspeth. He said, "He says he might be safe in going to four."

"I think he's talking about a radio option," Elspeth explained.

"Very interesting," Timothy said. "Useful too. Every little bit helps."

"Is that enough?" Jeremiah asked.

"We might make a start with that," Timothy said, picking up his glass and splashing whisky over it with a great air of unconcern. "I believe we could."

Elspeth punched Jeremiah in the kidney and said, "Higher."

Jeremiah said into the telephone, "Five thousand."

Timothy began to cough.

Jeremiah said to Timothy, "Will five be enough?"

Timothy stopped coughing and said, "We take it."

BESSIE released a vast sigh. "How awfully nice. A good omen, I think. And of course in the theater fortunes are founded on omens and options. Heavens, I'm rambling. But all that money! Pour for me, please. But we can actually do it on five thousand, you know."

"With our reputations?" Timothy said. "Each and every dollar will have the strength of ten. Why can't we? We'll do the Greeks and the Elizabethans. We'll look for moderns with form."

"The Theater of Design!" Bessie exclaimed.

"Perfect!" Timothy said. "Cold, clean, absolutely felicitous. God, a magnificent thought. A veritable milestone."

Jeremiah put down the telephone. "He says five thousand."

"To the Theater of Design," Timothy said. "To the top of the world."

"Why not, indeed?" Bessie said.

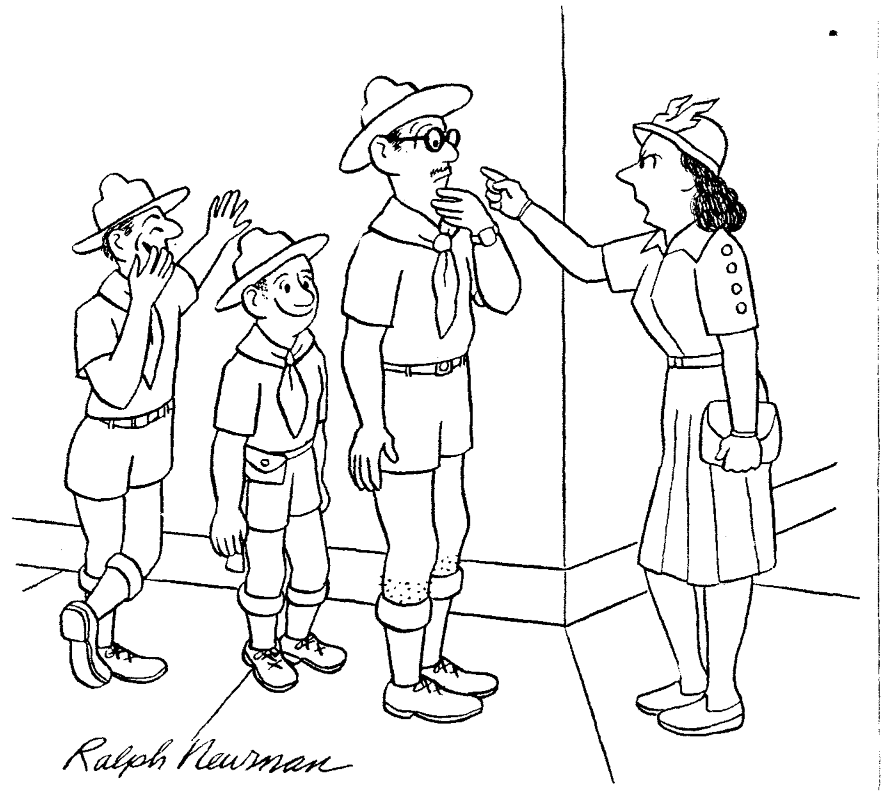
Elspeth took the bottle and poured a drink for herself and another for Jeremiah. She put the glass in Jeremiah's hand. She said, "We'd better go to the Shamrock."

"Make him put on a shirt," Bessie said. She touched her glass to Timothy's. They drank.

"Put on a shirt, my love," Elspeth said.

Jeremiah looked at his glass of whisky. "All right, my dove." They drank.

THE END



"I saw you with Mary Smith last night! I think you are untrustworthy, disloyal, unhelpful, unfriendly, discourteous, unkind, disobedient, uncheerful, unthrifty, cowardly, unclean and irreverent!"

COLLIER'S RALPH NEWMAN

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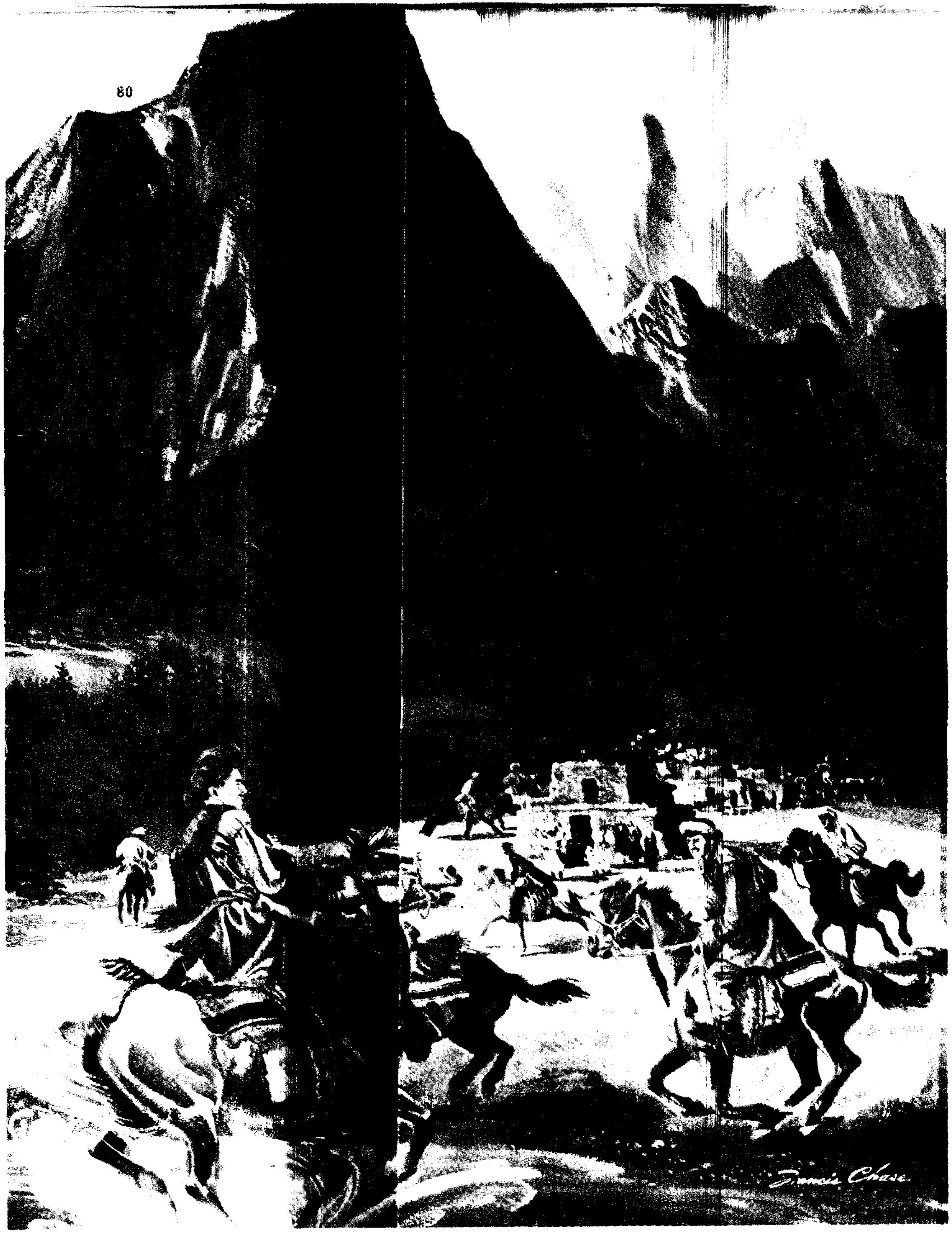

The strangers rode in a circle around the hut, faster and faster with catcalls and whoops; and the elders and men of the clan came out to meet them

THE RED DOE

BY RUMER GODDEN

A poignant story told with sympathy and perception
—the story of a strange marriage in a strange land

THEY were riding down from the upper pastures to get young Ibrahim married—Ibrahim, the son of Ali, the old herdsman.

Ibrahim felt pleased and important. There was only one person whom Ibrahim knew, or felt, anything about, and that was Ibrahim. Naturally, the morning was pleasant and important to him.

It was so early that the grass in the valley far below showed in sheets of pale dew in the sun, and the ice streams shone—pale, too, and bright—with the early reflection of the sky. Later in the day the sky and the streams would be a deep August blue, and the grass would unroll, mile after mile, with the belts of colored flowers that came in spring and summer. Here spring was June and July, summer lasted a month. October brought the first snow, and the rest of the year was winter. These were the high mountains of the northwest Himalayas that led into Ladakh, or Little Tibet.

When they reined in to rest their ponies, whose legs shook from the steep way down, Ibrahim could feel and smell snow in the wind; it blew from the peaks that towered all around them on the sky line. Snow sometimes came in summer.

"But not today," said Jassoof, Ibrahim's friend, laughing.

"You don't want frostbite today, eh, Ibrahim?"

The mountains ringed in the valley. Their sheer sides were of rock and slate and pumice. Snow was on their peaks, their gorges were filled with rubble and ice, and the great, wide, brown-white glaciers crawled downward to the river. Ibrahim could see eagles flying in their endless circles below the crags, and he thought, watching them: It is windy there. He could hear the waterfalls that looked, from faraway, like the crystals he found in the streams and sold in towns and villages on the way back to the plains.

Ibrahim's people were *bakriwars*, goatherds, nomads who drove their flocks up every year to summer on this rich alpine grazing. They moved in clans, each with its elders. Ibrahim's clan had its encampment on an alp, thousands of feet above the valley, in the last spruces of the forest where a small *merg*, a meadow, spread its gentians and primulas and anemones and geums. Ibrahim did not notice flowers—they were part of the grass to him, grazing land for his father's goats—as he did not see the colors of the glaciers, the wicked blue of the crevasses, the mountains, or the snow slopes of the passes; he only knew how many marches distant each mountain was, which paths led to fresh grazing grounds, which snow bridges would hold. He watched the eagles only to judge the wind; deer were hunted with spears; bears were to be avoided; and the little wild marmots who sat up on their tails to scream at human beings were for him and his friends to throw stones at. Ibrahim knew goats and ponies—he did not count them as animals, but as his life. He lived with his father, mother, uncles, cousins, friends—his friend Jassoof—but they were themselves. And he was Ibrahim, not responsible for them, and he had nothing to bother him.

NOW the time had come for him to have a wife.

"We want a good strong one," his father had said. He had said that of the Yarkand pony they had bought last year. "Not too young, not less than fifteen, and strong."

Ibrahim nodded and he felt a sudden curious tingling that seemed to come in his palms and his thighs and the backs of his knees, and his throat felt parched. "I want her to be beautiful," he said.

"Beautiful!" cried his father shrilly. "A beautiful woman is nothing but a nuisance. No, she must be strong, not too young, and of good stock."

"And beautiful," said Ibrahim obstinately, and his father leaned forward and slapped him on both cheeks. Ibrahim was a young cock among the youths of the clan, but his father still slapped him when he thought it would do any good.

After that Ibrahim looked at every woman he saw, wondering if she were beautiful. All women looked beautiful in the distance, the way they walked, straight from heels to head, keeping themselves to themselves. Now Ibrahim's eyes came prying among them and he saw things he had not seen before: how small their bare feet and ankles looked under the folds of their black-and-red pleated trousers, how their black tunics swung out in skirts below their breasts, the full hems sewn and weighted with a load of white pearl buttons, how their veils hung loose but showed under them a flash of blue from the bracelet-sized caps they wore. And he heard how their silver jewelry sounded as they passed in and out of the huts and the tents, round the fires, and through the flocks. Their anklets chinked, and their necklaces and earrings. Ibrahim began to hear that chinking in his dreams.

On march, the men drove the flocks and rode the ponies, and carried nothing unless it were a favorite child or a newborn kid. The women carried the gear of the camp on their heads, netted bundles of the heavy iron cooking pots and platters; they carried their babies in slings. They dragged the dogs on strings and drove the slowly moving animals that were sick or hurt. They were often in childbirth: the caravans were always having to stop and wait for an hour or two, or even longer, while a woman gave birth. On these

(Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY GWENNIE JAMES

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT JEFFREY

I THOUGHT the war would be over for us when King came home. But mingled with the happiness of those first few days was a pain deeper than any I have ever felt. It was wonderful to be together again. It was good to have a man in the house. And yet—

That first evening Lane lifted shining eyes to his father's face. "Daddy, we want to show you the hutch we have for Dagwood and Blondie!"

Hand in hand they went out into the soft spring dusk, while I stood on the porch with Bonnie. Lane lifted one of the rabbits and put it in his father's arms.

"Is this Dagwood or Blondie?" King asked, patting the bit of white fluff he was holding.

Lane's voice was high and sweet and clear. "That's Blondie. You can tell them apart because she's smaller and softer. She's a *mother* rabbit! Pet her and feel how soft she is."

King's hands, white and wasted from the prison and the hospital, smoothed the velvet fur gently. "She is the *softest* thing!" he said.

They were both squatting down beside the hutch, intent and serious, the man in uniform and the little boy in the checked shirt and blue levis. Lane was seven and King was twenty-seven; but they looked alike to me. A lump came into my throat and I turned abruptly and went into the house.

That night Lane didn't want to take his bath.

King said, "The children in the Solomon Islands have no bathtubs. Come along and I'll tell you about them while I scrub your back."

Lane was on his feet in a flash. "I will send them a thousand bathtubs," he said grandly. As they climbed upstairs together, he lowered his voice and said in a confidential tone, "I would trade all the bathtubs in the United States for a baby monkey. Do you think they would send me a baby monkey?"

The next few days were hard ones for me. Again and again tears would fill my eyes at the sight of King moving about the house with his slow, patient step. Still he seemed serene and quiet, and especially happy to be with the children again. He asked them over and over to sing From the Halls of Montezuma and Sixpence, performances which he enjoyed hugely, though Lane was always off pitch and Bonnie usually ended up a measure or so behind. Lane, who could read very well for a second-grader, read him the comic strips daily. King had brought home a couple of silver bosun's pipes for the children, and he spent hours teaching them to pipe "Sweepers, Man Your Brooms!"

For two days King didn't leave the house and garden, but on the third afternoon he went to school with Lane. I stood on the porch to see them off. King stood tall and erect in his uniform and officer's cap with the Marine insignia, his hand firmly clasped in Lane's small one. As they walked toward the gate the two little boys from next door came out to meet them, round-eyed and goggling. Lane's voice floated back to me, high-pitched with excitement, "My daddy is home from the war!" The little procession moved slowly up the street, and farther on more youngsters ran from the houses to join them, until King was the center of an admiring circle. It was a wonderful sight—but I turned away. I just didn't want to look any more.

That afternoon seemed endless, and I spent half of it at the window watching for Lane and King to come back. At last I went to the gate and stood by the lilac bushes until I saw them coming far down the street, the tall man in uniform and the spindly-legged little figure in the tight levis. Then it seemed as if the constriction about my heart lessened and I could breathe again.

When they reached the gate, King stopped to bury his face in the mass of purple lilacs, and I said, "There's chocolate-chip bushes in our kitchen!"

"Oh, golly—they don't have any cookies in the Solomon Islands!" King said.

We sat on the front steps in the spring sunshine and ate our cookies with tall glasses of ice-cold milk. King was elated over the trip; he had been lionized half to death, but everything had come off splendidly. All the children had sat in a circle while he told them about the monkeys in the Solomons, the islands the Seabees built, the little Melanesian boys who talked pidgin English, and the Aussie soldiers with their funny hats. Afterward some of the little boys had come up to shake hands with him, and one little boy, in a burst of admiration, had exclaimed, "Oh, gosh, Lieutenant, I wish you were *my* daddy!"

"Teacher said I was a hero," King concluded modestly, gulping the last of his glass of milk and the last crumbs of his cooky. But my heart only ached the more. I didn't want my husband to be a hero.

Suddenly, without warning, Lane said, "The sun is out so bright, Daddy! Can't you even tell the sun is shining?"

My heart gave a quick little flip of agony. That was the sort of thing I had dreaded for King—the little swords turned in the wound, the lacerating thrusts coming when least expected, years of them ahead for him, a lifetime of them, tearing his morale to shreds. The worst pain in the world is to feel the suffering of someone you love. Everyone who ever loved anybody knows that. And I was suffering for King.

I thought: Oh, dear God, he's hurt, and he's so alone—alone and sightless, in a world of eyes!

But I didn't know my husband, even after eight years of being married to him.

"The sun is out so bright, Daddy! Can't you even tell the sun is shining?"

The voice that answered Lane was tranquil and assured. "Well, Lane, I'll try to explain to you how it is. There are two kinds of sunshine. One is the outside kind that you can see. The other is the inside kind that you can feel. I have the inside kind, because I'm so glad to be back with you and Mama and Bonnie."

THAT evening the weather was very warm and I set our supper on the screened back porch. You could smell the lilacs everywhere. Robins were bursting their little throats in the cottonwood outside the porch. In spite of myself, my heart laid down a little of its load, maybe just because it was spring, and good to be alive; maybe because it was so wonderful to have King with us again.

Each of us had a big bowl of strawberry shortcake, drowned in yellow top-milk. We all laughed and chattered happily, and the wit and repartee flew. King said, "Strawberry shortcake is my favorite fruit!" and Lane, with a mustache of cream on his mouth, inquired, "Do they have it in the Solomon Islands?"

That night something wonderful happened, and after that I was able to lay my grieving by. Oh, of course I was going to have pain and problems—there have been lots of them, from that time to this—but never what I felt during those first days. What happened was very simple: I found out something.

Somebody was ill-adjusted in our house, all right. Somebody was whimpering at what fate had handed us.

But it wasn't King.

BONNIE had been asleep some time. I tucked Lane in with the bosun's pipe under his pillow, and went into our bedroom, which adjoins his, to finish a letter at my desk. I heard King come upstairs and go into Lane's room to say good-night. Their voices were low, but every word was distinct.

"Daddy, what does hero mean?"

"It means somebody who is brave and a real guy."

"Do you have to be in a war?"

"No."

"Do you have to be blind?"

"Oh, no, there are lots of other ways."

"I would like to be a hero too."

King said, "It's very hard. You have to start out by not crying when you're hurt. You have to work sometimes when you want to play; and pretend you're not afraid of things when you really are. Then after you get to be a hero, you have to keep on being a hero, and that is the hardest of all."

Lane gave a small sigh. "Well, we'd better get started on me in the morning." Then he added, "I hope I will be the kind of hero that has a uniform."

After a short silence, Lane spoke again. "Daddy, there's just one thing. I wish—I *do* wish you could see!"

"Now look here," said King, "you mustn't mind about that. Remember how we used to say, 'Sorry doesn't help any?' Well, it won't do *me* any good for you to be sorry for me, and it won't do *you* any good either."

He went on. "Look, I'm quite a lucky fellow to be here at all. And the world is full of fine things, even for people who can't see. There are soft things, like mother rabbits, and things that taste good, like strawberry shortcake, nice smells, like cookies baking, and the lilac bushes, and sounds like you and Bonnie singing Sixpence, and like your mother's voice—that is one of the most beautiful sounds in all the world to me. And I have pictures in my mind of all of you, so bright, brighter even than if I could see you! So it isn't as if I were going around in the dark."

There was another short silence, until Lane said, "Daddy, I love you very much."

"I love you too, Lane. You—you're a real guy."

I heard King moving about the room, snapping off the light, raising the window. Then he said good night and moved toward the stairway. I heard the footsteps going down the stairs—*step, step, step*, carefully and firmly. Not like a man going down in the dark, but like someone who knew the way.

As King and Lane walked down the street, hands clasped, two boys ran out to meet them, round-eyed and goggling

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THE RED DOE

Continued from page 80

occasions the elders were pleased—they liked to see the children, in their caps and hoods, running about in the clan—but the young men were impatient.

Ibrahim looked and wondered. Some of the women seemed to him beautiful, none of them beautiful enough.

Now the day had come, and he and his cavalcade rode down through the forest which grew more and more balmy as they came lower in the valley. Here there was a noise of wild bees and of larks above the meadows, where the larch and spruce trees opened on small meadows heavy with clover. The air smelled of resin and of honey. Ibrahim sniffed it and, sniffing, he found suddenly that he smelled himself.

He had been given a new turban of bright blue muslin, and he wore the wedding blanket, dark blue with fringes and a scarlet border; but his homespun coat was his own because he had no other coat, and he smelled of wood-smoke and wool and sweat and goat. To smell himself made him feel more than ever full of Ibrahim, and more and more he felt the tingling excitement.

THE chief event in his life up to now had been the time his father had bought him a saddle, but it was not new, and it was also used by his uncles and cousins, and his father. And when he was given his first full-size blanket—the homespun, handwoven blanket-shawl that each man carried like a plaid on his shoulders—the blanket was not Ibrahim's; it was family property.

The tall young man, Jassoof, led a small pony with an empty pad. Ibrahim, and no one else, would lead it back, and his wife, probably for the first and last time in her life, would ride beside him, back up the mountain to her new home. And she would be his own. No one would have the right to own her or use her except Ibrahim.

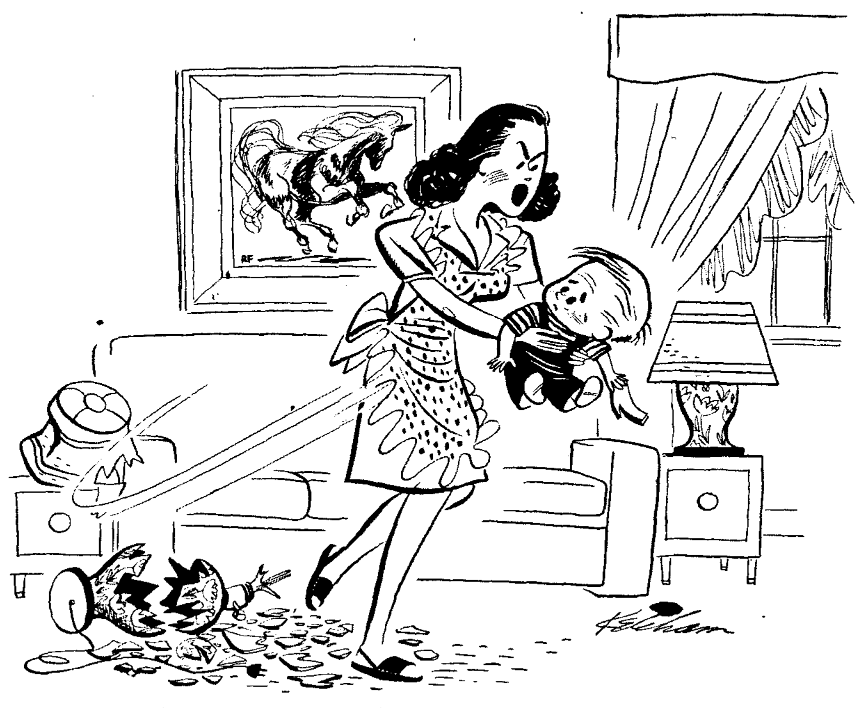
They were riding faster now that the descent grew more gradual as they came near the valley. They rode like Cossacks on their small thickset ponies, that were prized if they were well-shouldered, short below the knee, and had thick necks and thick manes. The mares had their foals trotting loose after them. Manes and blanket ends flew in the wind as they crossed the wooden bridge above the noise of the river bursting in thunder out of the mountain. The hoofs of the ponies made a rival thunder on the wood. Spray blew in the faces of the men and excited them, and Jassoof let out a cry, a whoop, that made the others whoop like demons or wildcats to answer him, and the ponies plunged and broke into a gallop and swept into the valley, with galloping hoofs drumming on the ground. Then, at the far end of the valley, where a glacier spread and melted in streams across the grass, they saw a single dark speck, a hut.

Thick, loud shouts came from every young man around Ibrahim; jokes cracked across him; and the men began to whip their ponies. Ibrahim's gray kicked out, though he had not touched it, and broke away from the others into a glade where mares and foals were grazing on clover and forget-me-nots.

Ibrahim knew he had seen the glade before; something else he had seen, but he could not remember what. Then it came into his mind that they had been riding and that it had been exciting, too, but another excitement. They had been hunting. Hunting? And then he remembered. It was a doe, a red doe, who had run, startled, out of the spruce trees in front of them into this glade.

He remembered the shout that had gone up from the men, and it seemed to him the same shout that was in his ears now; and the whips had been lifted, too, the ponies lashed as they spread galloping in a circle to head off the doe while the older men, who had the spears, held them ready. Ibrahim had come up with the doe as she turned, driven back, so close that he could see her red sides heaving for breath, her ears pressed down in her muzzle strained as she ran. Ibrahim had swung his pony on to her, and she had turned again, but sideways, and his father had thrown his spear, and she had fallen, pinned through the neck to the ground. It was Ibrahim who jumped from his saddle to cut her throat before she died, so that they, being Mohammedans, could eat the meat.

There was something else he could remember, something he did not want to remember—and he reined in his pony and rode slowly, step by step, through the glade. He did not want to remember, but he did remember. He remembered himself bending down with the knife in his hand and he remembered that the doe, with blood gushing from her wound, had looked at him, and then he was alone with her. No father, no Jassoof, no others had been with him then. It was



COLLIER'S "That settles it! You're going to be an only child!" HANK KETCHAM

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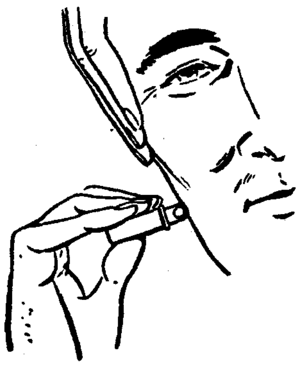

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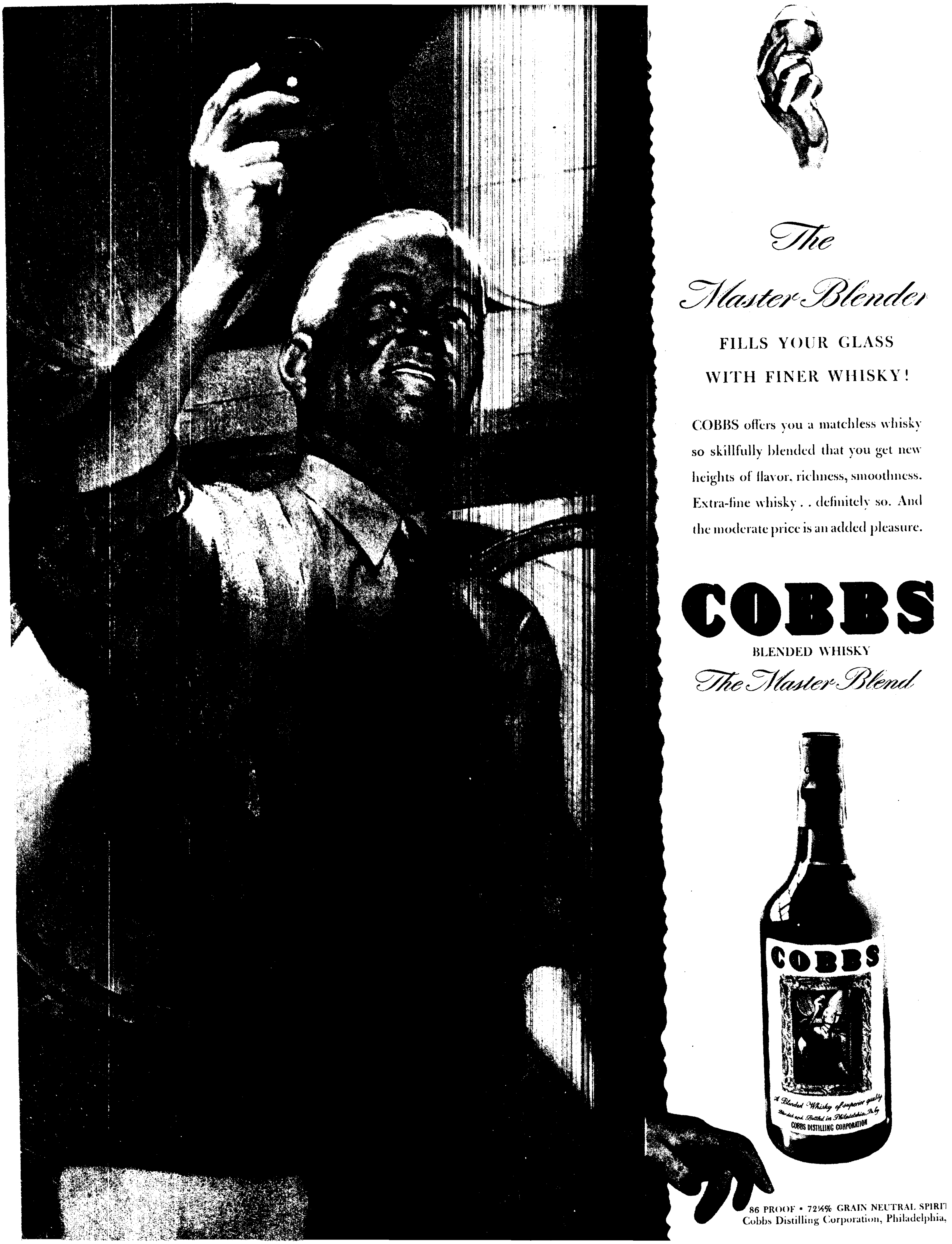
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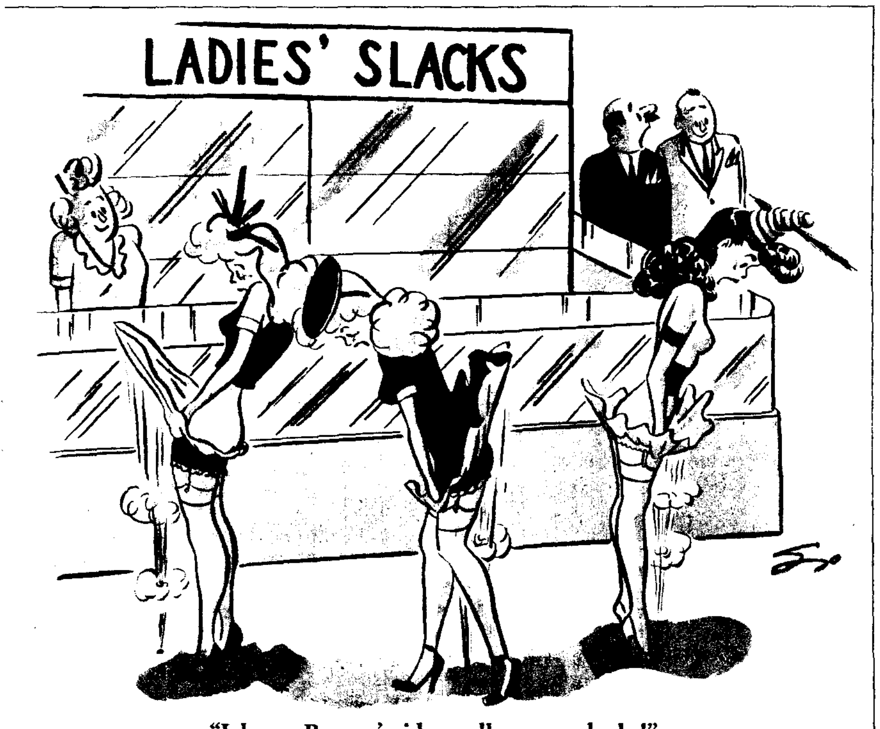
nly Ibrahim and the doe, and he—he w it in her eyes—had done this to her. e, Ibrahim. And suddenly, it was he ho was stricken, not the doe, because e was not Ibrahim, himself, any more. e was Ibrahim *and* the doe.

"Allah! Kill it!" shouted his father. Owl! It will be dead before you cut!" nd dazed, Ibrahim had taken his knife nd killed her.

When she was dead she was dabbled ith blood to her scut; her small, pale ngue hung out, with blood welling still om her mouth; and her eyes slowly azed. And all day he could not forget -perhaps he had never forgotten. But ow, as his pony trotted out of the glade, ent into a canter, then to a gallop to oin the others, he laughed. He had remembered he had refused to eat the venison that night, and this seemed to him, ow, exceedingly funny. . . .

They came to the hut. It stood by itself at the foot of the glacier, on a fertile razing plain fed by a hundred ice prings. There were silver birch trees nd flowers; and there were buffaloes nd goats grazing. Other huts and tents ood on the edge of the forest, and verywhere the smoke rose from cooking res. Children stood to watch these tranger men on their little horses as they plashed through the stream and rode in circle round the hut, faster and faster vith catcalls and whoops; and the elders nd the men of the clan came out to meet them.



COLLIER'S "I hope Berson's idea sells more slacks!" SIMON KATZMAN

The feast began. Inside the hut, the ires were smoking and the men sat in a ircle, dipping their hands into the iron owls and platters of pilau and roast kid nd chapatty and apricots stuffed with mutton, and curd-and-honey rice. Ibrahim, feeling young and oddly light and hin, was put in the place of honor beween the elders, and he was grateful that he must be silent as a young man should. He was shy but he was also very hungry. The food was good, and he ate until he elt his stomach expanding and his legs growing warm and well-being coming up his back into his neck and face. He began to smile, feeling jovial again and uitably old.

All the young men knew where the vomen were. There was a cloth tretched tightly across the hut, nailed rom wall to wall, that kept bulging and welling as bodies pressed against it. From behind it came a continual sound —whispering and giggling and laughing, and that soft chinking of jewelry. Ibrahim looked and felt more than ever warm and jovial. The tea bowls came round; and the hookah, the water pipe with its gentle liquid bubbling sound, was passed from hand to hand.

Ibrahim thought that, through the cloth, he had caught a gleam of scarlet. Wedding clothes were scarlet trousers, tunic, with a dark veil and a new cap and new jewelry that chinked, chinked, as Ibrahim had heard it in his dreams. She was young—he knew that because she had been born in the same year as himself, the year of the Great Snow—and she was sworn to be strong; but Ibrahim was thinking now of a woman's skin, and he knew that he had seen it without noticing, and he marveled as he saw that it was fine, soft, much softer and finer than his own. He thought of a woman's hair and he knew he had seen it loosed, another woman combing it, long and blue-black in the sun. He thought of her body, of his body and hers—hers soft where his was hard, hard where his was soft, so that they matched—and he began to tingle and he had to dig his nails into the backs of his knees as he sat.

The hookah and the bowls of tea went round, and Ibrahim thought he would sit there forever and that it would never end. He took his turn at the pipe politely, he drank bowl after bowl of tea, he listened politely to the jokes—barbarous jokes that made the cloth shake—and he smiled until he thought his cheeks would crack, and still it went on and on.

At last Jassoof stood up, and now the time for politeness was over and the raw thing would be done. Now the elders would lead out the girl and put her on the pony with the empty pad, and Ibrahim would take its hair rope in his hand and ride away with her.

There were no more jokes, no giggles. Silence had fallen on the hut. The men separated into two dignified groups, the chief elder, with his aged face and sorrel-dyed beard, in the center of one group, Ibrahim in the center of the other. Presents passed, and the bride's dowry, a bundle of clothes, two good iron pots, and a few coins, were given to Jassoof. Jassoof's young brother stayed behind to drive up five chosen goats. Now the men went outside and the elder went behind the cloth. Presently he came back, and with him, supported on two sides by women, came Ibrahim's bride. All he could see was a bundled shape in a red blanket, and the top of a bowed head. The blanket was wound to her nose; she kept her head obstinately down so that the edge of the blanket met her veil.

Ibrahim longed for her to look up until, looking about, he saw the same longing on the faces of all the men standing round. Some had wives at home, some were not yet married; but as they looked at the red bundle, they had the same look, hot and thick, and Ibrahim felt furiously angry and resentful, and, had she looked up then, he would have beaten her when they reached home.

She did not look up. With soft, slow, small steps, quite unlike her ordinary woman's stride, she went with the elder to the pony and he lifted her onto the pad and put the rope into Ibrahim's hand. The women began to call out and laugh. A few began to weep. The elder stepped back and stood, tall and courteous, while the girl's father looked with expressionless eyes away to the mountains, and Ibrahim's friends began to tighten the girths on their ponies.

Jassoof had Ibrahim's gray pony. Ibrahim stood with the rope in his hand while the girl sat on the pad, motionless, her head down. As he stood there, he began to run his hand impatiently up and down the pony's neck. He ran it up to the pad, down the neck to the head, up to the pad, and then he noticed that every time his hand moved near the pad, the girl shrank back. It amused him and he moved his hand more and brought it nearer her each time, nearer and nearer, so that first it touched her blanket, then the soft folds of her trousers and then her thigh. Its round warmth and firmness astonished Ibrahim so that at first he left his hand there through sheer surprise, and then an equally astonishing sweetness filled him, and then he felt her tremble. Triumphant strength filled him and he pressed his hand hard against her until something warm and wet fell on the back of his hand.

It was a tear.

IBRAHIM stood still. The drop lay on the back of his hand and, as he looked at it, the elder and the father and Jassoof and the young men and the women seemed to disappear, and Ibrahim was alone with this girl who was sitting helpless on the pony, and he had made her cry. The trembling fear passed from her into him. He did not want to be married, he did not want to take her away, into his home and his hut and his bed and the days of his life. He dropped the hair rope and turned away as the pony veered around.

The elder caught the pony and courteously returned the rope to Ibrahim, showing no surprise. Jassoof caught Ibrahim's shoulder. "Owl! Can't you hold your own wife?"

"I don't want a wife," said Ibrahim.

"You will tonight," said Jassoof.

Ibrahim mounted his pony, and Jassoof pulled up the small pony beside him so that its nose touched Ibrahim's leg. A throng pressed around them, and the calls and shouts sounded across the valley. Someone laid a whiplash across the ponies' tails and they started forward, jerking through the streams so that the riders were splashed knee-high. Ibrahim saw the girl draw up her heels, and her hands came out of the blanket and clutched the pad.

The men of the clan began to gallop over the grass—all filled, all comfortable and jovial, feeling themselves more men since the morning, feeling pleasantly excited. The married ones began to think of their wives, and the young ones eyed Ibrahim's bride and wondered when their turn to be married would come. Gradually the feeling spread to Ibrahim: The girl sat hidden and inert, but under the blanket she was there—warm and round and firm as the promise of her thigh—and presently he, Ibrahim, would undo that blanket.

He knew this, but he knew, too, that he could not be only Ibrahim again. And, as they rode back into the red doe's glade, he knew that what had started in him with the red doe was in him now, forever.

THE END

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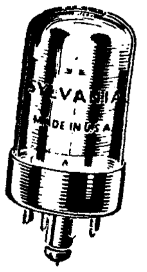

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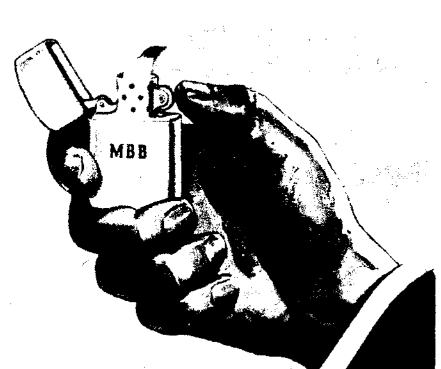

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Handsome, sturdy, Stylewriter's trim case takes a full Carter's Cube as ink reservoir . . . writes for months and months . . . has gadgets to guard against overflow or spilling.

Comb-fed to write a page or more at a single dip—perfectly balanced, smooth-pointed—Stylewriter's featherweight pen is easy in the hand. Stylewriter is an ideal gift, or a dandy treat for yourself. At leading stationery counters everywhere.

The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Massachusetts

THE CUSTOMER IS RIGHT AGAIN

Continued from page 17

confirm space to distant points in minutes instead of hours.

At the end of his travels, the customer is now likely to find a hotel room with much less trouble than he had six months ago. Last year while I was investigating the housing shortage for a series of articles, so urgent were my findings that in many cities I came near sleeping on a park bench, because hotel space was scarce. In one of these, as a last resort, I called on the mayor for help. When he interceded for me, I found the hotel clerk bristling with resentment.

"Is this the sort of pressure you always use to get hotel rooms?" he challenged.

That hotel now invites me regularly, via circular, to visit it. In its last letter it even suggested that "your fraternal organizations" would be welcome, too. Since the Pennsylvania Hotel is opposite New York's mammoth Pennsylvania Station, it was one of the hardest pressed hotels of the war. Now you can walk in at the end of the week and get a room easily.

So scarce were rooms in the Pennsylvania that, despite the hotel management's vigilance, some clerks garnered small fortunes in $10 and $20 tips. Now the hotel is putting in television sets in some rooms to attract customers.

Across town near the Grand Central Station, another turbulent spot during the war, the Commodore Hotel advertises in out-of-town papers, "Pack up your family and enjoy a delightful Thursday-to-Sunday vacation at the Commodore."

Behind the improved status of the customer is the story of a race, begun last fall, between the customer's increasing inability to buy and the seller's willingness to bring goods within the customer's reach. The outcome of this race will determine whether the record 58,000,000 persons now employed will continue to hold their jobs or whether America will fumble into the usual postwar economic crackup. To understand what's happening, let's go back a few months.

It is axiomatic in resource-rich America that inflation (i.e., runaway prices) is impossible during peacetime. During war, when manufacturers are busy making guns and can't make civilian goods, yes. But during peace, when rising prices lure every manufacturer and his brother into an empty loft to make goods and get in on the profits—no. With goods pouring out, there can be no inflation; competition takes care of that.

And so, at the very moment last fall when economic Cassandras were crying inflation, the curtain was already rising on the first act of an old economic drama whose title is, What Goes Up Must Come Down. The leading role (as well as the part of the audience) is played by the customer.

As we've seen, little is required of t hero—the customer, that is—except th he sit on his hands. With this gestu he performs a rite known as "consum resistance," a force so irresistible that can send a country's whole econom structure tumbling.

In the first act, last fall, the custom by doing this, ended the hilarious spen ing spree of the postwar boom. The lu ury trades, sensitive barometers of t country's economic weather, felt t *resistance first.* Along Chicago's Mich gan Avenue, and New York's Fif Avenue, the fur coat that had sold f $700 in 1945 sold for $400 in 194 Scotch whisky spilled from $12 a fif to $7. New York's huge night-club i dustry, where entertainers earned much as $10,000 weekly during the wa lost 20 to 50 per cent of their trade. Chicago and New York, night clu closed early for the season and othe folded. And, as Billy Rose put it, "Tho who can't add are likely to follow."

Sales Resistance Increases

Then the curtain rose on the seco act. The time was the first quarter of t year. The place was almost any ret store (except automobile salesrooms, course) and the hero, again the custom This time he did more than resist luxu goods and services. *He began to pi* and choose, to turn away from the mak shift stuff with which some manufactu ers had rushed into the market for quick killing. During this second act, t day-to-day chroniclers of the busine community's fortunes began to reco the progress of the hero's campaign.

Headlines in the Wall Street Journ told the story:

Trouble in Toyland. Boom turns Gloom as Parents, Retailers Balk at Hi Prices.

Fruit-Juice Flood. It backs Up Stores, Canners as Buyers Balk; Pric Slashed in Half.

Frozen Food Glut. Fruits and Veg tables Overflow as Many New Firn Flood the Market.

Hardware Blues. Dealers Say Pric Too High; Buying Apathy Jolts Man facturers.

Whisky Slowdown. Some Makers Cu tail; Retail Sales Are Down 20% Stocks Soar.

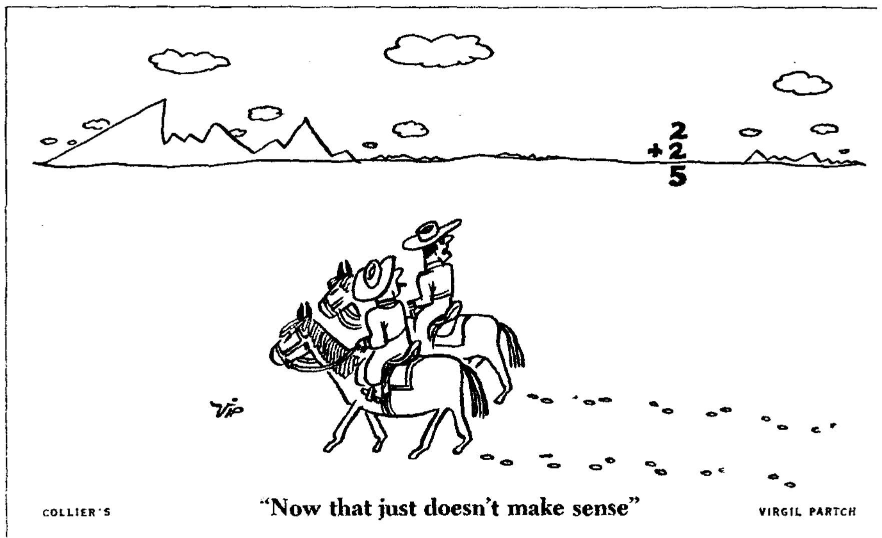
Dressmaking Drop. It Sags a Thi below 1946 in New York City; Nation Demand Falls.

And as a logical consequence:

Gold-Lined Job Hunt. More Exec tives Seek Work; Result: Revival "Forty Plus" Clubs.

And:

Business Busts. More Small Ente prises Close Doors as Costs and Con petition Rise.



COLLIER'S "Now that just doesn't make sense" VIRGIL PARTCH

Swim for health
SWIM IN STYLE—IN
Robert Bruce
SWIMWEAR

Robert Bruce Swimwear

This summer—go down to the beach in style—and that means go in Robert Bruce swimwear. Today isn't too early to select your Robert Bruce swimwear. See the many new styles at your favorite store.

NEW *thrills*—
TO A GRAND OLD SPORT!

The Hurd Super-Caster is modern, streamlined and precision-built for fishermen who want the finest. Its patented thumb-button control, balanced, one-piece, light-weight handle and frame, inbuilt reel and pistol grip can help any fisherman become an expert caster. Optional, interchangeable rods give over-all lengths of 3′ to 5½′ and vary in flexibility to meet individual preference. See it today at your local Sporting Goods, Hardware or Department Store.

Pat. D145625. Other Pats. Pending. The right to make specification changes is reserved, without obligation.

HURD
SUPER-CASTER • BUILT-IN REEL
HURD LOCK & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
NEW CENTER BUILDING DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Despite these short short stories of accumulating troubles for some producers and sellers, the country's economy, during the second act of the readjustment drama, was chugging along under a powerful head of steam. The customer simply was discriminating against substandard goods, unknown, Johnny-come-lately brands; against the housedress that split at the seams, against the suit that shrank when cleaned, against the new frozen foods that were tasteless and half spoiled.

While marginal producers were withering under the first chill blast of the customer's disfavor, old-line producers of quality stuff still had to ration goods to eager stores. The flood of goods kept pouring out faster and faster, and for the country as a whole, business actually kept getting better.

In March, the Federal Reserve Board index, which takes the country's monthly business pulse, showed that factories were producing almost twice the goods produced in 1935 (the base year used for comparison).

Then the third act of the drama opened. The flood of goods for which Americans had hungered during the war began to back up.

A worried merchant put his finger on the trouble. With his counters loaded with $3.50 white shirts for which he could find no buyers, he wrote his trade organization, the National Retail Drygoods Association:

"We have over 12,000 shoe workers in this district whose average pay is around $45 per week. When they get through buying the groceries, paying the rent and doctor bills, they have very little left to buy from me." Food that had taken about $15 out of the prewar weekly pay envelope was now taking more than $25.

Price stilts under many other products turned the situation into a sort of economic Aesop's fable. Unable to reach the goods with his earnings, many an American customer, like Aesop's fox, grumbled, "Aw, they're no good anyway."

The Old Depression Formula

In the third act of the drama (still running) customers buy less from stores; stores buy less from manufacturers, and manufacturers start to curtail operations. When the customer who is also a worker loses his job the process of consumer resistance is accelerated, and we are back on the old merry-go-round of 1920 and 1929 and 1937.

Does the old tragedy have to repeat itself? Not necessarily. The ending could yet be a happy one.

America still needs mountains of goods. The railroads must spend billions for freight cars, passenger cars, locomotives. We need millions of homes, and they must be furnished. We need millions of automobiles (The population is up about 10 millions since 1941, and car scrappings have been negligible). The country's manufacturers must spend billions to replace outworn plants, and the cities and states haven't even started on roads, airports, and public buildings postponed by the war. Equally important, some 58,000,000 people are still on the job, still generating the biggest purchasing power in the nation's history.

To fumble, with all these factors on our side, would be difficult. Yet the customer's inability to buy shows that grave errors have already been made.

In the face of a desperate, immediate need for 3,000,000 homes—and the longer-term need for at least 10,000,000—home-construction "starts" last March were actually declining. Home builders and real-estate men who had promised a flood of new homes when government price restrictions were lifted couldn't keep their promise because their prices barred people from buying. Clothing prices were so high this spring that Easter goods could only be moved after sharp markdowns.

The therapy, all the economic doctors agreed, was to take the customer off the fatty price diet. Although profits varied greatly in individual cases, President Truman said in April that in the aggregate they broke all records in 1946. Department stores had earned, in that year, 100 per cent more than they had in boom, wartime 1945.

The National Retail Drygoods Association, which had clamored for the OPA's head, declared in an April 3d bulletin that "profits were abnormally high—sometimes even fantastic."

Must Slice Profits—But Quick

Would businessmen, sweating it out over declining sales, slice out the price fat fast enough? The job wasn't an easy one. In our delicately adjusted economy, one man's price is another man's cost. And one man, with the best intentions in the world, can't control the over-all materials, labor and 60-cent-dollar situation on which his price depends.

Yet in some trades the bitter price medicine has already been taken. Furcoat manufacturers swallowed hard last spring, but now they're better off. With prices down almost a third, furriers are selling foxes, marten and mink again. Here the customer's right again, and business is doing nicely, thank you.

Apparel manufacturers are slashing prices. A house dress that cost $8 can now be bought for $4. And a man who couldn't buy a suit below $50 during the war can now buy a smart number for $29.

Even in the hard goods (kitchenware, radios, appliances), which were virtually shut off during the war, manufacturers are starting to cut prices. Latest to join the parade are radio makers and sellers. An early postwar radio that cost $25 is now advertised (in New York) at $14.95.

Ford and Chrysler have chipped pieces off their car prices, but the more significant story is told in the declining premiums and bonuses extorted from motorists by some unscrupulous car dealers. Premiums close to $1,000 per car, some months ago, are now scaling down to the $200 and $300 level. But the "American Plan" for buying new cars still flourishes. To get a new car, the customer must take fog lights, seat covers front and back, hand pump, car vacuum cleaner, heater, radio and other extras.

What about food?

While butter, canned fruit juices and frozen foods have tumbled from their wartime peaks, the customer still couldn't sing, "Tomatoes are cheaper, potatoes are cheaper." But important straws pointed the direction of the big wind. Storekeepers slowed up their orders from wholesalers. The wholesalers slowed up their orders from the food packers and canners. And these bought less meat and grain and fruits from the farmer. Nervously, all expected prices to come tumbling, and didn't want to get caught short with high-priced inventories on their shelves.

We've seldom been able to shift from a feverish boom to sober, stable good times without a violent readjustment. But that's because, in the past, we've never started to do something until we were actually in the soup—with millions unemployed. Now, with the white light of public attention focused on the business community, and the government telling businessmen—as President Truman did—that "it all depends on you," there are some changes being made in advance.

Pushing away from a dining-room table well laden with meat and butter, wearing a well-made suit on his back, the American customer is beginning to enjoy the good things of life. He will continue to do so just as long as he can afford them.

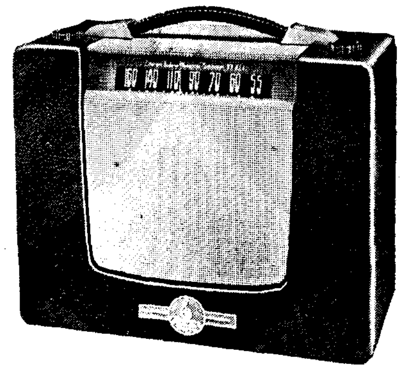
THE END

Portable Perfection
WITH 3-WAY
Power!

Outdoors — indoors everywhere—its SUPER POWER, compactness and beauty express the high standards of the World's Leading SPECIALISTS in Small Radio.

The BETTER Style, Tone, Performance and Value of Emerson Radio have won the hearts of millions of happy owners. The new Emerson Radio Portables are outstanding in a superb line, including Compacts, Phonoradios, Electric Phonographs, Pocket Receivers, Recorders — for every purpose and every purse.

THE NEW 1947
Emerson Radio
Emerson Radio and Television



For Example—the astonishing Emerson 3-Way Portable Model 536. SIX tubes for POWER, TONE, PERFORMANCE, plus a ballast tube! Sliderule dial, sturdy cabinet and all new circuit and speaker developments. An outstanding buy (less batteries) at $39.95

Prices start at $19.95. See your nearest Emerson Radio dealer now

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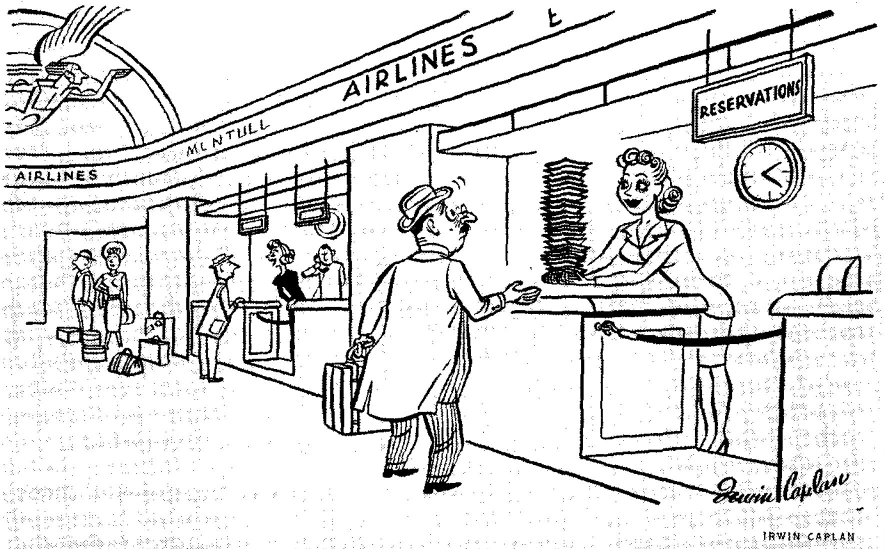
World's Largest Maker of Small Radio



IRWIN CAPLAN

SHORT STOPS

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

IF YOU have business in 24 cities in 13 states and the District of Columbia and you need a full day in each place before moving on to the next for the night, all you have to do is give your list to any air line operating in that area. In our case, seven companies divvied up 20 flights and with assistance from railroads and bus lines on a couple of short side trips, put us back in New York in 29 days.

This was not colossal; not even sensational. It's just what you can do with a fleet of trusty twelve-year-old DC-3s, grinding along their well-worn milk-wagon runs at 160 miles an hour, and due to be succeeded later this summer by the new Martin 2-0-2s and Convair 240s, faster and more commodious 40-passenger twin-engined air liners now in production in Baltimore and San Diego.

This intercity flying is merely commuting with a new home-city every day. The air lines, slightly dazed from the late winter's bundle of trouble that spilled out spectacularly all over the world in one short period, don't seem to be thoroughly aware of its great possibilities, though they fall in heartily enough with the idea once you explain it. It's just that they don't know their own strength.

You give them the itinerary and you don't worry about timetables, flight numbers, plane names or anything. Yet when you hand the little girl behind the counter a list of 24 cities and say you'd like one day in each and must fly on to the next city around dinnertime to organize the following day's job and spend the night in bed, it unnerves her a little. She turns around and says, "George, have you got a minute?"

A couple of days later you go down and sign the slip after they crunch your air travel card in that hand punch and you walk off with an impressive bunch of flight booklets for which you'll be billed later.

Here's the schedule we tossed on the counter: Richmond, Raleigh, Charlotte, Greenville, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Nashville, Birmingham, Memphis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Battle Creek, Detroit, Toledo, Akron, Pittsburgh, Washington and New York. American, Capital, Chicago and Southern, Delta, Eastern, TWA and United Air Lines agreed to do it and did it.

This string of cities is a beat we've covered by air for the past two years, the most recent run having been made just as spring broke through. It was made while nearly everybody who could write was flooding the press and Congress and the government with answers to the self-originated question, "What's Wrong With the Air Lines?"

We couldn't find very much wrong as we hopped from city to city, day and night, but since it was fashionable to return from an air-line trip thoroughly critical of everything on the ground and in flight, we'll say that while it's generally believed all air lines serve delicious free meals on all airplanes, we seemed to have missed them.

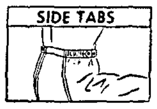
After a day's work in Cincinnati we were too late for dinner on the plane to Columbus. Same difficulty the next evening out of Columbus for Indianapolis. Too early for dinner Wednesday on the flight from Indianapolis to Fort Wayne. Too late for dinner the next evening from Fort Wayne to Chicago. Same thing for lunch on the 12:15 P.M. plane for Grand Rapids—but we nicked the gal for a cup of coffee. For us, that fine print on the timetable "complimentary meals aloft" means: (1) It was served before you got on, or (2) will be served right after the next stop, and that's where you get off.

This is a side issue and not to be taken very seriously. You'll have a cancellation now and then when the weather closes in suddenly. You are sore as you ride back to the hotel for the night, but philosophical the next morning when the papers said the weather had played hell with all transportation. *Sometimes you forget the flights are stopped to protect*

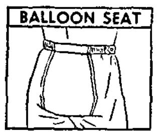
With Convair's 240, the Martin 2-0-2 (below) will this summer begin to assume the inter-city, short-haul runs now made by the DC-3. Both new ships are two miles a minute faster

PLEETWAY PAJAMAS

The patented underarm pleat that banishes all binding and bunching—and lets a man sleep!



Five size adjustments assure a perfect, permanent fit at the waist—without any binding!



Patented construction of the seat eliminates the old-fashioned, crotch-cutting center seam.

For "daily dozens" and "nightly dozin's"

Scientists say that you toss and turn scores of times in a night, and you ought to do it. The PLEETWAY patent-protected 3-way comfort system lets a man's body move freely—whether he's doing his "daily dozen" or his "nightly dozin"

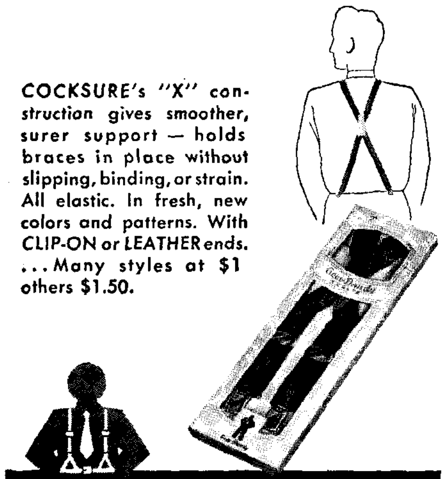
At Your Dealer

Sleeping Comfort

Wrapped up in a Package

Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc. • New York 1, N. Y.

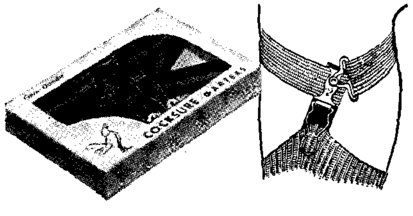
COCKSURE'S "X" construction gives smoother, surer support — holds braces in place without slipping, binding, or strain. All elastic. In fresh, new colors and patterns. With CLIP-ON or LEATHER ends. . . . Many styles at $1 others $1.50.



Gem-Dandy

COCKSURE

BRACES · GARTERS



COCKSURE Garters, worn looser, at a cocked angle, give twice the comfort—twice the wear, without binding or slipping. They're America's first different garter . . . at 50c a pair.

GEM-DANDY, INC., MADISON, N. C.
New York Office: 432 Fourth Avenue

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR Gem-Dandy
QUALITY · STYLE · COMFORT

Enjoy A BETTER BEER

Every golden glassful of Kingsbury Pale Beer reflects the skill gained in 100 years of brewing experience. Truly, a better Wisconsin beer.

KINGSBURY BREWERIES CO.
Manitowoc & Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Kingsbury ARISTOCRAT OF Beer

PLASTIC GLOSS

16 oz. Container $1.25

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FAST ACTION
● LAY IT ON
● WIPE IT OFF
★ Cleans ★ Protects
★ Polishes ★ Lasts Longer

AT YOUR SERVICE STATION OR AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY DEALER

PLASTIC FINISH CO., DEPT. C, BUFFALO 2, N. Y.

Termite Fog DESTROYS TERMITES!

Get this new, powerful termite killer. Apply it yourself. Quick-acting, economical, efficient. $6 per gal. Send for free literature on Termite Control. *Order from Your Dealer or Write*

AVOR MFG. CO., 648 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

What Does The Future Hold For Me?

YOU ask yourself that question many times—you may lie awake nights pondering over it! An unpaid bill may loom before you! But worry will never help—it will never bring you the money you need.

First you must realize that even though you have no experience there is a way—a very pleasant way—for you to make money at home. Thousands of busy girls and women are making extra dollars in their spare moments. They are members of the Pin Money Club—a friendly, money-making Club.

Make This Test!

If only out of curiosity write for our free folder, "THERE'S MONEY FOR YOU." You'll find, if you join us, that the Pin Money Club is a sure cure for penny-pinching. It can help you pay unpaid bills, or buy new clothes—pay taxes—so many things. So write to me today?

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. C-5
250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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mouth-watering
new FLAVOR
For your old
RECIPES
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SAUCE

Write for "Cooking for a Man"
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc. Hartford, Conn.

Ze DASH zat makes ze DISH

New Sulfa Drug Formula For Athlete's Foot

New Powder Preparation Highly Effective

At first sign of Athlete's Foot—itching, cracked or raw skin between toes or on the feet—use Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. It contains the miracle drug, Sulfathiazole. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of red, raw, cracked skin between toes and on feet. Only 50¢ everywhere. Use exactly as directed.

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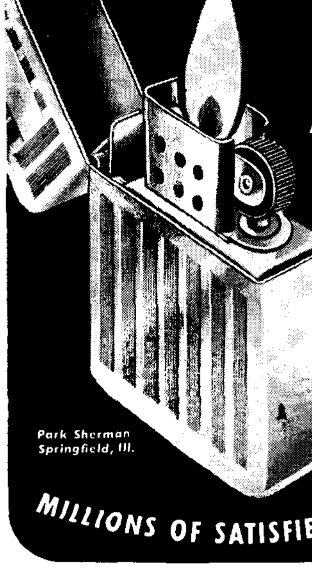
SULFA SOLVEX

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER LIGHTER

STORM KING
WINDPROOF LIGHTER

$1.00
ANYWHERE IN U. S. A.



MILLIONS OF SATISFIED USERS

you. Or, when business holds you beyond flight departure and *you* have to cancel, another air line will come through with a seat, putting you back in business.

The air lines cancel you out and the air lines pinch-hit for you. It averages out about even.

When the weather starts acting up, don't fight it. All air lines are a lot more frank about weather now, and when planes begin arriving late or putting down at alternate airports, they'll tell you that the chances don't look *too* good. That's when you get on the train and continue with your schedule. You pour good time after bad if you wait.

The glamor of flying now centers around the long-distance Constellations and four-engined Douglases, according to crowd reaction at the airports. You attract no attention when you walk out of a DC-3 from a short, intercity flight, but you can cover a lot of territory in a very satisfactory period of time and get a lot of work done and that's the reason we use them.

Life aboard is more pleasant, too. The hostesses and stewardesses have settled down to the job and don't butterfly all over the plane asking, "Is everything fine?" or waking you up and inquiring if you'd like a pillow. They're at their natural best when there's an old person or a new baby aboard. Legitimate, necessary help.

When your plane is announced and the gates are opened, there's still a cultured but determined fast-walk race among passengers for the best seats, though just how you define the "best" seat in any air liner is difficult for us. For half a dozen different reasons there are half a dozen spots starting at the front of the cabin and ending at the last seat that could be declared "best" depending upon how much you know about air-line flying and how you feel at the time.

We don't much care, even though we draw a talkative seatmate who opens up immediately with: "I had breakfast yesterday morning in Seattle!"

You can shut him up quickly with: "And what did you *have?*"

It drives them crazy.

. . . BRUCE HORTON

THE BIGGEST TROUT IN THE WORLD

Continued from page 21

basket, she cried, "Why, Larry! You're wonderful! Why, your father doesn't get as many as this, most times—and so big! Now we can show him you know how to catch trout, can't we? Now he'll be glad to take you on a fishing trip."

So there it was, the chance to keep his mouth shut, to say nothing about the old man catching all the fish, a chance to be included among the men, to go to the dream brook and catch The Biggest Trout in the World. He could say nothing. He could leave this swamp with its mud and briars and midges and never come back to it. He could go on to fast-running streams that rushed between rock walls and tumbled over boulders or moved through green meadows, fishing with the men.

After all, he was only a kid and nobody would blame him for not being able to fish Taney Brook.

That was it, though; he was only a kid, and he knew that kids didn't go fishing with the men.

He gulped and looked down at the trout in the knapsack.

"I gotta go back," he mumbled. "I didn't catch these. That old man caught 'em and he wouldn't let me handle the rod and he wouldn't use a fly, like he oughtta. I gotta go back, Mother."

There was a silence and then Mother looked at him and at the swamp and at her scratched legs. She blew back a strand of hair that had fallen over her face and tossed her cigarette out of the car window.

"I guess you have to, at that," she said. "Yes, Lord help us, I guess we've got to go back."

He knew he shouldn't let her go with him but he knew, too, that he could never go alone.

It had been hard enough, following the sure-footed old man. It would be harder with Mother, but it would be impossible alone.

Larry helped her as much as he could, holding back briars and letting her use his shoulder to steady herself as she made her way along the grass hummocks, her face white and taut, a set smile on her lips.

He caught no trout. His flies dangled from the bushes and looped in the alders. Where the old man had found an opening in the brush, he found only a wall of foliage. The flies splashed into the water crashingly when they were not hooked up somewhere high above the brook. He could not reach the most likely spots at all.

Sweat dripped into his eyes, making them smart. He wiped them with the back of his hand and hoped Mother wouldn't think he was bawling.

"A tough brook," he said. "A rugged brook."

"Maybe the next pool, Larry," Mother kept telling him. "Maybe the next one."

They helped each other through the torment of flies and the ugly, sulking menace of the swamp.

"Catch a trout," she half whispered once. "Oh, Larry, catch a trout!"

And then—the dropper fly flipped off a twig and hit the water gently. There was a streak, just below the surface, and Larry felt a tug as sharp as the feeling he had when he touched the busted light switch that time.

The rod jerked in his hand. Blindly, he reared back.

He should have used the reel; he should have played the fish; he should have moved to the bank and slipped the trout out onto the grass easily. Instead, he pulled.

There was a yell from somebody, maybe himself, as the trout landed in an alder beside him and hung there, wriggling, showering him with water.

DROPPING the rod, Larry clutched at the fish. Mother was beside him and it was hard to tell whether she was laughing or crying.

The fish thumped in his palms and lay still. Carefully, Larry opened his hands to look at the trout.

It was small—oh, it *couldn't* be too small!

"You *caught* it, Larry!" Mother squealed. "With a fly. You *caught* it! I saw you!"

"Wait," he said, and his voice was uneven. "We gotta measure it."

There was a notch cut in the rod, marking the seven-inch legal limit. Larry's heart kicked at his chest as he laid the fish along the butt of the rod.

The trout's undershot lip was a full quarter inch past the notch.

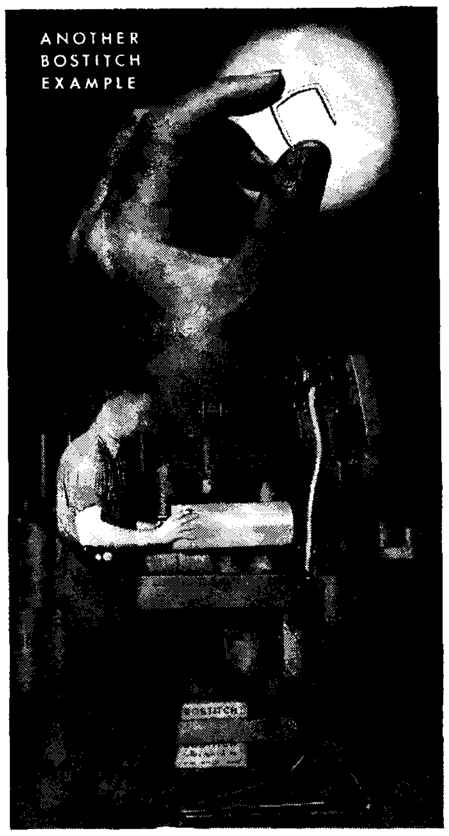
"Yep," he said, and it was a struggle to sound casual. "He's all right."

Larry looked down at the trout and then up at Mother.

Her eyes were shining and in spite of all the muck and scratches and mosquito bites, she was beautiful. He looked down at the fish again.

There he was, all right. The Biggest Trout in the World.

THE END



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This household appliance maker, by steel-stitching metal discs inside of cylinders instead of pre-punching holes and riveting the parts together, saved $6,250 per year.

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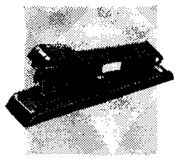

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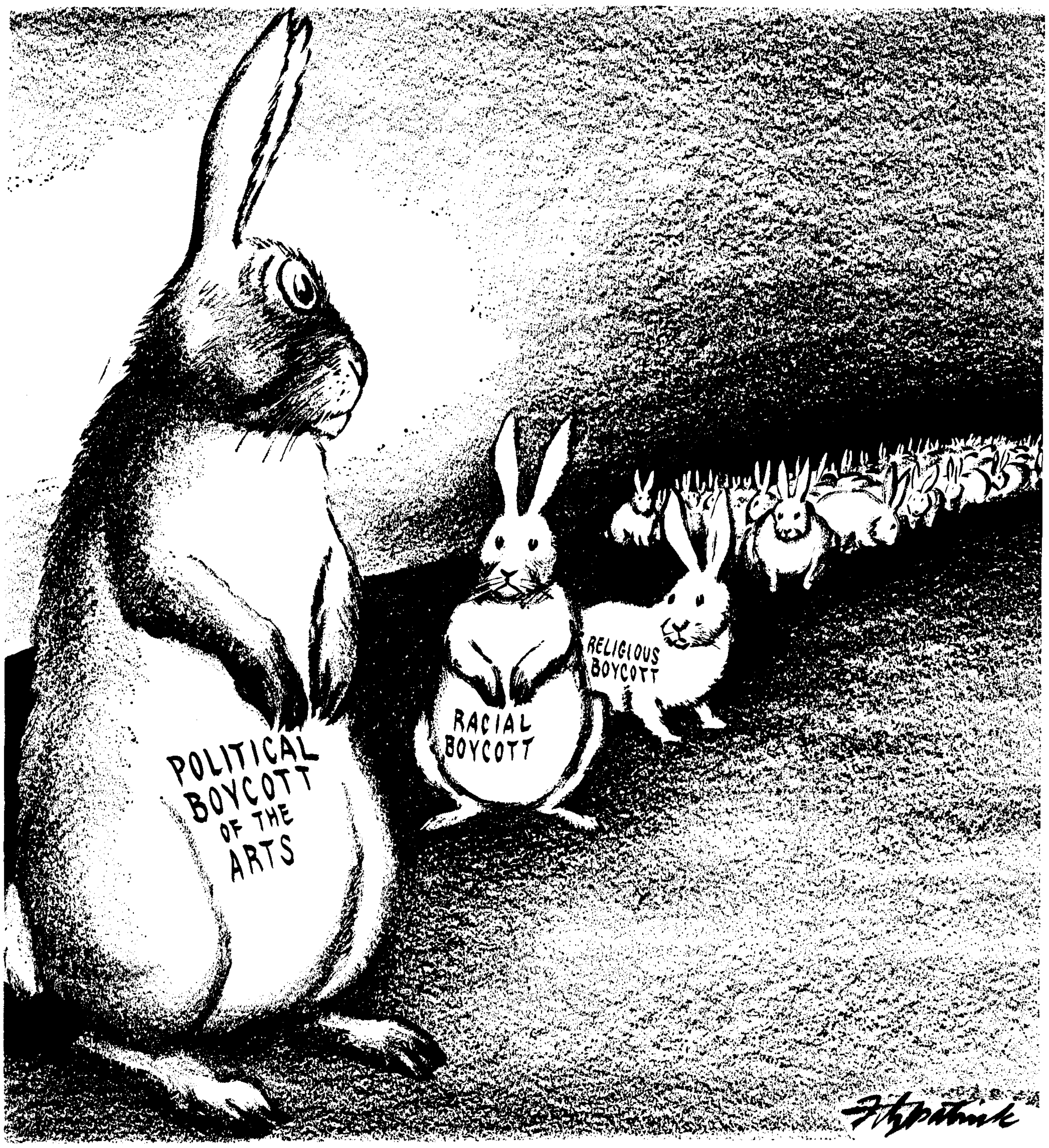


ART AND IDEOLOGY—THEY DON'T MIX

OFF and on since the war, agitation has flared up for American boycotting of various European singers and actors who picked the wrong side during the great conflict or were suspected of having done so. The best known of such cases to this writing are those of Maurice Chevalier, Kirsten Flagstad and Tito Schipa.

Chevalier, of course, was cleared of suspicion of collaboration with the Nazi occupiers of France. Schipa would seem to have been a Fascist sympathizer. Mme. Flagstad at least didn't go up and down her native Norway during the German occupation caroling: "The hell with Hitler."

But should Americans now boycott artists like Flagstad and Schipa when they make professional appearances in this country?

The proposal strikes us as pretty risky. If we start that stuff, why not presently boycott U.S. movies in which actors of known Communist or Fascist sympathies appear? Or why should good Democrats pay money to see any movie or stage play in which any of the actors are Republicans, or vice versa? Then why not carry the business a step further by urging Catholics to stay away from books written by Protestants, and Jews to read only magazines and newspapers owned and edited by Jews?

It seems to us that the big objection to all such boycott schemes is that art and ideology do not mix. Attempts to blend them have effects disastrous to art—as witness the fact that no first-class novel has come out of Soviet Russia since the 1917 revolution, because artists in that country have to gear their products to the party line.

The only questions that matter about any artists, if you want our opinion, are: "Is he a good actor? Is she a good singer? Is his book or play or picture worth a piece of my money, or isn't it?"

Begin imposing political standards on the arts, and we'll only hamstring the artists and deny ourselves their best possible efforts.

HOLLERING HENRY

HENRY AGARD WALLACE has been called various things in his time—Wrong Horse Harry, Hybrid Henry and Lord Corn Wallace, for a few samples—but we have reached the conclusion that the most accurate designation is the simple yet elegant Hollering Henry.

There was a time when we thought Wallace had method in his madcapping. Though it seems hardly believable in these years of tragic food scarcities throughout the world, Henry's plow-under-the-crops and kill-the-little-pigs programs did make a bizarre kind of short-range sense in the middle 1930s, when food gluts were weighing down farm prices.

He has a perfect right to play tennis without shoes on if he wants to, and to toss boomerangs around just so the boomerangs zizz back on him instead of clipping neighboring conks.

But last September 12th, the one-time Vice-President delivered an impassioned speech in New York attacking the Truman-Byrnes policy of firmness toward Russia. Wallace had shown this diatribe in manuscript to the President, who had absent-mindedly okayed it. Its repercussions were so damaging that Mr. Truman eight days later felt compelled to ask for Henry's resignation as Secretary of Commerce.

The next month—October, 1946—saw Wallace in a wild tangle with Bernard M. Baruch, over what Wallace supposed to be Mr. Baruch's plan for international control of atomic energy. It turned out that Wallace had misunderstood the plan in the first place, and then couldn't bring himself to admit his mistake like a man.

This affair led on to an open and enormously publicized love affair between Henry and Soviet Russia. Henry, of course, did all the lovemaking while the Kremlin confined itself to an occasional bewildered grunt of appreciation in Stalin's "newspapers."

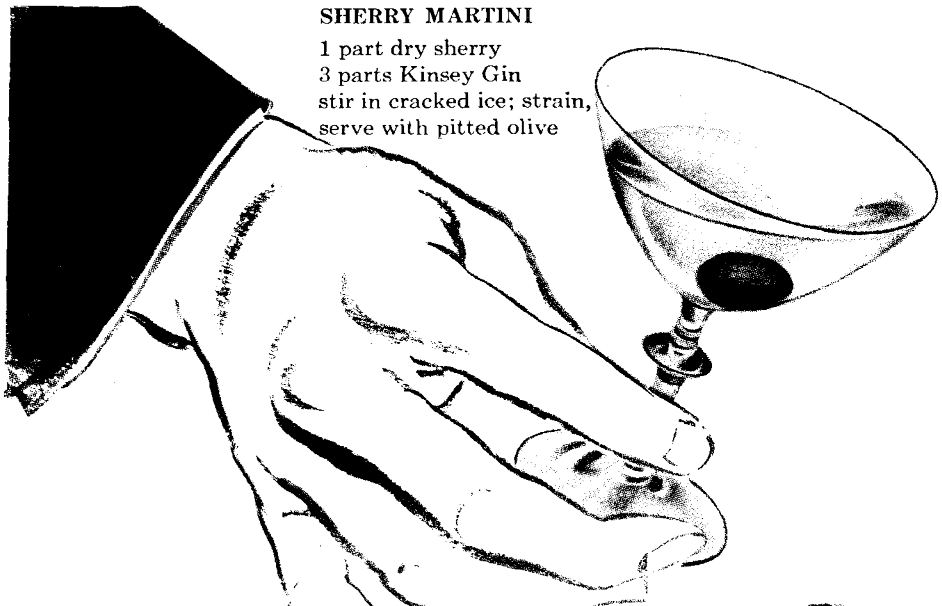
Wallace reached a climax shortly after Mr. Truman asked Congress to extend $400,000,000 worth of political loans to Greece and Turkey in the hope of keeping those nations from going Red.

The debate on this proposal should have been confined to the United States and its possessions. It was strictly the American people's affair. But Henry had to go busting off to England and France, at the invitation of various extreme leftists over there, to rage against the Truman plan and stir up what transatlantic animosity he could toward his own country's policy.

By this performance, he merely strengthened the advocates of the Greek-Turkish loans, weakened the opposition to them, and made more American haters of the Russia for which he strives to make friends and admirers. He got three results, in short, that were the exact opposite of the results he hoped to get.

So for our part, we've decided just to quit taking Henry Wallace seriously. Never again will we let our blood pressure go up on account of anything he may do. He is a child politically, a man who doesn't know his friends from his foes, a liability to any organization with which he teams up, and a ham actor who dearly loves the sound of his own voice.

SHERRY MARTINI
1 part dry sherry
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pitted olive



4-TO-1 MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
4 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with orange peel

DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive

Are you in the middle on the martini question?

Dry or regular . . . with olive or without . . . onion or lemon peel . . . just how *do* you like your martinis?

Best way to find your favorite is to try 'em all . . . and even create one of your own. But no matter how you make a martini, you'll like it better made with Kinsey Gin. Here's why:

> **Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth. The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming over with extra flavor.**

So whether you go all out for one particular recipe, or stay in the middle on the martini question . . . use Kinsey Gin and you'll make yourself a reputation as a man who knows his martinis!

KINSEY GIN

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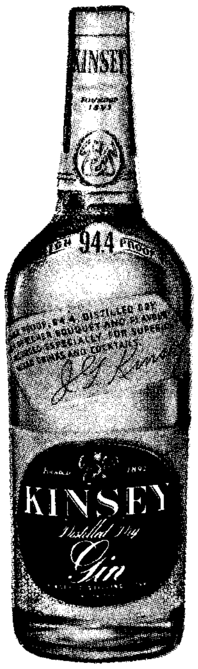

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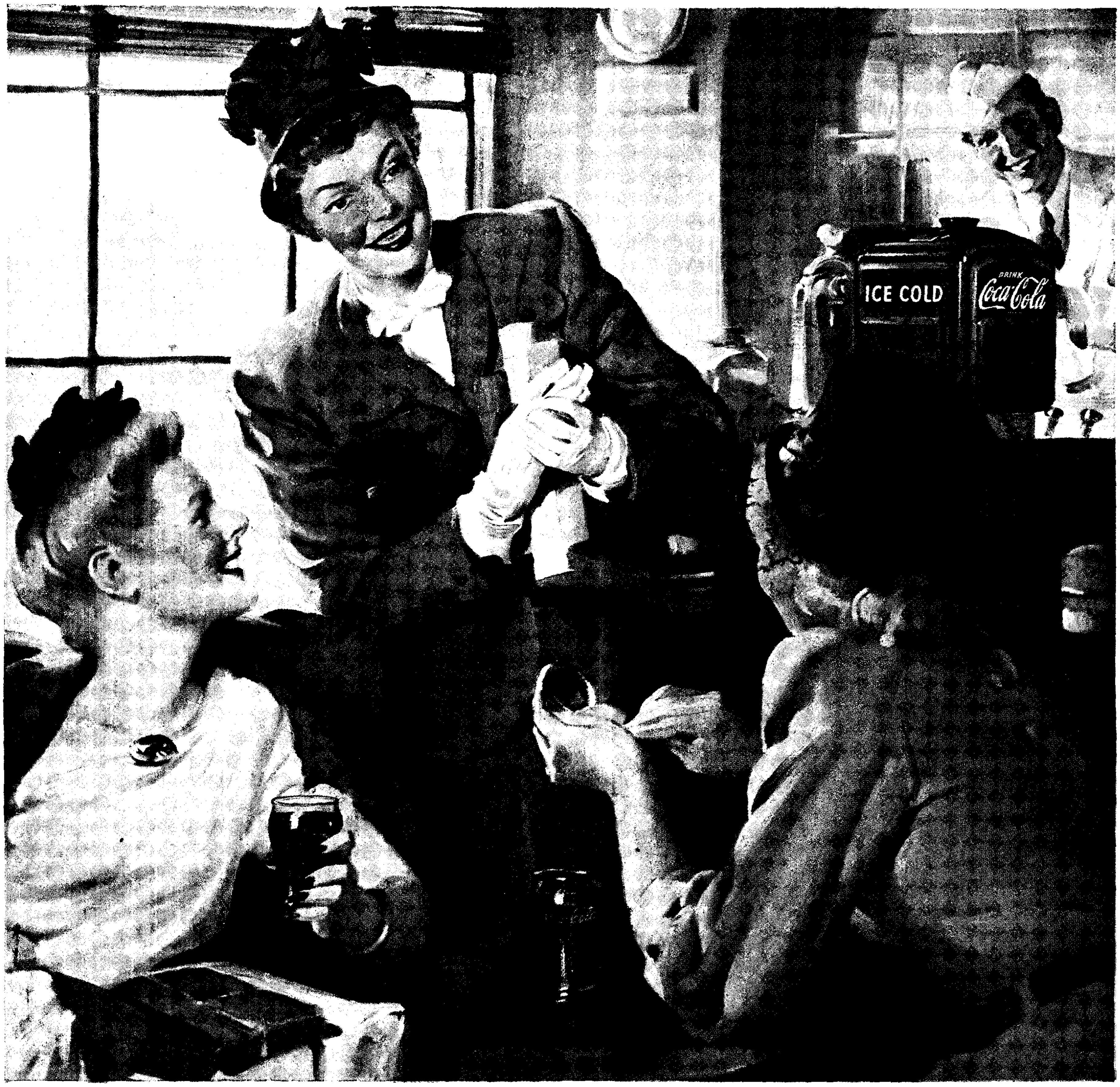

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